Super-Sized Second Anniversary Issue Special! Two He-man Adventures for the Price of One!

HITCH

#12 • The Journal of Pop Culture A

Chuck E. Cheese: *Scourge of the Nation?*

Kidding Around with Kevin McDonald

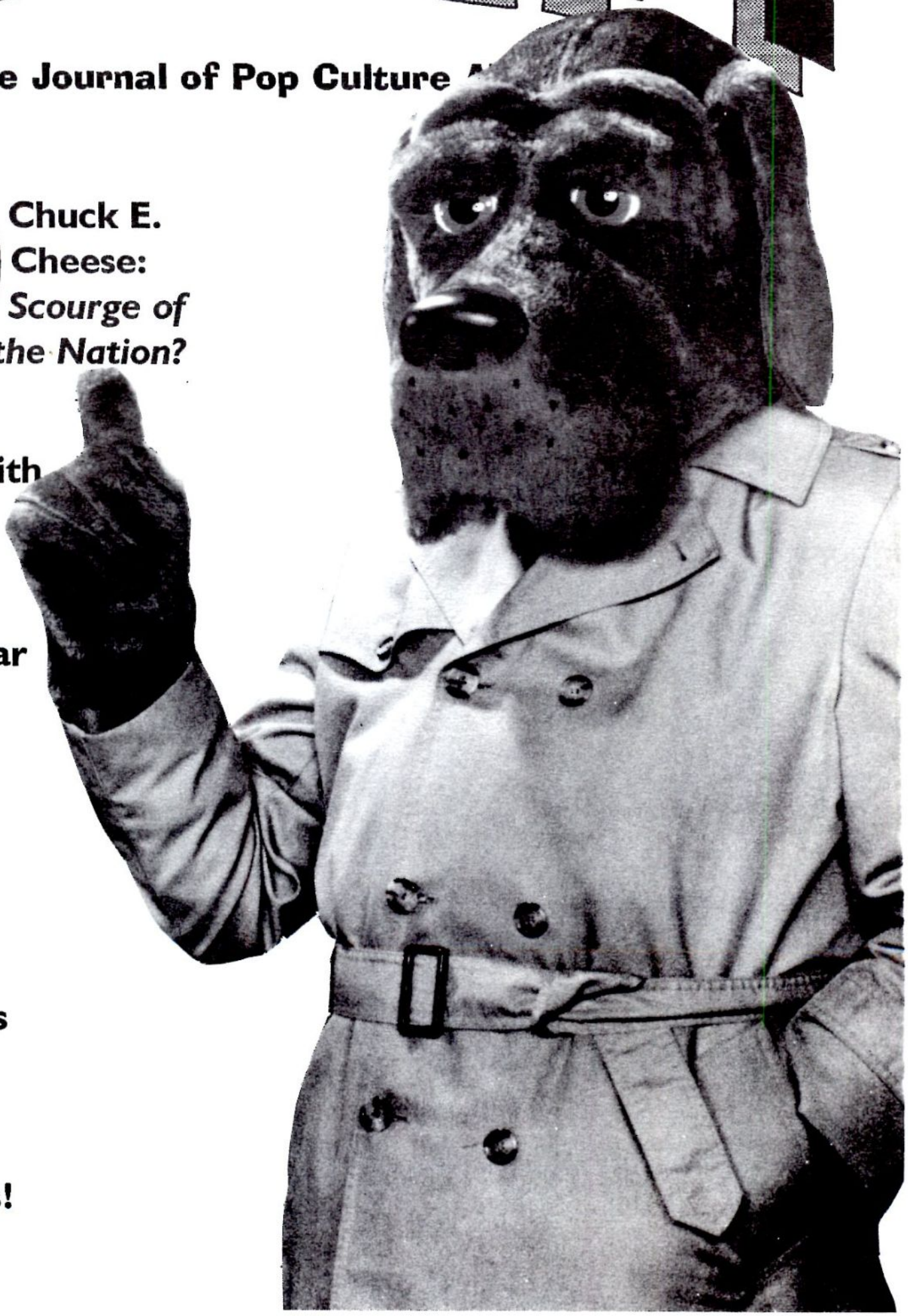
Crashing a Male Impotence Seminar

Why The Eagles Must Die

Bigfoot vs. the Power Rangers

A Trip to Oregon's UFO Museum

***PLUS*: Free David Hasselhoff Targets!**



HITCH

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HITCH

#12 • SUMMER 1996

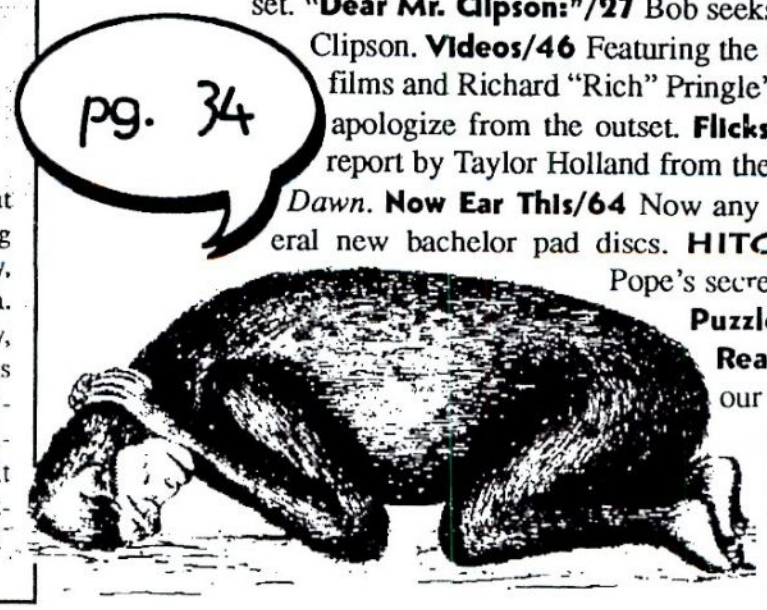
"The truth is, I practice absurdity quite religiously."
—*Alfred Hitchcock*

MAIN FEATURES

The ErecAid Acrid Test/8 You see, there's this *thing*, and you take your *thing*, and you...oh, how it hurts me to write this. A he-man adventure by Rod Lott, with sideline commentary by Ryun Patterson. **UpChuck E. Cheese/12** Parmesan smells like vomit, and both can be found at this pizza palace for rugrats. Another he-man adventure by Rod Lott. **How I Survived a Birthday Party at Chuck E. Cheese's...and Lived to Tell About It/13** More coverage on this savaged, war-torn nation. By Ken Davis. **The Eagles Must Die!/28** Henley, Frey and company are not to be liked. We've edited the reasons down to four pages. By Rod Lott. **Kevin Can Wait/32** Kevin McDonald, one-fifth of the *Kids in the Hall*, talks about *Brain Candy* and bacon preferences. By Ryun Patterson. **HITCH Vox Populi/34** Introducing our new reader-interactive feature, this one on Bigfoot. **Hello. Welcome to Earth!/36** A visit to Oregon's UFO Museum proves scarier than any episode of *The X-Files*...or *Barney*, for that matter. By Jamie Munn. **I Know Why the Caged Monkey Eats His Own Feces/39** And other observations about a day at the zoo. By Ken Davis. **Romper Stomper/40** It's an off-Broadway sensation! It's noisy as hell! It's by Steve Hunt! **Notes from HITCHfest '95/42** Our Canadian reporter returns for our staff Christmas party, to which he will never be invited again. By Joe Rogers. **David Hasselhoff Targets/44** Our free gift to you. Use with reckless abandon.

EVERYTHING ELSE

Heapin' Mailbag/3 So heapin', it cried out for five pages. **STATS/11** I'd like to teach the world to sing, as well as to cease injecting drugs into all things penile. By Rod Lott. **The FBI's Fugitive of the Month/14** Not a nice guy. **The Robert Goulet Death Watch/14** Ditto. **Hoopin' with the Cons/15** Rape is never a concern in basketball, until you play prisoners. By Steve Hunt. **Menace II Vocabulary/16** Yo, G. 'Sup? Learn youself. **The No. 1 Reason David Letterman Doesn't Fly TWA/17** It's not the franks 'n' beans, either. By Bill Hugos. **Tom Neesnan's Belated Movie Reviews/18** *The Cannonball Run 2*? Better late than never. By Tom Neesnan. **Return of Fast Food Horrors!/20** Put down that pizza slice for this one. **HITCH Kids' Fun Activity Page/21** With an emphasis on reality-based teaching. **Patriot Pat's Foreign Intolerance Paper Doll Playset/22** Scissors and swastikas not included. **HITCH Paparazzi/24** Featuring many pictures of vermin. **Just How Beautiful Are the Beautiful Girls?/26** Richard "Rich" Pringle investigates, so we apologize from the outset. **"Dear Mr. Clipson:"/27** Bob seeks fun in the sun, *au naturel*. By Bob Clipson. **Videos/46** Featuring the Smurfs, Blockbuster Video training films and Richard "Rich" Pringle's top 10 T&A movies, so again, we apologize from the outset. **Flicks/58** Reviews by Rod Lott, plus a report by Taylor Holland from the world premiere of *From Dusk Till Dawn*. **Now Ear This/64** Now any time can be martini time with several new bachelor pad discs. **HITCH Comics/65** New home to the Pope's secret adventures. **HITCH Crossword Puzzle/70** Well, sorta. But not really. **Reading Material/71** Back again, for our literate readers only.



COVER
McGruff the Crime Dog makes a point.

Please send all kindhearted words, acrimonious missives and items for review to Heapin' Mailbag, c/o **HITCH**, *P.O. Box 23621, Oklahoma City, OK 73123-2621. Or e-mail us at RLott@aol.com. All mail is subject to extreme ridicule.*

DAMN GOOD QUESTIONS

Rod:

How come Malena hangs out with you? As I've gathered from her "Cool Herc" article (**HITCH** 11), she's obviously into big hair and pecs, neither of which, it appears, you possess. Oh, sure, your stint as an underwear model went well ("Brief Encounter," **HITCH** 9), but you have NO chest or bulging biceps. As for other bulges...I suppose another pictorial is in order. Fortunately, I have a subscription for a *whole year*, so I can afford to wait.

Thanks to your nifty home page, I was able to print some first anniversary pogs for my wonderful students. I will shamelessly run a thousand off on our duplicator...go do your own freakin' homework. How about some second anniversary bookmarks featuring David Hasselhoff or that Baywitch from past issues?

Darrell Patterson
Algoma, WI

I may not have Herc hair or big muscles, but I can slay nefarious centaurs with the best of 'em. As for bookmarks, I don't think so. Bookmarks are for sissies. Settle for some targets (to be found elsewhere in this issue), big man?

Mr. Lott:

I've been buying **HITCH** for months and just thought I'd drop you a line letting you know how much I dig it. I haven't written because I just got online and I'm too lazy to do it the old-fashioned way. The funniest thing I've ever seen is that penis you drew on the El Chico donkey ("Dear Mr. Clipson," **HITCH** 7). I was cracking up for days. I showed it to my girlfriend and she thought it was neat, but not as funny as I did.

HITCH looks great and better with each issue. Just got **HITCH** 11 today. It was the last copy at the bookstore. I was so excited to find it. The fact that it was the last copy made me feel exceedingly special. I happily made my way to the counter to pay. I was greeted with a smile by the nice lady at the register...until she saw what I was buying. She looked at your fine publication like it was a piece of human excrement. She rudely took my money and didn't even give me a brown bag to conceal the issue with. What gives? Is there a secret conspiracy to suppress the gospel of **HITCH**? Anyway, great issue. I had to stop laughing my ass off for a moment in order to send you this.

Chris Sharpe
Oklahoma City, OK

What gives? Simple: She's a bitch. Or once worked for El Chico.

BLOCKHEAD VIDEO

Rod,

Just perused **HITCH** 11! Another fine job of irreverent humor and satire. Particularly enjoyed your missive on the whoredom of working for Blockbuster Video ("I Was a Whore for Blockbuster Video"). But I must admit that I have always admired the blue uniforms. They're spiffy.

Thanks for updating the Web page. It was getting pretty stale there.

Sam Effinger
Moore, OK

Rod–

Enjoyed your article on Blockbuster Video. From the titles of the movies you mention, you must have been wearing the sky blue and khaki the same time I worked for them. Therefore, you should remember the "Talking Game Machine."

They ran some sort of strange game in the summer of '91 whereby if you rented a movie, you got a game piece that you had to stick into this electronic machine and it would like vaporize your game card and talk to you to tell you if you won anything. Most of the prizes were things like popcorn or something, but they were giving away goodies like stereos and cash, too.

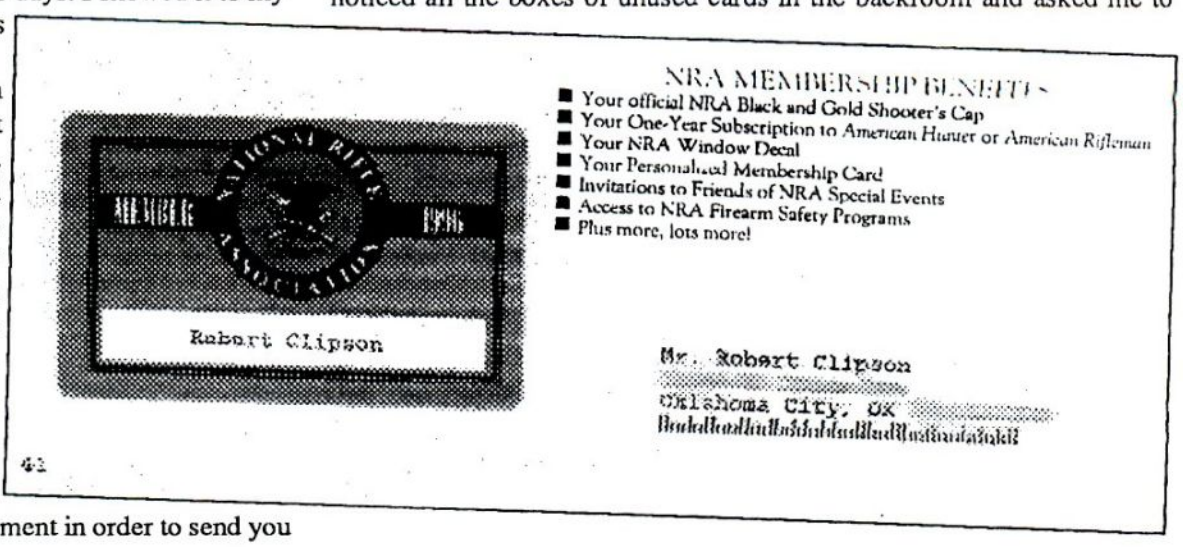
Our store had two problems with this promotion. First, our machine kept breaking down. And because the game wasn't a scratch-off, the customers' cards were pretty much useless without a working machine, so we weren't giving a lot away. Secondly, our store's sales really sucked, I guess; they shipped us like way too many game cards than we could ever give away.

Anyway, the promotion was ending soon and we still had *cartons* of these cards to give away. Using my executive powers as assistant manager, me and this other guy decided we were going to go through these cards after close and try to find some big winning tickets. We knew we could certainly get friends to conspire with us to collect the loot since employees weren't allowed to play.

Fueled on Dunkin' Donuts coffee and "free" candy bars, me and Phil fed game cards in the dark into that damn machine until 3 a.m. with nothing more than free rental winners (this, of course, means nothing to BBV employees). Dejected, we called it a night after a while because it was getting real boring and I had to open the next morning.

Yeah, well you guessed it, about a half hour into the next day, this old guy stuck his card (that I handed him) into the machine and won a trip for four to Disney World. Even at this point, we still had boxes of game cards that hadn't been used, but we gave up caring about the machine after that.

By the way, the district manager came in after the promotion and noticed all the boxes of unused cards in the backroom and asked me to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Robert Clipson
Mr. Robert Clipson
Oklahoma City, OK

A LETTER FROM THAT ROD GUY

Yes, yes, this issue does tip the scales a bit. But that's only because we *love* you.

There's so much here that, frankly, I wasn't sure when to stop. That's why, as you'll note, you can find *two* – count 'em, two – separate stories on the kiddie pizza pie emporium Chuck E. Cheese's.

Chuck E. also puts an appearance in this issue's installment of "**HITCH** Paparazzi." And I'll be damned if he ain't one of the most photogenic sewer rats around.

But don't you dare get the idea that we *like* going to places like Chuck E. Cheese's. Because *we don't*. We do it simply *for you*, because again, we *love* you.

I say this mainly so you won't get the same idea about my he-man adventure to the impotence seminar. Hell, no, I don't *need* to attend any impotence seminar; again, I did it *for you*. (But I can't speak for Ryun.)

✪ ✪ ✪

Our "good friend" Robert Goulet (see "Some Enchanted Evening, You May Feel My Prostate," **HITCH** 5) most recently nauseated me by appearing in the already-horrid film *Mr. Wrong*. One asinine critic wrote that Bob provided fine acting support, somehow missing the fact that since Goulet's role was that of a vain, egotistical celebrity, the man wasn't acting.

By the way, as you will note from this month's installment of the "Robert Goulet Death Watch," he's *still* not dead.

✪ ✪ ✪

And speaking of "good friends," David Hasselhoff, still the star of the inexplicably popular *Baywatch*, which he still inexplicably claims is the world's most popular show, delighted prime-time viewers a couple months back with an NBC Sunday night movie entitled *Gridlock*. In this *Die Hard* ripoff, Hasselbaby played a renegade helicopter pilot who saves his girlfriend (Kathy Ireland) and the city from a group of bank terrorists.

quietly put them in the dumpster and not to tell the higher mucky-mucks that we didn't distribute all our cards. Big secret exposed.

John
Cincinnati, OH

Rod,

Just got **HITCH** 11 and I think I can honestly say I've never had the urge to masturbate after a spicy meal, but I'm no Mormon ("Spanking the Mormon").

I have a friend who received one of those fine Blockbuster timepieces. I hope you robbed those Blockbuster bastards blind.

Well, I gotta go color my entire calendar black.

Dean Williams
Chicago, IL

STILL DIRTY, STILL DAMNED

Rod–

Anyhow, one critical comment: too many movie reviews for my tastes. But you know that already; really, though – if we must do this sort of thing, *must* we review *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers*? *Must* we review *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*? *Must* we review – and continually bring up – and continually remind ourselves that we did this thing – *MUST* we drive *Planet of the Apes* still farther into the ground (where it definitely belongs)? I mean, sometimes, Rod, I wonder about your tastes...a thing about some one-hit-wonder bullshitfest called Cherry Poppin' Daddies, praises to Leonard "Deadpan" Cohen all around and, for crissake, *Mystery Science Theater 2000*? I mean, I know there's no accounting for one's personal tastes, but there is definitely a line that divides the silly and the imbecilic.

And, Rod, one last thing: pop culture? What the hell is "pop culture?" Oh, yeah – I think "gumbo" is a mighty funny word. That and "jambalaya." Yee-haw!!!

Joe Rogers
Vancouver, British Columbia
Canada

That's 3000, *Joe. As many of our fine readers have told me, the "Videos" section is one of the first things they turn to every issue. So, yes, we must review all that is odd; don't be bitter just because you don't have a TV. Also, I don't quite see how we drove* Planet of the Apes *into the ground; all we did was a cover story on it* (**HITCH** 7)*, followed by a sidebar on the animated series last issue. However, after receiving the following letter, I can assure you we won't mention it again.*

Dear Rod,

Hello there! How are you? How were the holidays? Have you attended any fannish events lately? Do you have any more fanzines published lately? Do you plan to print any future zines with a *Planet of the Apes* stories anytime soon? Also, do you or any of your known editor colleagues plan to print any stories or articles featuring *POTA*, *V*, *DS*, etc.? Also, do you have a list of requirements an author needs to submit an article or story to **HITCH** or any other of your publications? I'm interested in any future *Apes* issues you print.

BLOCKBUSTER ENTERTAINMENT

Could I possibly revamp some earlier *Apes* articles I attempted to write ("When Did Zira Know She Was Pregnant?" for example) for you? If you're not interested, might others be? We'll see.

How did you become interested in zine printing? Do you attend Soonercon? Also, might you or a colleague be willing to take both male or female roomies from the state of Missouri at the hotel during the con?

Rita J. Mullins
Kansas City, MO

Dear reason I got a P.O. box – To answer your questions in order: Very scared. Festive. No, as I have a life. No. No. No! Sorry, you can't submit. You're not *joking, are you? Highly unlikely. None of your business. No, as I still have a life.* Hell, *no.*

Hey Rod –

Guess who came in to *Playboy*'s offices on Friday? Roddy McDowall. (He's doing some play in Chicago.) I thought of offering him a banana from my lunch so I could write **HITCH**, but I couldn't get close enough.

Chip Rowe
Chicago, IL

Smarter readers – and that doesn't include that Rita girl – will recall Roddy was our cover boy on **HITCH** *7, for the "Still Dirty, Still Damned"* Planet of the Apes *retrospective.*

WWW.SUCKUP.COM

Rod,

I like the name for obvious reasons! Regards!

Mike Hitch
Somewhere in MD

I don't get it.

HITCH,

This is a great bit you guys have going. Kudos, and keep it up!

Jae Kim
San Francisco, CA

Rod,

Your Mentos article ("Deconstructing Mentos," **HITCH** 3) on **HITCH** Online was hilarious! There have been countless nights when my friends and I have made jokes about those stupid Mentos commercials. Is **HITCH**

magazine just a web site?

Olivia
Stillwater, OK

No, Olivia, **HITCH** *is not just a web site! It is a living, breathing bimonthly that leaves your hands smelling of cheap ink and your eyes aching from the agonizing pain of reading 9-pt. type.*

HITCH:

I read this **HITCH** thing and it's pretty bad. Do you guys think you're funny or something? If you do, you really aren't. You probably think you're cool or something putting all these stupid, "hip" pop culture references in your writing, but you're really not. I don't think you guys are going to make any money off of this thing. I think you should close down before you lose lots of money. You guys watched *Pulp Fiction* too many times.

Reuven Soultanoglou
Wheaton, MA
rsoultan@wheatonma.edu

Hey, thanks for the unsolicited business advice, Mr. Stroganoff. I've included your e-mail address so that you may discuss this in detail with our many readers. I'm sure they'll be contacting you. Online manager Taylor Wilken responds: "Jealousy is an evil thing. Watch out, or you'll get ulcers and die young.And what a pity that would be."

STRANGE LETTERS FROM READERS REGARDING THEIR HEINYS

Dear **HITCH**:

Can you get a subscription and just have a bill sent to you? That would be much easier and I would be interested in getting a subscription. Your magazine seems like a real kick in the ass.

Justin Eastman

Dear Rod–

HITCH 11 is funny as fuck. I laffed my ass off.

Kevin Wetter
Chapel Hill, NC

CONTRIBUTORS KISS ASS

Rod:

Got my **HITCH** 11 yesterday. Excellent work as always, my friend. I particularly enjoyed "Mister Rogers' Playtime Fun Tips," "Spanking the Mormon" (I will immediately put to use the suggested tips), "I Was a Whore for Blockbuster Video" and "The Shane Shaw Redemption."

Also checked out the new and improved WWW site. Looks great!

Ken Davis
Wichita, KS

Rod,

You could have completed your excellent "5 Sure-Fire Ways to Piss Off a Blockbuster Video Employee" list (**HITCH** 11) with:

6. Switch movies behind boxes.

7. Come in at five minutes to close and loiter at the new release wall.

8. Shoplift candy in a most obvious way.

9. Blame your late fees on your kids.

10. Rent a video game and demand a refund if you don't like it.

Jamie Munn
Ogden, UT

Paul,

Outrageous! My gut feeling is that **HITCH** 11 is the second best to date, behind **HITCH** 7, the *Planet of the Apes* issue. I was decidedly disappointed at the omission of "A Message from That Rod Guy" or whatever your "editorial" column is called, but was especially excited with Brother Brad's "Shane Shaw Redemption." Is the little butterball for real? Jesus H! What a loon. Ride. Do the loop-de-loop. Fall and cry. A glutton, I tell ya.

HITCH Online is a superb deal. Print 'n' play, man. It's your strongest suit. Two answers to the crossword are wrong. At the bottom somewhere it's JUTZPAH and CPU, as opposed to JUTZZAH and CZU. Print a correction, man. Worldwide confusion. People have been misled. I was also very excited with the new movie reviews on the web with the Hardhat Harry thing. You've got to believe you are getting better!

Taylor Holland
Austin, TX

THE USUAL, ETC.

Rod,

Now I'm not saying this to be a kiss-up or anything, but **HITCH** is the best zine (both content and production wise) I have seen to date. Of all the zines I get, it is the only one I will sit down and read from cover to cover.

David Moncrief
Houston, TX

Rod:

I shared your latest effort (**HITCH** 11) with a sociology professor and his wife. They think you would make an interesting case study. How could you be so hard on Mister Rogers ("Mister Rogers' Fun Playtime Tips")?

Andy Rieger
Norman, OK

Quite easily, actually.

Hi Rod...

Can't wait to dig into **HITCH** 11. Pamela Anderson! Yay.

Todd Lesser
Reisterstown, MD

Todd, maybe you should see a psychiatrist. Most red-blooded American males would want to dig into Pamela Anderson over **HITCH**.

Did you see it? It was hilarious. Watching he and Ireland try to act is like watching dogs try to fly.

✪ ✪ ✪

Now if you want to talk about *true* good friends, there's always the king of the kickbox flick, Don "The Dragon" Wilson, whom I interviewed at length in **HITCH** 5.

However, there was more to it than what you read, and now you can read *all* about it in the 22nd issue of Michael Weldon's highly regarded *Psychotronic Video*.

As you can tell, I am not above shameless self-promoting plugs. My picture's even in there, too.

✪ ✪ ✪

On the day of New Year's Eve, I was leaving Best Buy (having just spent too much money) and who should I see in the parking lot coming out of the comedy club and hopping into a rental car but the alleged comic Gallagher!

In town for two "shows," the guy was even wearing his stupid beret. I wished I had a hammer.

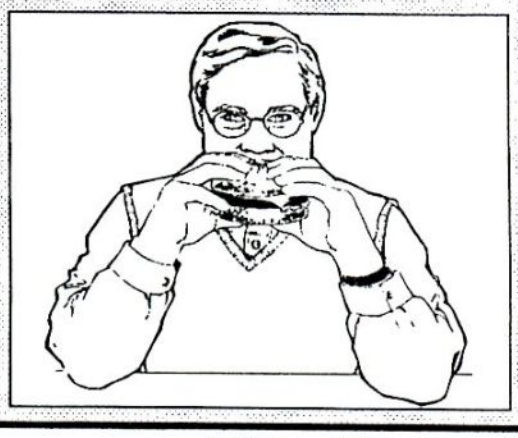
✪ ✪ ✪

FIXINS

After she receives each new issue of **HITCH**, contributor Jamie Munn always feels compelled to call and compliment me about **HITCH**'s lack of typographical errors. While we do make some now and then, we're pretty proud of our track record.

However, Ms. Munn failed to notice our biggest goof yet, perhaps because it was of a visual – and not a typographical – nature.

Back in **HITCH** 10 ("The Travel Issue"), we misidentified a picture of "Way Out Wes" author Dan Obenhaus as "Good to the Last Saudi" writer Jeff Colbert. Boy, do we feel silly. To make up for the error, here is a true picture of Jeff:



Rod,

Please be patient while awaiting forthcoming article for **HITCH**! This will tickle your funny bone. I have been reading your zine while on duty aboard ship transferring to Bosnia for a few months of R&R. All of my shipmates get quite a chuckle, too! Hopefully you will receive the article before your upcoming deadline (no pun intended here). Keep up the good work, Rodman.

Skip Shipman
somewhere at sea

Dear Rod:

As usual, there is so much in **HITCH** 11, it'd take 10 pages to comment on everything. I am still trying to recover from the "Fast Food Horrors!" story a few issues back (**HITCH** 8), but I don't think I ever will. Every time I eat anything, I think about it, and what might be in what I'm eating. The insect juice story on page eight ("Government-Approved Insect Juice") doesn't bother me at all after the earlier story.

"Spanking the Mormon" was the stupidest thing I have ever read. I was disappointed you didn't have more fanzine reviews, though. If you hadn't reviewed *Fantasy Pie* #12, for example, I might never have discovered Rick Partridge's great story about masturbating with a vacuum cleaner. (Wonder what the Mormons would think about that?)

On "I Was a Whore for Blockbuster Video," I really don't like to do business with them, because their prices are too high, and they don't have many films I like to see. But I occasionally have to rent from them.

One feature I really like is the "Word We Find Funny." The only issue I didn't it in was **HITCH** 10, which instead had the "Synonyms for O.J." There are so many I find funny. One of my favorites is "choogle."

Fred Hamilton
N. Myrtle Beach, SC

Fred, you'll definitely want to skip over this issue's "Return of Fast Food Horrors!" but you'll probably love the installment of "STATS."

Rod–

You wanted to emphasize that the review of the *VCR Tape Cleaning Kit* (**HITCH** 11) was *not* written by you – hell, you should have *stolen* credit for it! Chris Henry, that was fuckin' *brilliant*, man!

J.Z. Travis
Woodbone, Ontario
Canada

Hi!

I am interested in your views on Cowtown ("I'm Going Down to Cowtown," **HITCH** 9). I've been to Cowtown and the day I went, I called it Deadtown. The dingy little gift shop was the only place open.

Beverly Cannon
Seattle, WA

Dear **HITCH**,

Just read about you in *Factsheet 5* and you sound like something I need in my life. I hope that $5 is enough to entice you to send me a copy.

Lawrence Farber
Varberg, Sweden

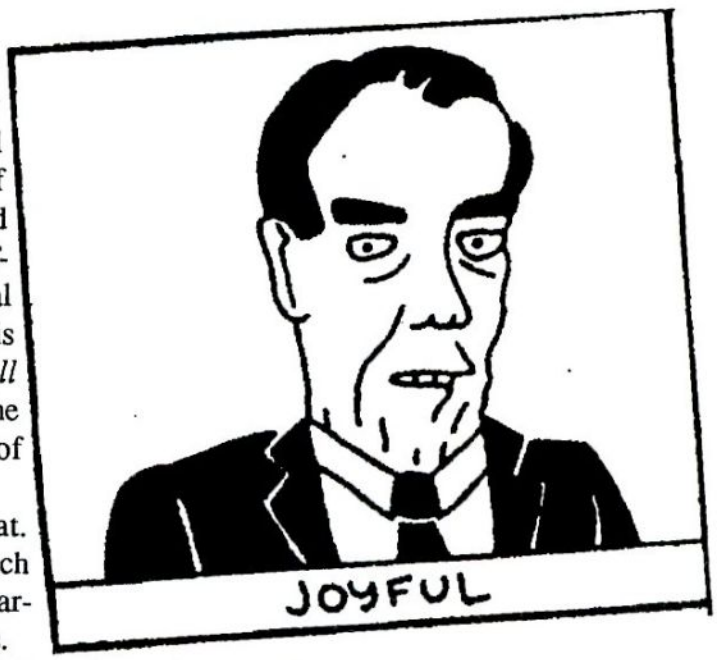
HAVE WE BEEN HITCHED AGAIN?

First, many Mailbags ago, if you recall, contributor Taylor Holland had notified us of the beguiling, too-close-to-ignore similarities of our "Deconstructing Mentos" story (**HITCH** 3) and *Spin*'s later "Mentos Deconstructed."

Now, Mr. Holland – the ever-vigilant watchdog he is – has uncovered another.

He writes:

"I don't know if your many moods of David Hasselhoff (**HITCH** 6 and on the **HITCH** T-shirt) is an original idea or not, but this week's *Life in Hell* (Feb. 23) is 'The Many Moods of Bob Dole.'



"Same format. Same face in each frame. Same smarty-assed emotions.

"Guccione and Groening – the **HITCH** readership."

Could it be "the big, fat rip-off" that Mr. Holland so claims? Readers, dig out your back issues and decide for yourself! (Oh, and don't watch *The Simpsons* anymore until we tell you it's okay.)

WE'VE MOVED!

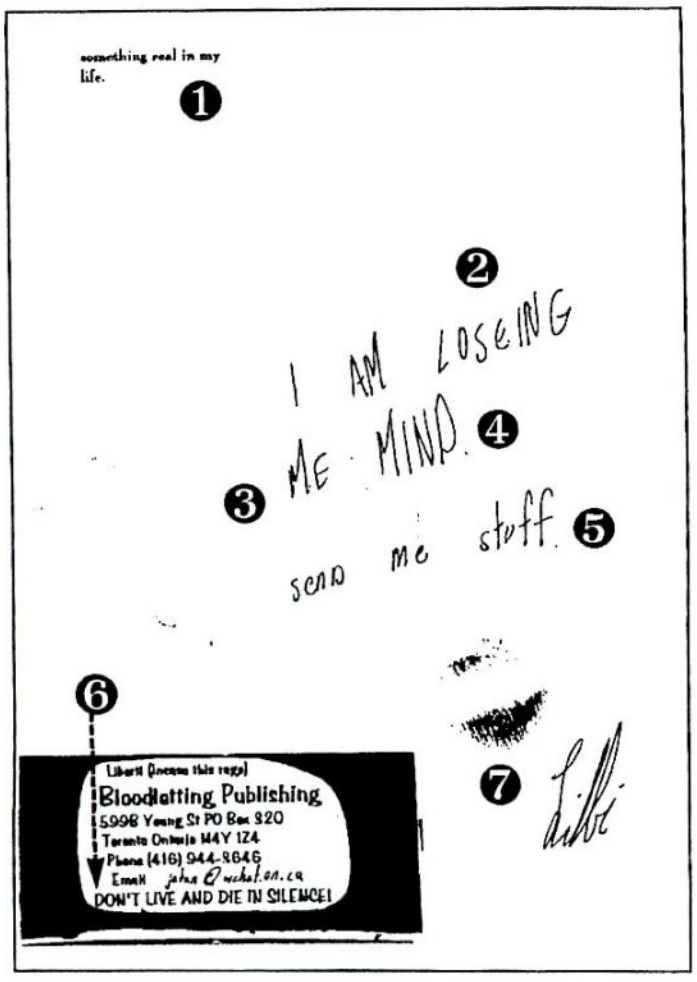
And we don't want to lose touch with you!

Next time you write us, be sure you use our new address!

...and that new address is...

HITCH
P.O. Box 23621
Oklahoma City, OK 73123-2621

ANATOMY OF A SCARY LETTER



1. Precocious poetic statement
2. Unnecessary misspelling
3. Uses British word for "my"
4. Admission of mental instability
5. Wants something for nothing
6. Thinly veiled threat
7. Seals with a kiss

NOT SENT TO US, BUT OH, HOW WE WISH IT WOULD HAVE BEEN

embarrassing moment

When I was really little, I asked my mom how to spell my name. For a joke, she spelled "N-E-R-D." So everywhere I went, I'd say, "I know how to spell my name: N-E-R-D!" Everyone would laugh. When I was 10, my mom told me about it, and I was so embarrassed.

Matt Clark, 12
Portland, Ore.

To share your moment, see the "talk to us" box on page 14.

Rod,

I've gotten a little more than halfway through **HITCH** 11. As usual, I'm impressed. I will admit, however, to being among those who find Jennifer Aniston attractive. Very huggable! It's Courtney Cox who leaves me cold.

Regarding reader Brian Musial's souvenir ("Heapin' Mailbag"), I first encountered these "shellacked cow patties with goo-goo eyes" while riding the backroads of Mexico. At a crossroads, I stopped to buy a beer. The proprietor reminded me that it was Sunday and that it was illegal to sell beer in New Mexico on Sundays. My first thought was, "Who the hell is gonna know?" I had been riding for hours and hadn't seen more than three other vehicles. Thirsty as hell, but too tired to start trouble, I grabbed a ginger ale and looked around the store as I drank it.

There on a shelf, I spotted about two dozen of these "turd birds." Each one was unique, with its own cute little name and "personality." Picking one up to examine it closer, I asked the old man what they were. "They're made of manure," he told me. "Only $2."

I was amused, but I also felt soiled. Dropping the "bird" in his hand, I remarked, "You know, this is one fucked-up state. You can't buy a beer on Sunday, but there's no law against selling a lump of cold shit."

As far as the regular columns go, "Dear Mr. Clipson" remains my favorite and never fails to amuse. Sadly, I was disappointed with "Tom Neesnan's Belated Movie Reviews" this time around. How can he review *18 Again!*, *Vice Versa* and *Like Father, Like Son* while not reviewing a classic switcheroo like *Freaky Friday* with that perky little Jodie Foster? This one easily gets my rating of 9 1/2 out of 10!

Paul Kazee
New York City, NY

Tom Neesnan responds: "Freaky Friday? *I don't believe that particular picture has been released yet here. But I will keep my eyes peeled for it – I do so love a good switcheroo!"*

Dear Rod,

I've gotten a couple of issues of **HITCH** and it's been fabulous. I especially liked the many moods of David Hasselhoff ("Excerpts from David Hasselhoff's *Baywatch* Diary," **HITCH** 6) and the gross fast food tales ("Fast Food Horrors!," **HITCH** 8). Well, I just got paid and I'm ready to join up. Enclosed is $20 for a six-issue sub. Thanks a lot and keep up the good work.

Stephanie Webb
Madison, WI

Rodd,

Enclosed is $4 for a copy of **HITCH** 7. I'm writing due to a recommendation in the latest issue of *Psychotronic*. I enjoyed your interview with Don "The Dragon" Wilson!

Erik Nelson
Houston, TX

Dear Rod:

Just got a back issue copy of *Factsheet Five* and read about last September's issue of **HITCH** 8. I've enclosed $3.50 for a copy. If you're out of stock, could you photostat the Gunnar Hansen interview ("Face to Face with Leatherface")?

David Shaw
Mississauga, Ontario
Canada

Hey, youse,

We got your mag last week sometime and cried. We liked the "Shane Shaw" kid a lot. *A lot*. More later, I just ate like four bean burritos from Taco Bell and I really feel queasy.

Brian Musial
San Diego, CA

Dear **HITCH**:

I'm in a hurry to the sauna so I'll be quick. Enclosing $5 for a copy of **HITCH**. Thanks.

Larry Farber
Varberg, Sweden

A HE-MAN ADVENTURE

The *ErecAid* Acrid Test

By Rod Lott

Pump it up
When you don't really need it
Pump it up
When you do, you can't feel it

—Elvis Costello

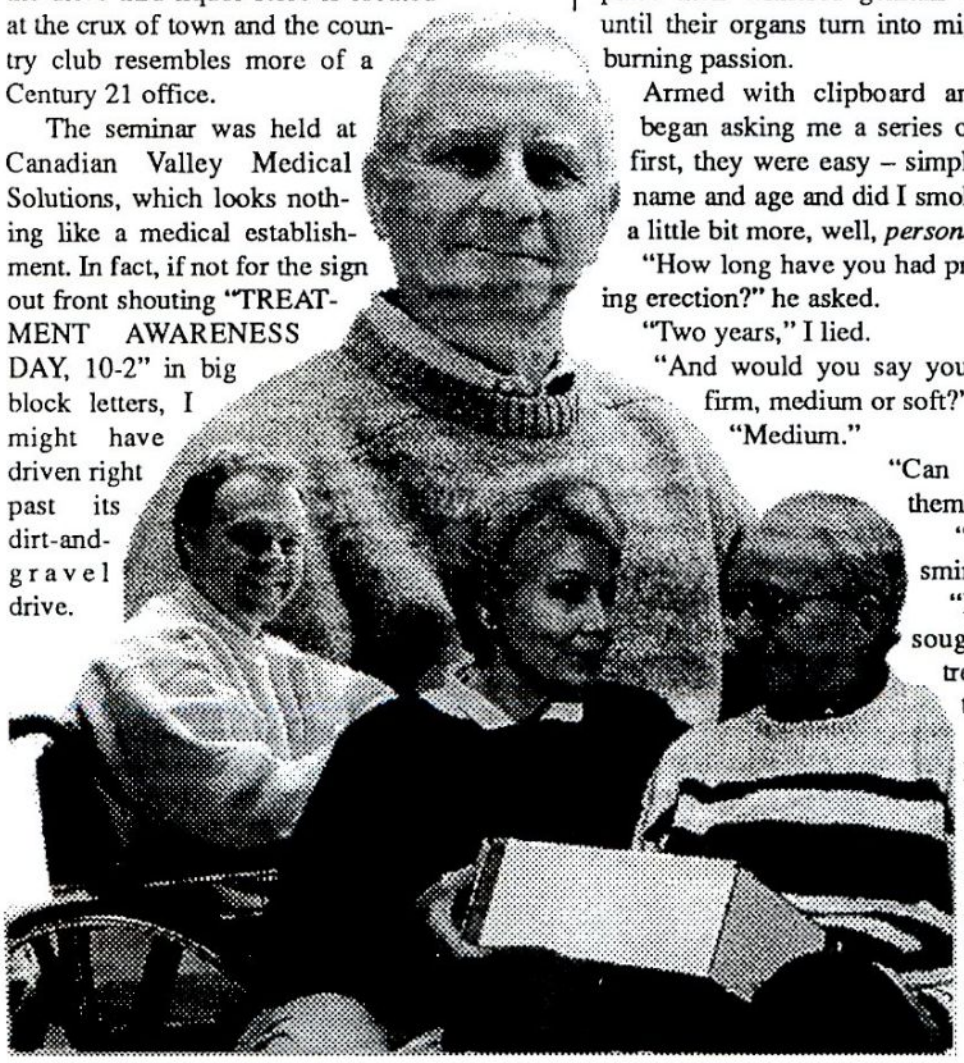
Let it be known that – hmmm...how to put this? – my river hasn't run dry.

But in my quest to become a well-rounded he-man, I attended a seminar on male sexual impotence anyway. Held in El Reno, Okla. one Saturday morning, the seminar was sponsored by Osbon Medical Systems, a reputable, Georgia-based firm that helps men nationwide get a leg up (among other things) on their embarrassing problem.

Awaking bright and early, I made the 45-minute trek to El Reno, with cohort Ryun Patterson in tow. Both of us shared one mission: *Feign impotence.* Oh, that and keep a straight face.

El Reno is a town that *screams* impotence. Residential homes trumpet the triumphs of the high school wrestling squad in eyesore fashion, the drive-thru liquor store is located at the crux of town and the country club resembles more of a Century 21 office.

The seminar was held at Canadian Valley Medical Solutions, which looks nothing like a medical establishment. In fact, if not for the sign out front shouting "TREATMENT AWARENESS DAY, 10-2" in big block letters, I might have driven right past its dirt-and-gravel drive.



We were greeted by a portly gentleman who immediately offered us refreshments before going into his life story. Set up on a table were two-liters upon two-liters of soda, as well as a wide array of peculiar-colored breads. Ryun and I both opted for a drink.

Bryan Shingleton, the Osbon Medical Systems technician, was already consulting with some lax soul when we got there, so we sat in the lobby with the greeter guy, who spouted unsolicited history of the Canadian Valley empire. As I noticed no restroom in sight, I thought of a surefire cure for erection problems: Drink sodas 'til you gotta pee, but can't.

Finally, Bryan's first session of the day concluded, and he ushered me in to a back office, shutting the door behind us. He looked a lot like me – mid-20s, dark-haired, fine complexion – and yet whereas I work as a journalist, he travels the country teaching old men how to place their withered genitals into a cylinder until their organs turn into mighty swords of burning passion.

Armed with clipboard and pen, Bryan began asking me a series of questions. At first, they were easy – simple stuff like my name and age and did I smoke. Then he got a little bit more, well, *personal.*

"How long have you had problems achieving erection?" he asked.

"Two years," I lied.

"And would you say your erections are firm, medium or soft?"

"Medium."

"Can you maintain them?"

"Depends," I smirked.

"Have you ever sought medical treatment before today?"

I told him I had not, since such a problem is too embarrassing for a strapping young gent as myself to admit to a doctor.

Above, Hell Reno

Bryan assured me that I was not alone; he said men of all ages are affected by impotence, the world's No. 1 untreated medical problem, claiming 30 million sufferers nationwide.

Not wasting any time, Bryan explained Osbon's impotence solution: the ErecAid System. This contraption is nothing more than a clear plastic tube into which the unexcited male is to insert his member. With the flip of a switch (if you use the battery-powered model), vacuum pressure removes all the air within the tube (thus sucking blood into the penis), leaving the manhood in a raging-red, rip-roarin'-ready state. In order to keep from going limp once the tube is removed, a tension ring is slid onto the base of the penis.

These rings, made of rubber, look exactly like what Chef Boyardee would cook up, were he to commission a line of pasta shaped like elephant heads.

"Wouldn't that hurt," I spoke, "sliding that ring off?"

"Oh, no, not at all," Bryan said, though probably not from experience. "Once you're erect, you wouldn't feel a thing."

Removing the ErecAid System from its box, Bryan pointed out all its features. First of all, it comes enclosed in a handy travel kit, though I dare someone to try to get the suspect device through customs. It also comes equipped with two kinds of tension rings: standard and high, color-coded for your convenience.

He showed me both the hand-pump model and the one powered by Everready. I asked if one model held any advantage over the other.

"Nah," he said, "you get the result. They both pull the same amount of mercury."

Bryan explained that once the penis is in

place and the system activated, one is to allow the vacuum to suck until the penis either touches the side or the end of the cylinder. Considering that the cylinder had to be at least 12 inches long and three inches in diameter, I wanted to say, "Buddy, you're dreamin'."

To prove the system's strength, Bryan pumped it up with his palm at the open end and then lifted his hand above the desk, the tube of death hanging on for dear life.

Then, without any warning about what I was about to see, Bryan showed me a short video. At first, it was innocent enough: Osbon's medical director sang the praises of vacuum therapy for a few seconds...and then, some tubby senior citizen with a patch of untidy and scraggly gray pubic hair lubed himself up, slam-dunked the family jewels into the compression chamber and let 'er rip. (You remember those hot dog commercials from the '80s, where the ballpark franks magically "plumped" right before your eyes? It was a lot like that.) In mere moments, he was *pointing* right at me, veins throbbing. Never before had I felt so threatened. It was enough to send shivers down my spine, as well as *shrivels* down my...well, you get the picture.

Then the tape segued into a montage of happy couples, suggested that using the ErecAid not only allows one to get it up again, but to go rowboating, play tennis and look at pretty sunsets. Blue-haired women laughed and hugged their rejuvenated mates in slow-motion; one even presented her comeback king with a birthday cake, as if to say, "I give you cake because we can have sex again!"

As Bryan rewound this cinematic gem, I asked if the erection produced by the ErecAid System is any stronger than that of a normal man.

"No. The penis ain't gonna get any bigger," he scoffed. "You see, the inside of your penis is like a double-barred shotgun," he said, in an analogy so alarming that I didn't hear his next two to three sentences. When I finally came to, he was rattling off something about a "full dilation of the corpora cavernosa."

I nodded. He took this as a sign of my complete and total understanding, I suppose, because he then gave me the name of a urologist in my area, as well as a "Patient Consent Agreement" to take to this doctor so I could give the ol' ErecAid a test drive.

"Um, thanks," I said, and returned to my seat in the lobby as Ryun then joined Bryan for his term.

Not wanting to listen to the now-assembled group of Medicare recipients talk football, weather and everything *but* their inability to rise and shine, I read my "Patient Consent Agreement."

It stated, *and I quote*: "I fully understand that a plastic cylinder will be placed over my penis and a pump will remove enough air from the cylinder to cause penile engorgement (an erection). A tension ring will then be transferred to the base of my penis to maintain the erection. When the tension ring is removed, my penis will return to its normal flaccid state."

Below this paragraph sits a line on which one is supposed to sign his name.

What the "Contract of America" is to Newt Gingrich, this "Patient Consent Agreement" is to the dark overlord of Satan.

Ryun soon emerged from the room with a distressed look on his face that suggested he had been brainwashed by the Moonies. Must've been the video.

"You ready?" I asked.

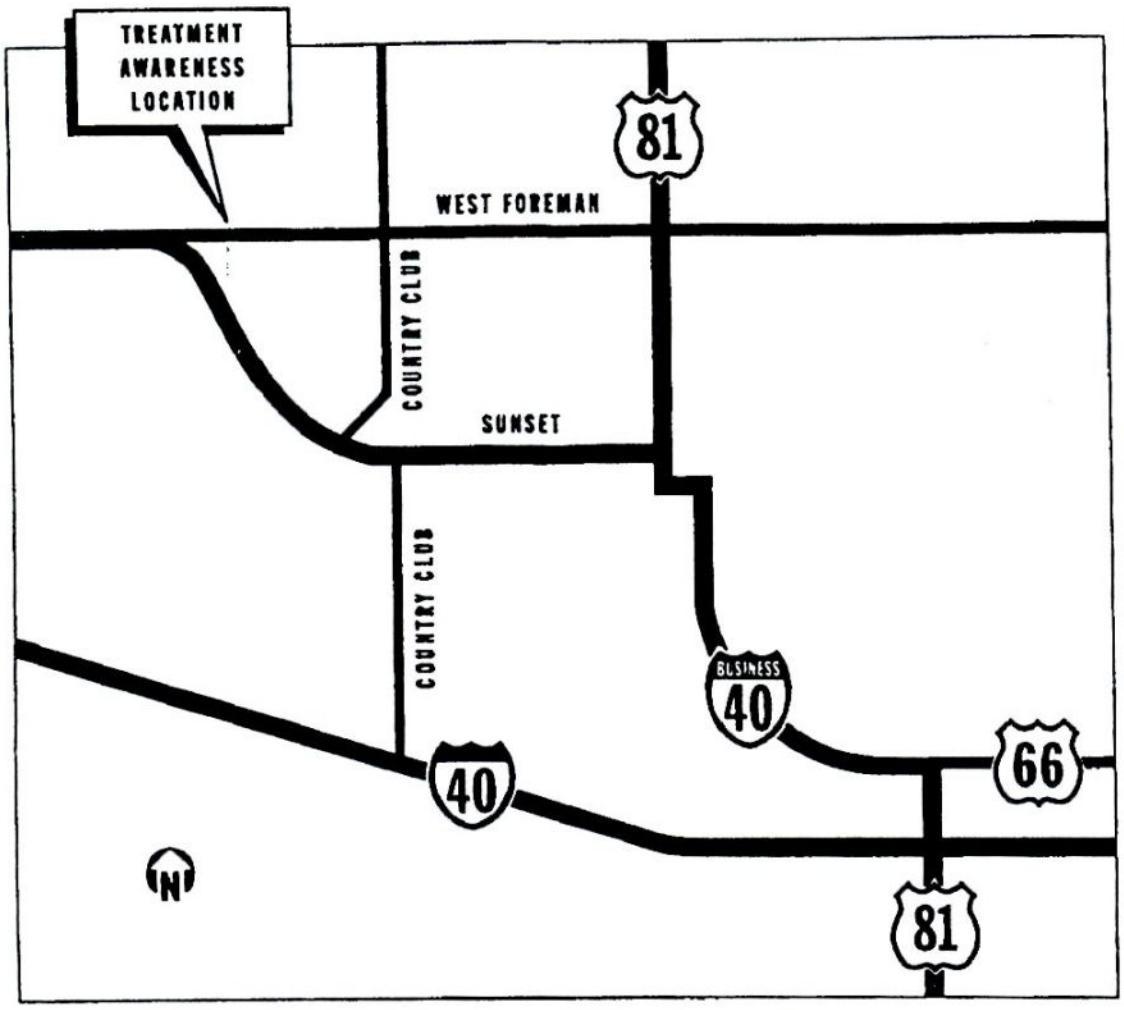
"Mmmrff," he mmmrffed.

Just before we left, another Polydent user entered the premises, opening the door with one hand as he hiked up his britches with the other.

"Boy, is this place hard to find!" he cried. "I had to ask a postman and some black fellas where it was! I've been driving around so long I had several erections just gettin' here!"

Thanks for sharing, Dick, but some things are better left unsaid.

H



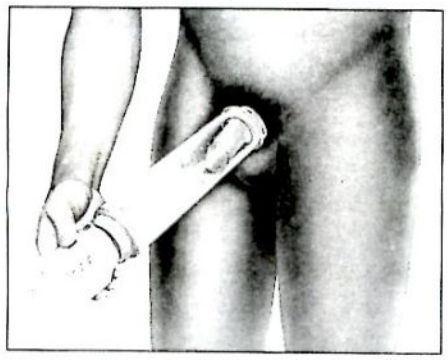
What I Saw and Why I Never Want to See It Again for as Long as I May Live

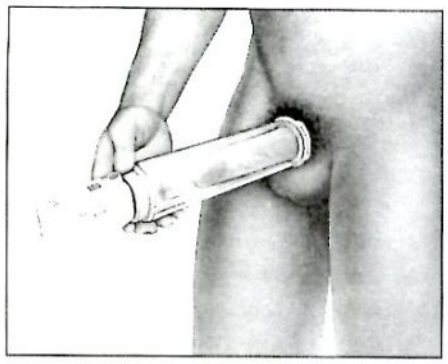
By Ryun Patterson

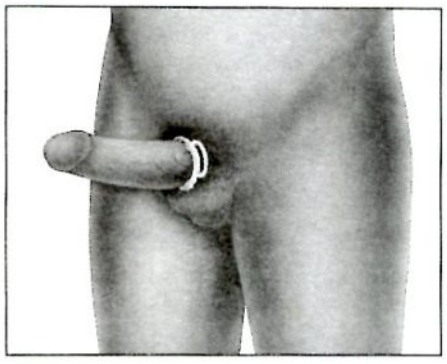
When Rod was in his one-on-one consultation, I overheard the conversations being carried on by the afflicted males at the other end of the room. The owner of the store, apparently wanting to flaunt his physical virility, started up a conversation about football. The two older men present sheepishly joined the conversation, though they seemed a bit shy. This is probably because of the study I read somewhere that said virility can be linked to, in some cases, football knowledge.

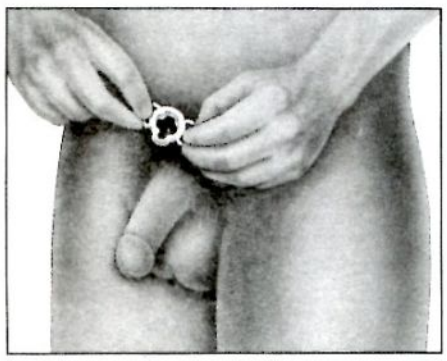
One man was wearing argyle socks, which seemed to me to be a sure sign of lack of virility. They ate their cream-cheese-covered bread daintily, and slowly they seemed to realize the owner's flaunting of his potency. He demonstrated his points with an erect index finger, as if to say, "Ha-ha, I am a man and you are all impotent slugs." It was an obvious boost to the man's ego.

When Rod left the office, I had a foreboding feeling of gloom. The cheerful man doing the consulting greeted me like he was a long-time









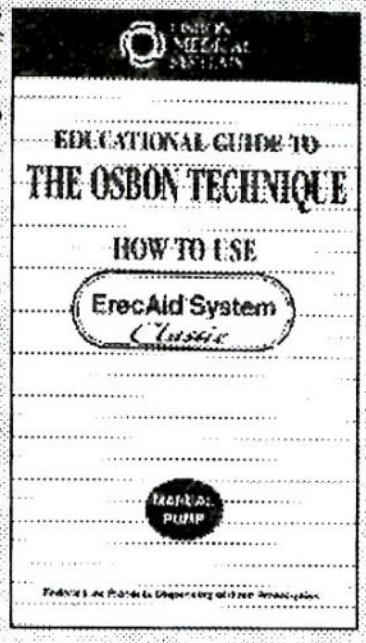
HOW IT WORKS
(in 4 E-Z Steps)

1 Slip on!
2 Thar she blows!
3 Hi there!
4 Back to Wee Willie Winky

Educational Guide to the Osbon Technique: How to Use ErecAid® System Classic
(1991)
Osbon Medical Systems
★★★★★

While we were shown a brief video on the Osbon experience, those who purchase the ErecAid system will be treated to a full, 20-minute visual discourse featuring graphic, step-by-step, no-stone-unturned instructions on its use. (Posing as a doctor and calling the Osbon toll-free line, **HITCH** was able to obtain a copy for review.)

How to Use is divided into two sections: the first, an explanation, and the second, a balls-out demonstration. As the show begins, the announcer tells the viewer that the system is "90 percent successful," as exemplified by the footage of old couples walking dogs, biking, golfing and chatting it up at piano bars with much unrestrained gayety.



The real meat of the film, however, comes with the second half. Any man, regardless of degree of potency, can relate to this section (and by that, I mean the process is demonstrated by a circumcised *and* a non-circumcised individual). I was immediately turned off by the sight of one guy using the manual pump, his fingers still visibly smeared with lubricant.

"The more you use it, the more skillful you'll become," the unseen narrator promises, as if the more seasoned user becomes so comfortable with the system that he devises circus tricks.

In fact, the tape suggests, "Set aside some time to practice. That way, you can be sure ErecAid lives up to your expectations." Can you imagine being walked in on while you're engaged in a "practice session" with the ErecAid? How in the hell could you explain *that?* ("Oh, hi, honey, I'm just checking my...er, yep, it's up to 35 psi. Great! And I thought for sure I felt a leak.")

We are then told that *How to Use* is designed to be viewed with your sexual partner, and, at a specific point, even tells the viewer to stop the tape to arrange a viewing time with the missus. At the same time, we see a happy couple seated on the couch with remote in hand, smiling wide in joyous anticipation as if they were preparing to watch the network broadcast premiere of *Grumpy Old Men.*

Then comes the detailed demo, with the following instructions striking me as particularly scary:

- "If you wear a catheter, you should void now..."
- "If you have trouble creating an airtight seal, it may be helpful to trim your pubic hair around the base of the penis with scissors and/or a razor."
- "(This helps) keeps scrotal tissue from being drawn into the cylinder."
- "It is important to remember to remove the tension ring within half an hour following intercourse."

Like who could forget? I imagine if the ring is left in place for 31 minutes or beyond, ol' Jimmy falls off (which could explain the 10 percent "unsuccessful" rate).

As the film closes, proud couples intone the virtues of ErecAid. When the infamous cake scenario is shown, a woman's voice relates, "His surgeon suggested he use ErecAid to give him a jump-start."

Best of all is the cocky sonofabitch who tells us his repeated use of the ErecAid changed "my sex proficiency from an impotent non-performer to a record-breaking teenager. Thanks, Osbon!"

No, sir, thank *you.*

friend. I told him I had been impotent for eight months and that it probably stemmed from the death of a family member, my dog Grover.

He whipped out the handy carrying case like the James Bond of sexual aids and promptly showed me the 24-hour service number. The purpose of this struck me as odd, for any man who won't ask for directions when he is lost would surely not call an 800 number to ask for help in removing his penis from a plastic suction device. The device itself looked like one of the tortures of hell as devised by Clive Barker, and the electric model brought on visions of horrific electrocutions in the shower or during a rainstorm. But this was all a warm-up; the main horrors had not yet begun.

When the video started up, I thought, "My, my, isn't this humorous! I can laugh at all the men struggling with something I do just waking up in the morning!"

But the joke was on me.

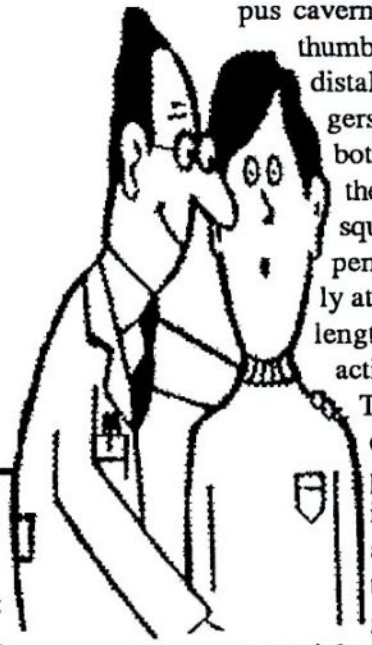
As I saw the pubic hairs of what appeared to be Bonzo the Mutant Space Clown appear on the screen, I thought, "What could be *worse* than this?"

Then his penis started to grow. The flaccid organ blossomed into a bulging, throbbing mutant member of doom, and I did all I could to keep my free Coke from leaving my system. Parts of my hair turned a frosty white, and my contacts dried up and fell off instantly. Oh, wait. That was in the dreams I had about the incident. They are terrible.

After the ghastly transformation, the scene faded into beautiful days of sun-dappled waters and lovely twilight canoe trips. A woman gave her husband a cake, and I wondered what the message on the cake was. I think it was "Thank you for being a true man again." It was a touching moment. **H**

STATS

Things to Do with Your Penis When You're Brain-Dead



By Rod Lott

While medical companies today trumpet the benefits of vacuum therapy for impotence sufferers (see this issue's he-man adventure), they don't mean the Hoover you've got sitting in the closet.

Unfortunately, some people don't know – or simply choose to ignore – this sound advice. Consider the following case studies:

• A 57-year-old man admitted to the hospital for penile lacerations confessed that he sought out satisfaction via the tube attachment of his vacuum cleaner. After having switched the machine on, though, "he found his penis was congested and bleeding... almost 'explosive' in nature."

• A 28-year-old man did *the same damn thing*.

• Similar to the above two events but an added bit of irony involved, a 75-year-old man entered a hospital complaining of pain in his penile regions. He told doctors that "while cleaning the stairs, his penis had *accidentally* slipped into the end of a Hoover 'dustette' vacuum cleaner. However, he then attempted to obtain erotic stimulation by switching the motor on and off."

A few questions arise in regards to this last case:

1. Why was the man cleaning the house while naked?

2. How does one's member *accidentally* slip into the end of vacuum?

3. Where'd he get the bright idea to flip the switch?

4. So, how was it?

At least these guys didn't use rubber bands or string, which doctors say can cause urine retention and gangrene. Physicians commenting on the vacuum technique noted that "the method of masturbation used by these patients was rather ingenious, but had disastrous results."

• • •

There lives in London a man whom I nominate as the world's biggest loon.

His name is G.S. Brindley, and in 1986, he published a detailed report on what happened to his penis when he injected different drugs into it. In case you skimmed the previous sentence, *the man shot drugs into his own penis and took copious notes on the results.*

He claims he did it in the name of science, to help treat impotence and priapism; after reading his work, though, I get the idea that he might have enjoyed his studies:

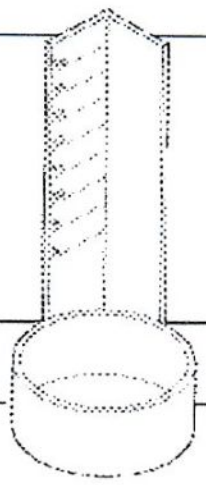
"Drugs were injected through a 0.5 mm. x 16 mm. needle into the right corpus cavernosum in the proximal third of the free penis. The penis was then massaged systematically to distribute the drug throughout both corpora cavernosa as follows. First, the right corpus cavernosum was squeezed between the thumb and three fingers of the left hand distally and the thumb and three fingers of the right hand proximally, both hands acting simultaneously; then the left corpus cavernosum was squeezed in the same way; then the penis was firmly pinched transversely at least six different places along its length in succession. These three actions were then repeated."

To measure his erections following each injection, Brindley placed his penis into a simple instrument (see illustration). The stiffness was assessed by "attempting to bend it to the right and to left with the fingers, applying forces of about 500 g. weight in opposite directions to the glans and the middle of the shaft" at angles of 20°.

If you'd like to test the doc's findings at home, the chart below shows exactly what drug did what to Brindley's "little friend."

Though I'm not going into much detail on this, his erections reached a high of 12 cm. long. Keep in mind he's using the metric system; you do the math before getting jealous. **H**

DRUG INJECTED	EFFECT ON WINKY
phenoxybenzamine/papaverine	"an unrelenting erection lasting for hours"
imipramine	"partial anesthesia...strikingly paler than usual...smaller than would have been expected for my thermal state"
lignocaine	"incomplete anesthesia"
metaraminol	"shrinkage was conspicuous"
neostigmine/atropine/ propranolol/idazoxan	"caused no visible swelling or measurable elongation, and did not prevent the achieving of full erection by sexual fantasy (sometimes supplemented by applying a vibrator to the glans)"
papaverine	"nearly complete anesthesia...of the whole penis and scrotum"
phenoxybenzamine/ phentolamine/guanethidine	"very prolonged erection and tumidity...are entirely undiminished by concentration on exacting intellectual tasks"
phentolamine	"I took an urgent and worrying *telephone* call without losing the erection. On the other hand, attention to involuntary swelling of the penis is somewhat sexually arousing, so a slight or moderate tumidity caused by a drug is almost certainly sometimes increased briefly by the act of measuring it."
imipramine	"caused mainly erection and only slight subsequent shrinkage"
hydralazine	"relevant penile smooth muscle is resistant to it"



A HE-MAN ADVENTURE

Up Chuck E. Cheese

By Rod Lott

If a kid can be a kid at Chuck E. Cheese's Pizza, what can a he-man be? After enduring an evening in this kiddie pizza palace from hell, I have the answer: *fearful for his life*.

The sign outside to the left of the entrance proclaims, "We make birthday wishes come true." I'm sure this is a valid statement, provided those birthday wishes entail draining your parents' wallets and celebrating the blessed event in a place where rows of skee-ball machines comprise the atmosphere.

Co-conspirator Steve Hunt and I braved rain-slicked roads one Wednesday night to take in the sights and smells of the only restaurant in the world with a rat for a mascot and the motto, "In pizza we trust."

Kids love Chuck E. Cheese, of course, for the video games, from '80s stalwarts like Moon Patrol and Ms. Pac-Man to '90s phenomena like Mortal Kombat and Mega Man. They also dig the way-cool miniature merry-go-rounds where they can turn small circles while sitting atop plastic farm animals (it looks just as perverted as it sounds). The duck umbrellas hanging from the ceiling aren't too shabby, either.

We sat and watched the mechanical-puppetry show, Munch's Make Believe Band, transfixed by how *utterly lifelike* the characters seemed! Munch led the band while Chuck himself took the demanding vocal chores. Helen Henny sang backup, the dog Jasper Jowls was a standout on guitar and Pasqually the Chef was simply *magnifique* on percussion. Musically, these cats jelled, especially with the tune "My Good Name," which inspired the tots in the audience not to be ashamed of their names, no matter if it's as insipid as, say, Rumer Willis.

Whatever will come good or bad
I'm always glad that I've had
My good name
Yeahhh, my good name.

Munch and his tone-deaf cohorts outdid themselves on the next number, entitled "Responsibility."

Life can flow like a river
If you have responsibility
It feels so good
When you do the things you should
I feel so tough
When I finish all my stuff.

Rockin' *and* politically correct. You're history, Mr. Dylan.

The band took a much-deserved break (presumably to hook up to the transformer), and Chuck instructed the audience members who hadn't run from the room in horror to "turn around to a neighbor and introduce yourself!"

In the spirit of togetherness, not a soul did. Steve called over a nearby carpet-cleaning employee whose name was Magnolia, like the flower and the Crayola.

"Chuck E. told everyone to introduce themselves, but no one did," Steve told her. "Why not? Is this not a friendly place?"

"I dunno," she said. Just then, a plump little girl walked by and Steve took the liberty to follow Chuck's advice and introduced himself to her. "Hi. How are you?" he asked.

The girl managed to muster a simple, yet muted, "hi" before running off, probably to report to her parents that a child molester tried to pick her up. Perhaps she was intimidated by Steve's height and feared he might try to swipe her licorice whips.

He turned back to Magnolia and asked, "Do they pay you any extra to clean up big messes, like when a kid throws up?"
"No," she answered. "They don't throw up."

A pony-tailed man sporting a wrecking service cap at an adjacent table was busy lip-synching Michael Jackson's "Rock with You" to his infant as the song blared over the loudspeakers. Magnolia was busy sweeping out greasy, wadded-up napkins from under the chairs. Steve was busy complaining about the number of boogers under the tabletop.

I refused to eat any food. From what I remember years ago, however, monkeys could make more appetizing entrees with their own feces.

Is this flea-market-with-mozzarella approach healthy for today's younguns? I don't think so.

For one thing, the Make Believe Band may appear to be filling the kids' heads with suggestions of self-esteem and respect for others. But cut through that clever subtext and you'll discover this sugar-coated nonsense is mean-spiritedly contradicted later, toward the end of the band's rendition of "This Old Man."

It is during this cover that Chuck E. Cheese takes a swipe at the rather large Munch:

Mr. Munch
He can eat
More than anyone on his street!

And that's just not nice. We must also question the values we are teaching our children by allowing them to pump quarters into Whack-A-Mole machines. H

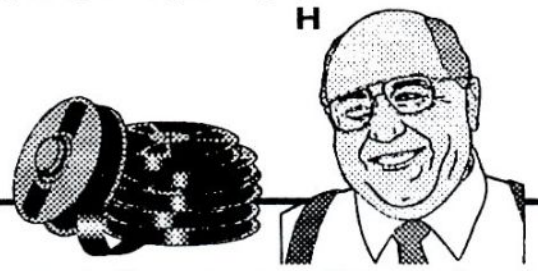
Anna Nicole Speaks!...Sorta

While we all know how voluptuous model/golddigger Anna Nicole Smith is, what about her manners? Or for that matter, her smarts? For instance, does she know the meaning of commonly used five-letter words?

America's questions were answered during a recent America Online chat with Ms. Smith, in which the one-time Playmate of the Year was short, unsweet and to the point (which is that she wanted to leave, presumably for a bag of Cheez-Doodles), as she plugged her new perfume (so exclusive it's sold only at Camelot Records). Here now, the juiciest excerpts:

Question: Hi, are you going to be a guest star in a *Baywatch* episode?
Anna: Please!
Question: Hi, Anna! What do you like to do in your spare time?
Anna: Lay in my bed. Watch TV. Pig out on junk food.
Question: Why was the Camelot Music store chosen to market the perfume?
Anna: Camelot Music is the coolest music chain in the country. I have the coolest fragrance. I used to shop at Camelot when I lived in Texas. There are lots of them there.
Question: Do you have any beauty secrets that you can share with everybody?
Anna: Eating.
Question: The essence consists of fruit and spice. Where does the clout come from?
Anna: Clout?
Question: What was it like for you as a young child growing up?
Anna: Don't ask.

Tom Neesnan's Belated Movie Reviews



My Own Private Idaho
(1991)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

This unique film, not like others I have seen, has parts in it that were and are interesting to me. At the first part of this film starring the funny man from *Bob and Ted*, a home falls on the street, for reasons unbeknownst to me. I liked this part; however, it's significance remains quite a mystery to me. In this film, the boys have an interesting relationship and show their affection to each other in ways I found equally mysterious to the home falling. I liked this film and you should see it. Remember: Watch for the falling home!

The Cannonball Run 2
(1984)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

"I can't drive 55!" stated a popular musician in a hit song not long ago, so I am told. I feel this is exactly the sentiment of those who star in this motion picture! The man from that bandit movie stars and he gets involved in a burnin' rubber race like no other! If I were to tell you the details of it, the film would be spoiled like rotten milk! So see this film and remember, drive 55 – it's the law!

Goin' South
(1978)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

This movie stars Jim Nicholson, and is really a fine picture about the West. When I first watched it, I sure was hungry for ranch-style beans, but when the picture got into its really good parts, I whispered to myself, "Tom, those beans'll have to wait!" I tell you, that was not a lie, because the parts that followed got my mind off of them, and I did not remember to get some beans until the next week, because I was thinking about this good Western so much! Go see it, and enjoy a Western like no other!

The HITCH Guide to National Culinary Faves

Germany: Sauerkraut
Italy: Pizza/pasta
France: Croissants/cheese
Russia: Borscht
Scotland: Steak and kidney pie
U.S.A.: Dead cows ground up[1]

—Joe Rogers

[1]Due to **HITCH**'s all-encompassing desire to be clear and non-pigeonholey, and also due to the enormity of the United States, we thought it only fair to list certain gastronomic treats specific to certain states and geographic regions. And so:

AL: Chitterlings
AK: Blubber
AZ: Ensure™
AR: Squirrel pie (*tarte du écureuil*)
CA: A veritable potpourri of organic crap
CO: Trail mix
FL: Ensure™
GA: Turnip greens
HI: Those idol-stealin' Bradys
ID: Mountain Man Militia Mash (a wholesome product from little ol' Ruby Ridge)
IA: Des mangées
KS: Dole® canned fruits
KY: Bourbon
LA: Jambalaya
ME: Anything but salmon
MD/VA: White water
MA: Zoomies
MI: Militia Mike's "Mad as Hell" Mush
MS: Salt pork
MT: Deer
NE: Tom Osborne's popcorn
NV: Amphetamines/narcotics
NJ: Sludge
NM: Cacti
NY: Concrete
NC: Jesse's Jumpin' Jimson!
OH: Iron ore
OK: Wavin' wheat! Sure smells sweet!
OR: Mushrooms
PA: Oatmeal
SC: Tobacco leaf casserole
TN: *Pâté de foie gras*
TX: Ribs
WV: Nell
WI: Mac 'n' cheese

States not listed either are hoarding their tasty treats or have no tasty treats to speak of (e.g. New England environs).

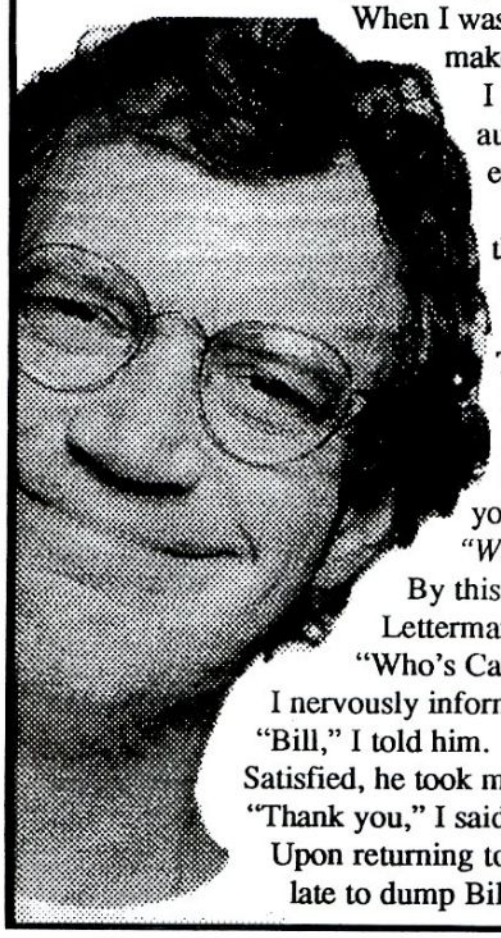
The No. 1 Reason David Letterman Doesn't Fly TWA

By Bill Hugos

During my illustrious but brief career as a flight engineer for Trans World Airlines (TWA), I had the dubious pleasure of meeting David Letterman. It was, aptly, a late-night red-eye from New York to Los Angeles when the fickle finger of fate touched me forever.

Sitting dutifully at my flight engineer panel monitoring fuel, generators, hydraulics and cabin pressure – and noting the size of the flight attendant's breasts – I was told by a stewardess that "the king of late-night television," Mr. David Letterman, was on our plane, seated in the first seat in the first-class section of our luxurious Lockheed L-1011 Tri-Star.

By chance, the day before, I had been scrounging around in the back of the airplane looking for anything the passengers might have left behind. Flight engineer pay at TWA is way below scale, you see; therefore, even a leftover bag of peanuts is considered a real find. In the back of one of the coach seats, I found a Walt Disney kids' book, *Winnie the Pooh and Tigger, Too*. My significant other at the time (a speech pathologist by the name of Carla) had a dog named Tigger, so I kept the book.



When I was told Letterman was on the flight, I grabbed the Tigger book for him to sign, thinking it would make it a real treasure.

I placed a yellow Post-It note on the cover and asked one of the flight attendants to have Dave autograph it for me. About an hour later, she came back and said she really didn't want to bother him, so it became my responsibility to complete the chore.

I put my hat on and strolled back into the galley area to straighten my tie. There, up against the window, reading a book and with a Walkman on, was David Letterman, sporting a tweed sportcoat and sneakers.

After accidentally knocking a glass of wine over, I darted toward Letterman, book in hand. The passenger next to Letterman – presumably his bodyguard – had a gym bag in front of his feet, which I tripped over. Suddenly, my head was on a collision course with Letterman's crotch. With the dexterity of a gazelle, I caught myself on the armrest next to David, and with my face perspiring and smelling of spilt wine, I blurted out six inches from his face, "Can I get your interview?" having meant to say "autograph."

"What?" he said, probably as scared as I was.

By this time, I backed into the aisle and shoved the book at him. "Please sign this," I said.

Letterman took the book and noticed the note on which I had written "To Carla."

"Who's Carla?" Letterman asked.

I nervously informed him she was my girlfriend. He then asked me my name.

"Bill," I told him.

Satisfied, he took my pen and began writing inside the book. He soon handed the book back and smiled.

"Thank you," I said.

Upon returning to my work station, I opened the book to peruse his words of wisdom: "Dear Carla, it's not to late to dump Bill. Best wishes, David Letterman."

H

AS SEEN ON TV

Call Now And Get This Action-Packed "KIDS FIRE TRUCKS VIDEO"!

We're sure your kids were thrilled with Hard Hat Harry's award-winning "Construction Video". That's why we're giving you a chance to own another one of his thrill-packed, one-of-a-kind adventures–"Kid's Fire Trucks Video"–at a special low price!

FOR ONLY $4.95 (Originally $19.95)

This time Harry takes kids to see all kinds of fire equipment and firefighters in action! They'll see massive red fire engines zooming to the rescue and they'll climb aboard a fire truck for a close-up tour of all the special sirens and equipment. They'll even go inside a fire station and see what happens when the alarm sounds...and they'll see firefighters put out a real fire! This fun-filled video is jam-packed with almost 30 minutes of all the sights, sounds and action kids crave!

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When You Order Now By Toll-Free Phone!
(CALL FOR DETAILS)

1-800-732-0800

If you'd like to mail in your order, return this entire card with your check for $4.95 plus $2.50 p&h to: Publishers Choice™ Video™, Box 4125, Dept. EQG3-DG, Huntington Station, NY 11746. FL residents please add sales tax.

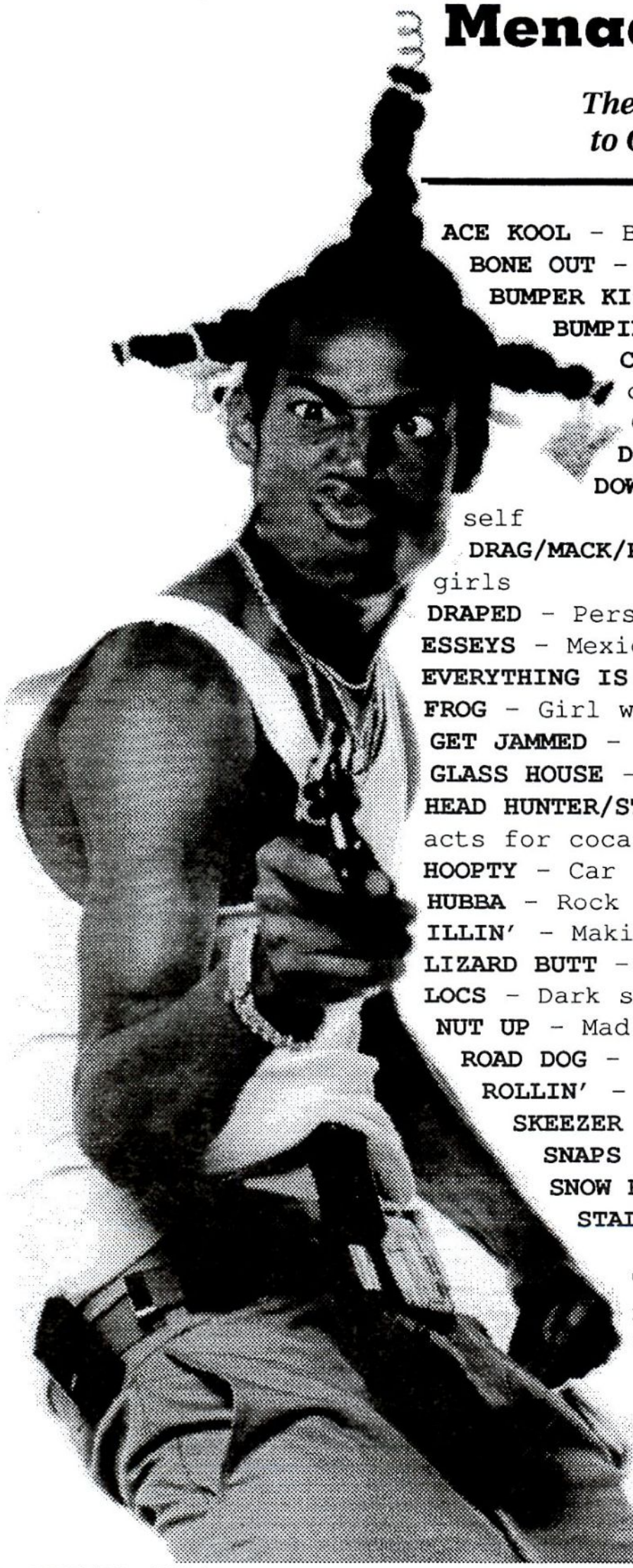
(Note: Free bonus video offer is available only to customers who order by phone.)

Keep a record of your genital herpes outbreaks on this chart and bring it to your next appointment with your doctor. It will help him or her to design the most effective treatment with Zovirax® (acyclovir) for you.

Date and duration of outbreak	Factors that may have contributed to your outbreak	Type and severity of symptoms	Dosage of Zovirax

Menace II Vocabulary

The Sheltered White Guy's Guide to Common Gang Terminology



ACE KOOL - Best friend/backup
BONE OUT - Quit/chickens out
BUMPER KIT - Girl's butt
BUMPING TITTIES - Fighting
CRUMBS - Tiny pieces of rock cocaine
CUZZ - Crip
DO A GHOST - To leave the scene
DOWN FOR MINE - Ability to protect self
DRAG/MACK/RUSH - Ability to sweet-talk girls
DRAPED - Person wearing a lot of gold jewelry
ESSEYS - Mexicans
EVERYTHING IS EVERYTHING - It's alright
FROG - Girl who jumps into anyone's car
GET JAMMED - Be accosted
GLASS HOUSE - '77-'78 Chevy
HEAD HUNTER/STRAWBERRY - Female who does sex acts for cocaine
HOOPTY - Car
HUBBA - Rock cocaine
ILLIN' - Making mental mistakes
LIZARD BUTT - Ugly girl
LOCS - Dark sunglasses
NUT UP - Mad at someone
ROAD DOG - Close friend
ROLLIN' - Doing well/Have nice car
SKEEZER - Ugly girl
SNAPS - Money
SNOW BUNNY - White girl
STALL IT OUT - Stop what you're doing
TALKING HEAD - Argue, wanting to fight
TO THE CURB - Bad position to be in
TOSS-UP - Girl used for sex
TURKISH - Heavy ornamental gold necklace
YO! - Hey!

Hoopin' with the Cons

"Starting at point guard, give it up for Timothy McVeigh!" The crowd cheered as the buzz-cut player trotted out to mid-court, ready for the game's action. The jump goes the convict's way and McVeigh dribbles down the lane, cuts past me and drives for the opening lay-up. It's good; the crowd goes wild! Cons lead, 2-0.

These were my thoughts on the way to Oklahoma's Lexington County Prison, where I was headed with some friends to compete in an all-day prison tournament.

The tournament consisted of three "inside" teams and three "outside" teams. It was the images of the former that had me concerned during the hour trip out there. We discussed monikers for our team on the way; the "White Devils" was suggested, but then we figured something a little simpler would suffice. The many possibilities of what was to come had me a bit worried: big, scary rapists banging me down low, hoping to snare a put-back; ax murderers penetrating down the lane as I try to take a charge; or, worst of all, the aforementioned McVeigh scenario. I just thought to myself, "No matter what, try to focus on the game, keep your legs bent on three-pointers, don't telegraph your passes, box out down low, and then, everything will be alright."

Upon arrival, I surveyed the premises, quickly realizing why we spend approximately $23,000 annually per prisoner – this place was a regular Taj Mahal. "*I* wanna get busted," I thought to myself.

With that thought in mind, I headed into the facility with my confidants. After going through metal detectors, several locked doors and spiraling alleys, we reached the gym, where a game was already in progress – a prison team vs. an Indian tribe.

The convicts were not as intimidating as I thought; most appeared to be normal fairgoers, while one guy looked like a cross between Patrick Swayze gone bad and Dennis Rodman with even more tattoos. In that game, the tribe won, and the cons sat contemplating their poor performance in the game, and in life as well.

We played the next game, and lost. Since the tourney was double-elimination, we got the unique opportunity to sit in the drafty, depressing gym for two full games, waiting for our next matchup. I got to think a lot, especially about the fool who broke into my car, stole my stereo equipment and took my Visa and maxed it out. "Wow, it would be nice if he could be here, locked up with these good folk," I thought, but no such luck – since our system is such a dandy one, he roams the streets freely, seeking his next victim.

I had conversations with a few of the convicts. One asked me, "Where is your team from?" I told him, and thinking he was on one of the outside teams, I asked him the same.

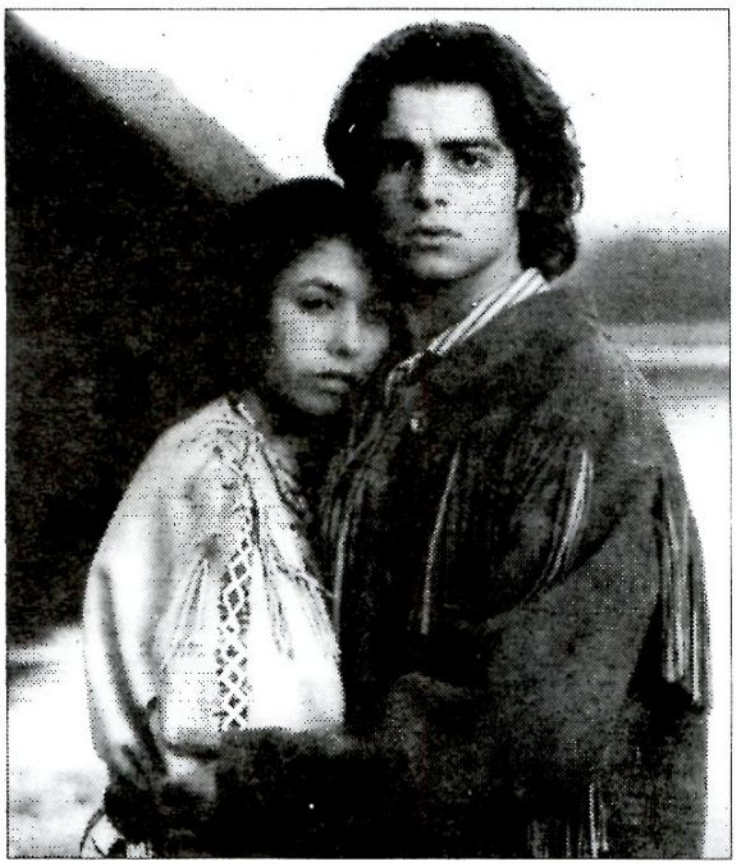
"I am from here, in the prison," he said sadly. Not sure how to retract, I simply replied, "Well, uh, I guess at least you didn't have to drive as far as we did."

He did not laugh.

Our next game was better. The convicts played pretty well, it was a back-and-forth battle and I knocked a few of them down to the floor without receiving death threats. The guy I guarded most of the time had 15 tattoos, and was in on a botched drug deal. I scored eight points and grabbed seven rebounds, but we lost and got to go home, but not before we had a fine, prisoner-cooked hamburger meal, and what a tasty treat that was.

—Steve Hunt

SATURDAY



Carmen Moore and Joey Lawrence star as an American Indian and a pioneer who fall in love in *Brothers of the Frontier*, airing Saturday on ABC.

Calvacade o' Goofy Guys

WIN $$$!

The FBI's Fugitive of the Month

WANTED

For Attempted Murder, Robbery, Burglary, etc.

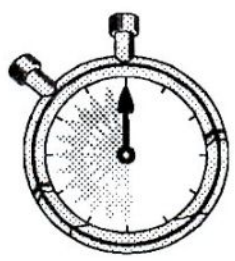
David Wayne McQueen

ALIAS: David Gage, Dad W. McQueen
DOB: 03 / 20 / 63
BIRTHPLACE: Salinas, CA
HEIGHT / WEIGHT: 5'7", 150 lbs.
BUILD: medium
HAIR: blond
EYES: blue
COMPLEXION: medium
RACE: white
SOCIAL SECURITY: 556-13-8947, 566-15-8947
IDENTIFYING SCARS: scar on right arm, tattoo of "FTW" on right bicep, tattoo of snake/wings/skull on left bicep, tattoo of "Pride" on right arm, tattoo of "White" on left arm

No, he's not related to Hollywood legend Steve McQueen. In fact, he doesn't look a thing like him. If you're gonna connect him to some luminary, I think he looks like that fat guy on *Home Improvement* that's good with tools.

Anyway, the multi-tattooed McQueen – can we call you Dad? – likes to hang out at auto repair garages and gun shows. I, for one, am not the least bit surprised. If you've seen him, call FBI HQ at (202) 324-3000.

The Robert Goulet
DEATH WATCH



Approximately 25 years and 10 months remaining

Small Town Blotter

All the items below actually were culled from the police report column of a newspaper of a to-remain-nameless town in the midwest United States. *Really.*

☆ "A fight broke out at the Hardee's restaurant but had dispersed by the time police arrived."

☆ "Kids ringing the doorbell on a residence in the 400 block of Conlen and running away were reported at 10:48 p.m. The residence was put on a security watch."

☆ "Water was reported coming out of the water tower on 12th Street at 2:19 a.m. A representative of the city water department fixed the problem, which was due to uncalibrated probes."

☆ "Friday, March 22 – The Police Department would like to thank Hardee's and their manager, Betty, for their humanitarian efforts for providing some take-out food for three hungry illegal aliens."

☆ "A transient was reported at the Elmtree RV Park on Highway 54 East at 11:10 a.m."

☆ "An ambulance was called to a residence in the 700 block of Oatis at 3:31 a.m., where a car had fallen on a 23-year-old man."

☆ "There was a theft reported at Taylor Food Mart, Highways 54 and 87, at 8:48 p.m. The clerk advised that a female subject left without paying for a bottle of wine."

☆ "Police received reports that the night clerk at the store was selling beer after hours."

☆ "Criminal mischief was reported at the Middle School Gym at 11:15 a.m. Someone had thrown a rock."

☆ "Illegal aliens were reported at the Rita Blanca Apartments on Highway 87 South at 10:35 a.m. An officer went to the location and took care of the problem."

☆ "At 12:19 a.m., a semi-tractor and trailer reportedly drove through a yard in the 1100 or 1200 block of Elm. The driver was the grandson of the residents of the house and was staying there."

☆ "There was a theft from Video Club reported at 10:02 a.m. The complainant advised that two video game cartridges were rented on March 6 and have not been returned."

☆ "Obstacles blocking views of traffic were reported in the 1000 block of Channing. The caller advised that a man always has a bull wagon which blocks the view of traffic."

The Most Annoying School Lunch Menu Items to Hear Someone Say Aloud

hot roll
little smokies
cheese wedges
relish sticks
cream potatoes
trimmings
crispito
corn dog
carrot sticks
corn cob

How I Survived a Birthday Party at Chuck E. Cheese's ...and Lived to Tell About It

By Ken Davis

The birthday of a young friend of the family wasn't enough to induce me to attend her party at Chuck E. Cheese's Pizza; the foresight to know that it would be chock full of material for a **HITCH** article, however, was. The tone of the party was set immediately upon arrival when we met the birthday girl's mother in the parking lot. She was explaining that she just came from Party City and had a fight with the manager because they wouldn't give her "a fucking refund."

Chuck E. Cheese – #3177 in Wichita – can best be described as a cross between Discovery Zone, Romper Room and a Ritalin experiment gone awry. The portly but personable manager explained to me that on a typical Saturday, Chuck E. hosts 26 birthday parties. Although I couldn't get him to admit that the screaming kids drive him stark-raving mad, he did suggest that I hang out until the cake had been served.

"It's a Sara Lee, and its deeelicious!" he tempted.

Our party was in row two of the Fiesta Mexicana room. On the tables were a placemat, a six-ounce cup and a paper hat for each child. Sadly, no hats were made available to the adults. The birthday girl received a special paper crown which read "Birthday Super Star."

This same room housed Munch's Make Believe Band, comprised of five animatronic figures: Chuck E., a 7-ft. rat; Helen, a burlesque-looking chicken; Munch, a purple monster on keyboard; Jasper, a banjo-playing hound dog; and Pasquallay, an Italian chef. These massive figures creaked and moaned every time they moved. They jerked and spasmed as if they their aluminum spines might snap. It looked like that dance in the '80s called "the robot." But I guess that should have been expected since they were, in effect, robots.

Perched onstage between Chuck E. and Helen was a big-screen television. On it ran a never-ending tape of video clips from *World's Funniest Pets*, educational spots showing the tots how to multiply by twelves and cartoons introduced by Howie Mandel. The noise level in the room made it nearly impossible to actually hear the TV, or even the person sitting next to you, which is unfortunate. There is nothing that could have made this experience more enjoyable than being able to hear Howie's hilarious cartoon shtick. I kept waiting for him to put a latex glove on his head.

Every 10 minutes the lights would dim, indicating that the band was about to do another number. But the kids did not respond to this subtle clue. With few exceptions, they seemed oblivious that the room had gone dark and that something outside of their own little world was taking place. They would continue screaming, drooling and running into things, as tots are apt to do. There was one brave little girl who actually approached the mechanical Chuck E., petted his foot, then ran off screaming as if she'd been possessed by the devil. Maybe it was just an electrical surge.

After I had eaten some pizza, I decided to wander around and take in the atmosphere. The first thing I noticed was what looked like one of those plastic gerbil cages with interlocking tunnels and passageways, except this thing was huge. I quickly realized that it wasn't for gerbils after all, but for kids! On the left was the Ball Crawl, designated for ages 2 to 6. On the right was the Ball Crawl for ages 7 to 12. In the middle was the Space Station, which could be enjoyed by kids of all ages. It had slides and ropes and nets and a lot of cool stuff that would make any litigious parent smile.

On the other side of the room sat the arcade area, full of video games, air hockey and pinball machines. I played *Pole Position* and ended up with the third-highest score. But the most popular games were those that spit out little tickets that could be redeemed for prizes. The higher your score, the more tickets you won. The more tickets you won, the better prize you could "buy." I leaned against a game in which you use a big mallet to whack away at things that pop up. It didn't take more than a few seconds for some kid to whack my hand. What was most upsetting was that he wasn't playing the game.

With my injured hand, I played the basketball game. I made six out of 10 goals, a feat that earned me no less than six tickets. So I walked over to "Prize Central" to browse their wares. The least expensive item cost 10 tickets – a black plastic spider, small enough for any kid in the joint to quickly swallow, choke on and die. I noticed that for 60 tickets, one could buy a pencil. Only 740 more could get you an authentic vinyl Chuck E. lunch sack.

For one token, you could talk to Chuck E. himself through a red telephone. I had to get on my knees because the phone obviously wasn't designed for a 27-year-old. The conversation was one-sided; I couldn't get a word in edgewise. Chuck E. was telling an odd story about wolves that keep thieves away from your house. I'm not really sure of the purpose of this tale, but gave the kid waiting in line behind me the phone so that perhaps he could make sense of it.

Seeing that the cake was about to be served and heeding the of advice of the manager, I went back to home base. Four staff members were positioned at the front of the room leading a birthday cheer that got the kids even more hyper than after they had consumed massive quantities of cola and pizza.

They sang some birthday songs and did a birthday dance. The staffers reminded me of the wanna-bes that you might see in a parade or at Disneyland that think to themselves, "You know, if I give it my all, I might just get discovered by some big-time casting agent that is here and finally hit the big time!"

Suddenly, the real, live Chuck E. came through the kitchen door and into the lives of 75 kids. He worked the room like a pro, patting people on the head, waving and blowing kisses. Whether he did it out of love for children or the knowledge that responses to a question on the comment card asking patrons to rank "the opportunity for a costume character hug" would determine if he gets that promotion he's been bucking for, we'll never really know. One thing is certain, though: There was a lot of love in that room, except from the kids that cried immediately whenever he got within 10 feet of them. **H**

Clowning Around with the Extremely Gullible

Although I usually consider clowns a medium for fright and terror, they sometimes can be used for fun. For solid proof, plunk down a $1.29 like I did for your very own Bozo Squirt Face Watch.

Made in China, the watch is not really a watch. Rather, it serves to squirt water in people's faces. This opens many doors for fun; why, consider this scenario: A guy in public asks you, "Do you have the time?" You answer, "No, but howzabout a little H_20?" Provided you can run fast, you'd be in prank heaven, my friends.

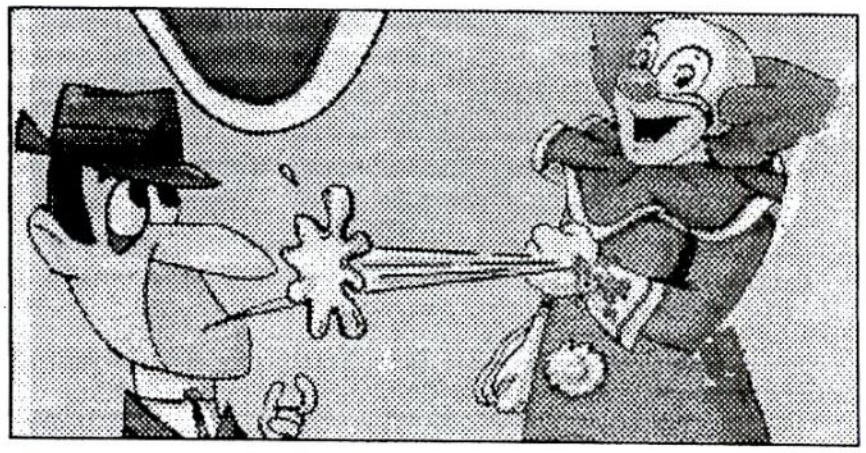
Here's how it works: The watch face – a likeness of Bozo himself – is attached to a small pump that you can hold in your hand. Fill the pump with any liquid of your choice (water, food coloring, urine) and squirt away. Hell, it'll squirt across the *room.*

And here's how it *worked*:

Subject #1: Female, aged 23, sits next to me on couch. "When'd you get this?" she asks, soon taking a squirt just shy of her left eye. "AAAHHHHH!" she cries, then claws my arm with her sharp fingernails and attempts to bite me.

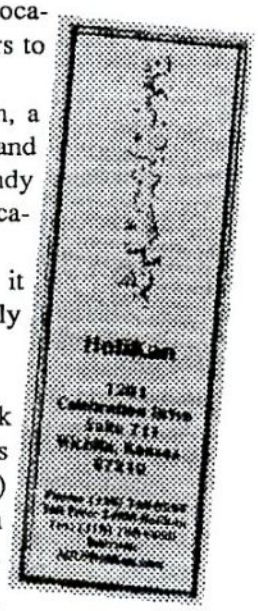
Subject #2: Male, aged 22, enters my home. "Look at my new watch," I say, sending a special delivery from Bozo toward the general area of his cranium. He punches me. Mental note to myself: Do not play this trick on any more muscular guys. They do not like it. And I do not like getting punched.

—Rod Lott



HoliKan't

I have long been an admirer of great consumer watchdogs like Ralph Nader and Les Pennick. With the holidays again fast approaching, I thought I would take a crack at the consumer advocacy biz, as it is all too easy for Christmas shoppers to be ripped off.



Take, for example, this brochure for HoliKan, a Wichita business. Most people would read it and exclaim, "What a novel idea! I shall purchase candy and popcorn for all of my holiday gift-giving occasions!"

Don't be fooled. Upon close examination, it becomes evident that good intentions could quickly go awry.

What It Says: "Mission Statement: To seek maximum long-term growth as the primary means to ensure the prosperity and well-being of it's (sic) employees and customers through the distribution of high quality holiday products to individuals, clubs, and businesses for the purpose of fund raising in the state of Kansas and surrounding areas."

What It Means: To get rich quick by selling crap to naïve consumers.

What It Says: "Ron Wagerie, Director of Production"

What It Means: The guy who owns the computer.

What It Says: "Small $5.95"

What It Means: A rip-off.

What It Says: "Large $7.95"

What It Means: A big rip-off.

What It Says: "Selection of popcorn"

What It Means: Stale caramel popcorn, stale cheddar cheese popcorn and stale butter popcorn.

What It Says: "Specializing in Spirit Campaigns for: Universities, High Schools, Middle Schools"

What It Means: To get rich quick by having students sell our crap to naïve consumers.

—Ken Davis

Decision '96: Hair Apparent

In a shameless attempt to woo young voters, three presidential front-runners have resorted to getting the "Rachel cut," as popularized by Jennifer Aniston in the TV hit *Friends.*

—Rod Lott

return of FAST FOOD HORRORS!

Response to our "Fast Food Horrors!" cover story in **HITCH** 8 was one of, well, utter repulsion. So much, in fact, that you kept sending us more. Below are the best of this second go-round.

Not even yours truly has been immune from brushes with terrifying eateries. Just days after **HITCH** 8 hit, I was at one of my favorite Mexican restaurants, where I saw one of the cooks in the restroom urinating...and failing to wash his hands afterwards. The next time I went there, months later, I found a hair in the chili sauce atop my enchilada. Needless to say, my next trip there may never come.

Also recently, a local news station ran a report about how the tea at several area establishments was found to harbor "an unacceptable level of fecal matter." Hell, *any* level of fecal matter would be unacceptable to me.

I guess I was about 9 or 10, and my mother had taken my sister and I out of town to visit relatives. On the way home, we stopped at a Tastee Freeze – the chain that was immortalized in "Jack and Diane" – and my mom ordered a large vanilla milkshake, my favorite, for me. As we rode home, I noticed that my shake was really thick, so I had to suck really hard on the straw. Well, there I am, sucking 'til I'm blue in the face and nothing's coming up. Then, all of a sudden, something rockets up through the straw into my vanilla shake-craving mouth. But it sure wasn't like any shake I'd ever tasted before or hopefully ever will again. Turns out what I had inadvertently pulled up through the straw was...you guessed it, a very large, very dead cockroach. I spent the next few minutes fighting an uncontrollable reflex to vomit all over everything in sight. I don't think I used a straw again for years. But the really funny thing is, I didn't tell my mom because I knew she would turn the car around and take us back to the Tastee Freeze where I'd have to repeat the whole story and cause a big scene.

—C.H.

Food Horror Story: A friend told me about a friend of his who is a nurse. One day, she ordered pizza. While she and her friends were eating the pizza, a guy from the pizza place called. He told them that he came on the pizza and that he had AIDS. Since this lady was a nurse, she took the remaining slices to a lab....Sure enough, they had semen on them, and it was HIV-positive.

Food Horror Story Lite: Another friend of mine went to this Chinese place. He ordered the fried rice with beef, and instead got the fried rice with bug's legs.

—M.H.

A friend got Chinese carry-out from a little restaurant across from my house. I'd eaten there many times before and always found it pretty adequate. I mean, is there really such a thing as extraordinary Chinese carry-out? Well, I'm sure you've heard the typical tales of Chinese food kitchens, and I'm here to tell you that they're more real than you'd like to believe. The creators of Chinese dishes are no idiots, you see: They don't want to reveal their secrets. Just chop it up, steam it and cover it with rice. I, admittedly, have never exerted any energy to really look through the food as I eat it. It's usually an incredible blur of shoveling motions toward my face. Anyway, this friend was eating her food and, I suppose, surveying her meal. Upon scooping up her next bite, she thought she saw something staring at her. Picking at it, she realized that she had been treated, free of charge, to a stir-fried mouse head. Talk about a fortune cookie! Well, the news of the Ancient Chinese Secret spread like wildfire all over town and, remarkably, the place is still doing business. Maybe they've found a new gimmick, but this little grasshopper is gonna start sifting through the old chow-mein from now on, and from other carry-outs.

—T.L.

A fried chicken restaurant has been having a lot of problems recently with the health department here. For one thing, one of the food preparation workers was found to have staph infection all the way up his arms, but the place was letting him work anyway. For another, someone had somehow mixed the gravy powder up with rat poison, and they actually served it to people.

—C.L.

At a local Italian place, I found a silverfish in my lasagna. Now when I want seafood, I go there.

—F.H.

One time I was at an Italian joint and there was a wire in my salad. The owner offered me an espresso in lieu of me suing his ass off. Mmm...coffee.

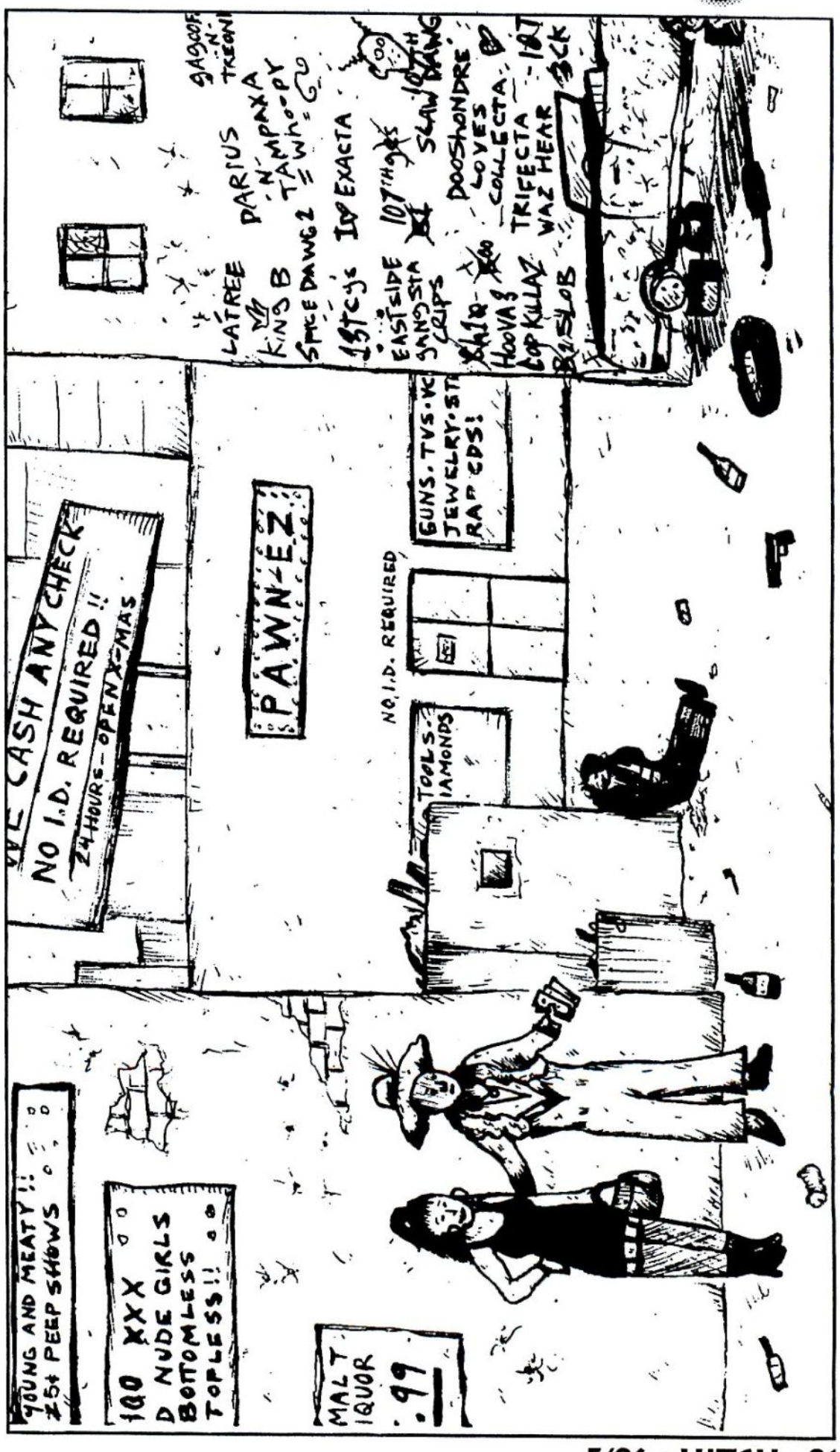
—J.C.

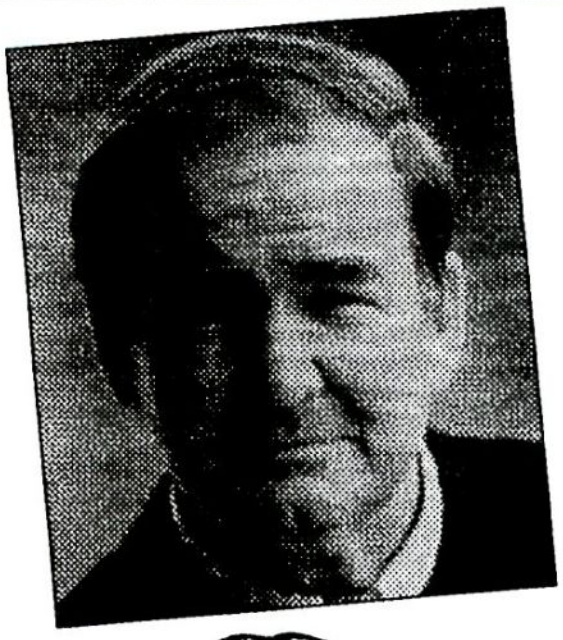
H

HITCH

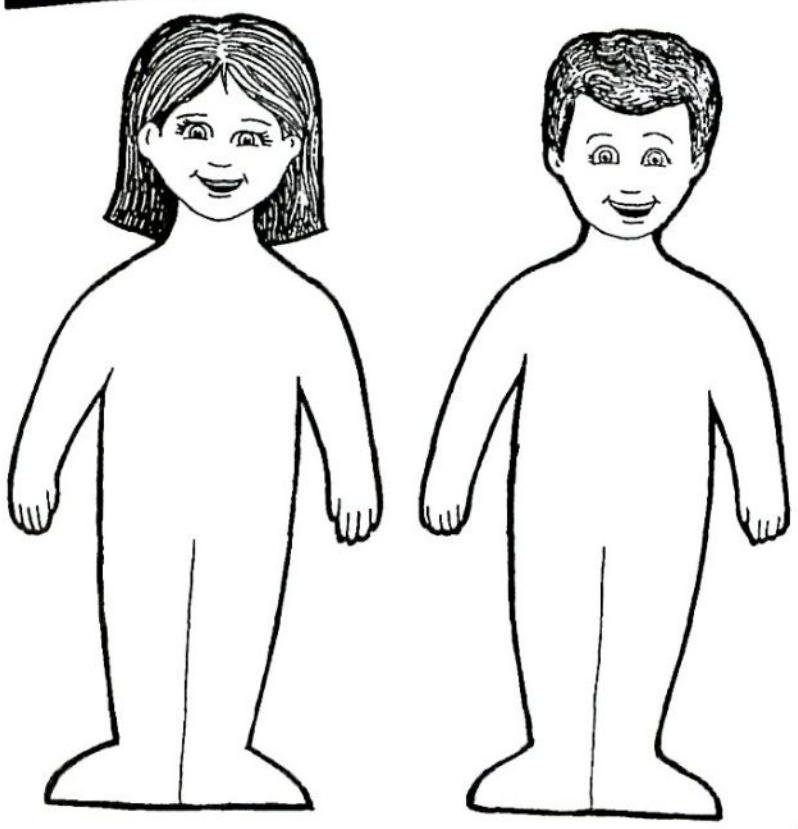
Kids' Fun Activity Page

Hey, kids! Now *you* can be with all your McDonaldland friends as they visit their greatest adventure yet: Crack Whore Row! Ask your mom or dad to help you cut out Ronald, Grimace and all their pals. Then place them in the picture. Consorting with the scum of the earth is *fun*, and best of all, *you* are in charge! Ronald and the gang's lives are in *your* hands! Remember, bleach all needles!



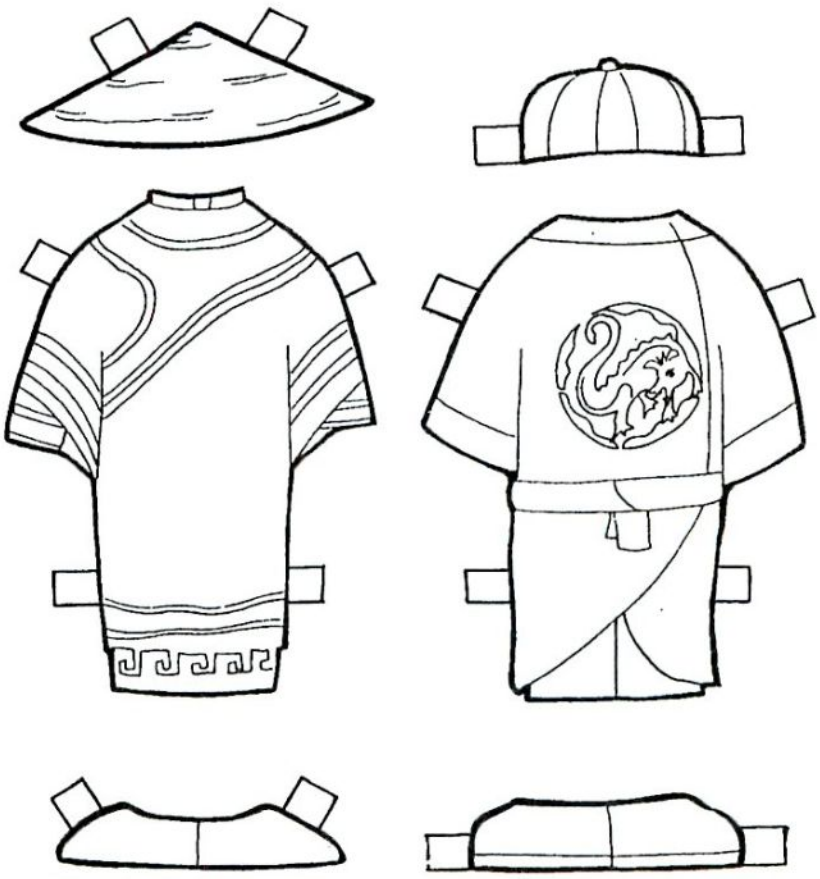


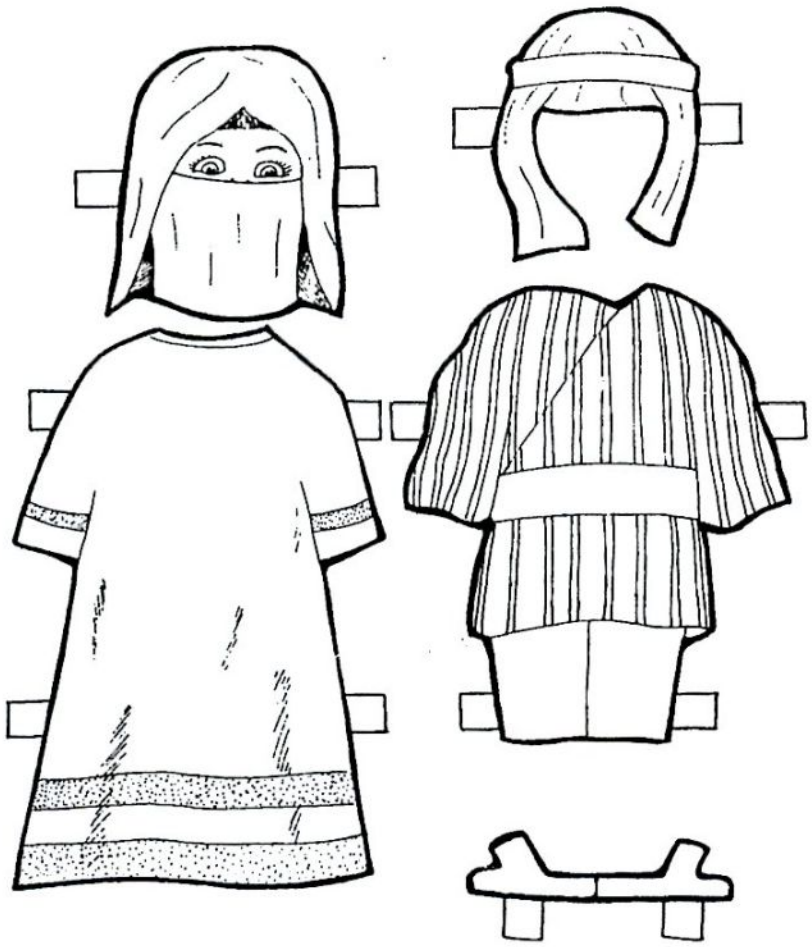
Patriot Pat's Foreign Intolerance Paper Doll Playset



Good day, fellow Americans. As you well know, our nation's collective youth stands to face seeing its God-fearing country molested by the onslaught of overseas menaces. Unless I become president, this catastrophe is inevitable. Let's take a close look at what we're up against. At left, our children, as yet unsullied.

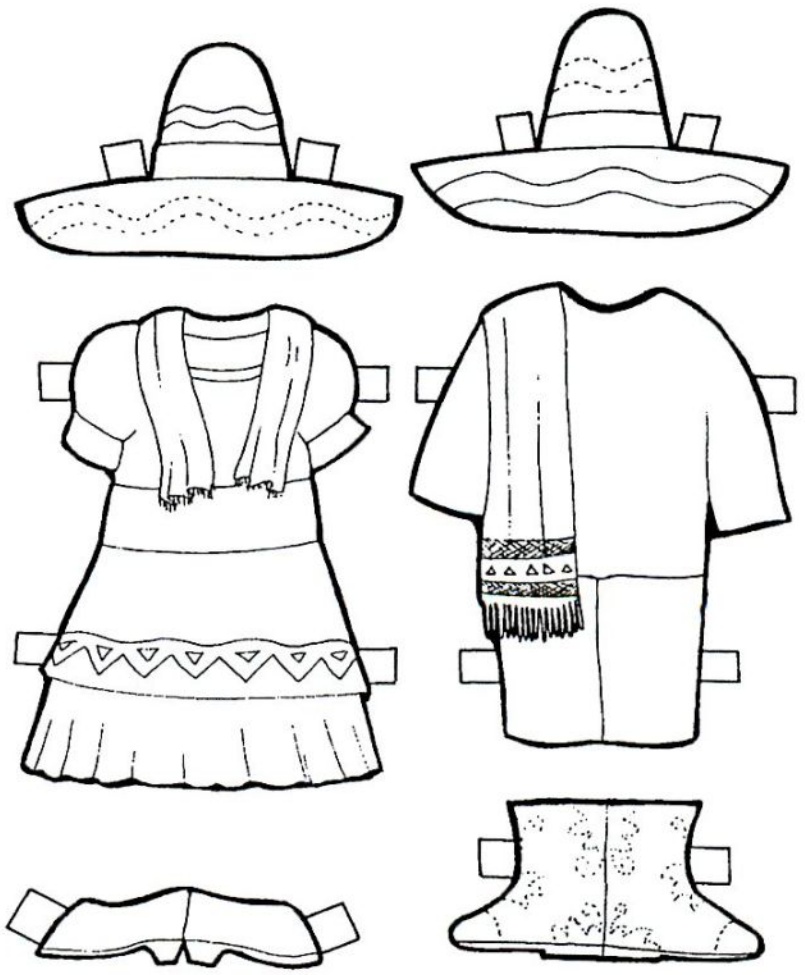
Now imagine them as Chinamen. Makes you sick, doesn't it? I don't like Chinamen. Can't understand a single word they say. And what's with this food they eat? Poo-poo platter? Do we want our children feasting on feces? I think not.





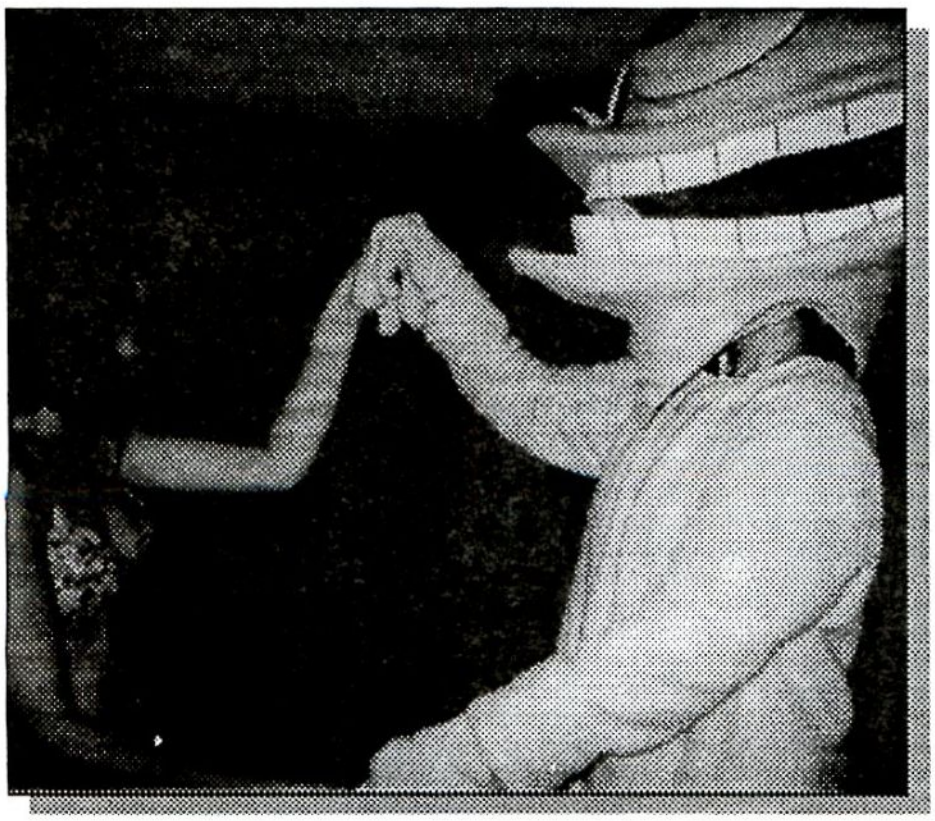
Now imagine them as Middle Easterns. Yes, the same Middle Easterns that you and I buy coffee from every morning at the 7-11. What's with these people? Can't understand a single word they say. I don't like buying a cup of joe from someone not named Joe. It's downright un-American. Do we want our children working day and night in a convenience store? I think not.

Finally, imagine them as Mexicans. Spooky, is it not? What's with these tamale-eaters? Can't understand a single word they say. As you know, I have proposed building a wall between the good ol' United States and filthy, stinkin' Mexico to keep us from being infested any further. Just between you and me, when they killed Selena, I cheered. She may be just one of many, but one less of 'em smells like freakin' victory to me.

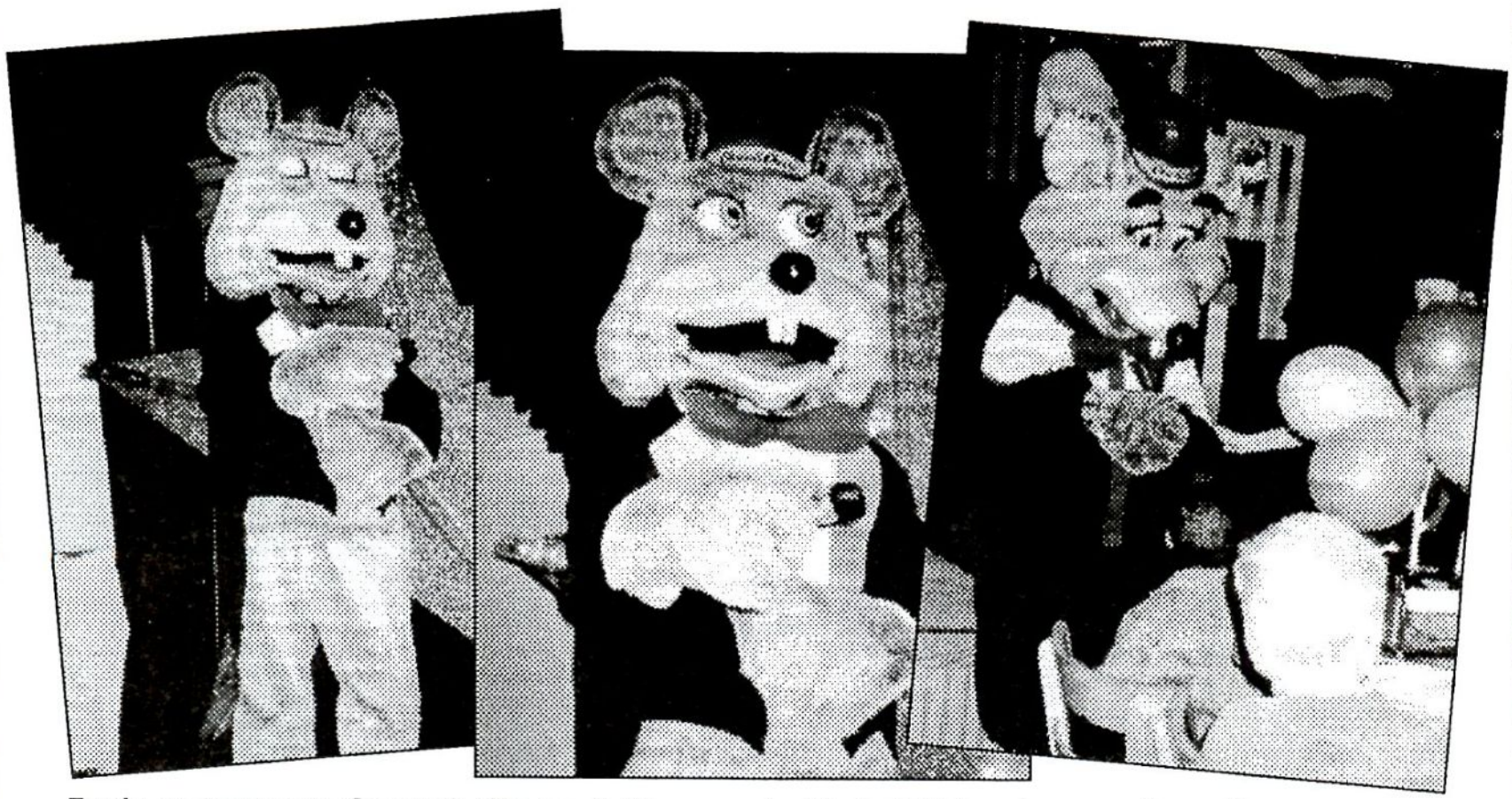


HITCH Paparazzi

Mousetraps? Didn't work. Cheese? Nothin' doin'. Peanut butter? No way, José. Glue boards? *Bingo!*

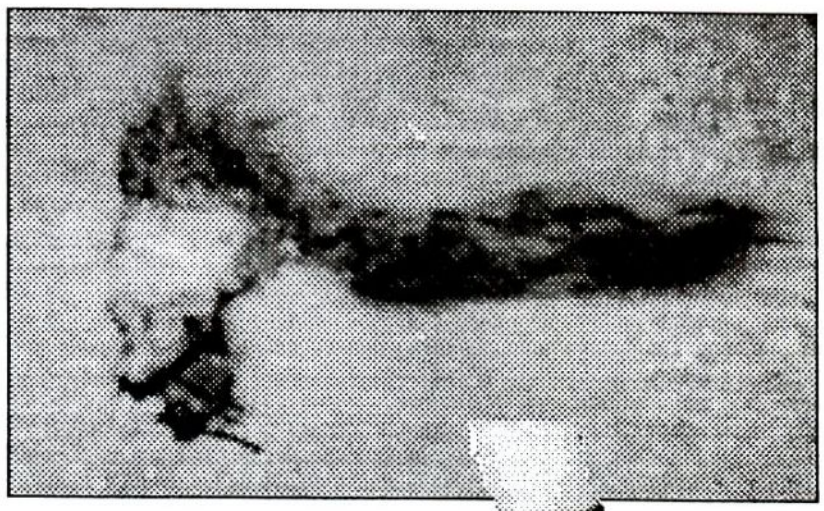


Excited from having checked out some stumpies (left), Ren dry-humps pal Stimpy (above).

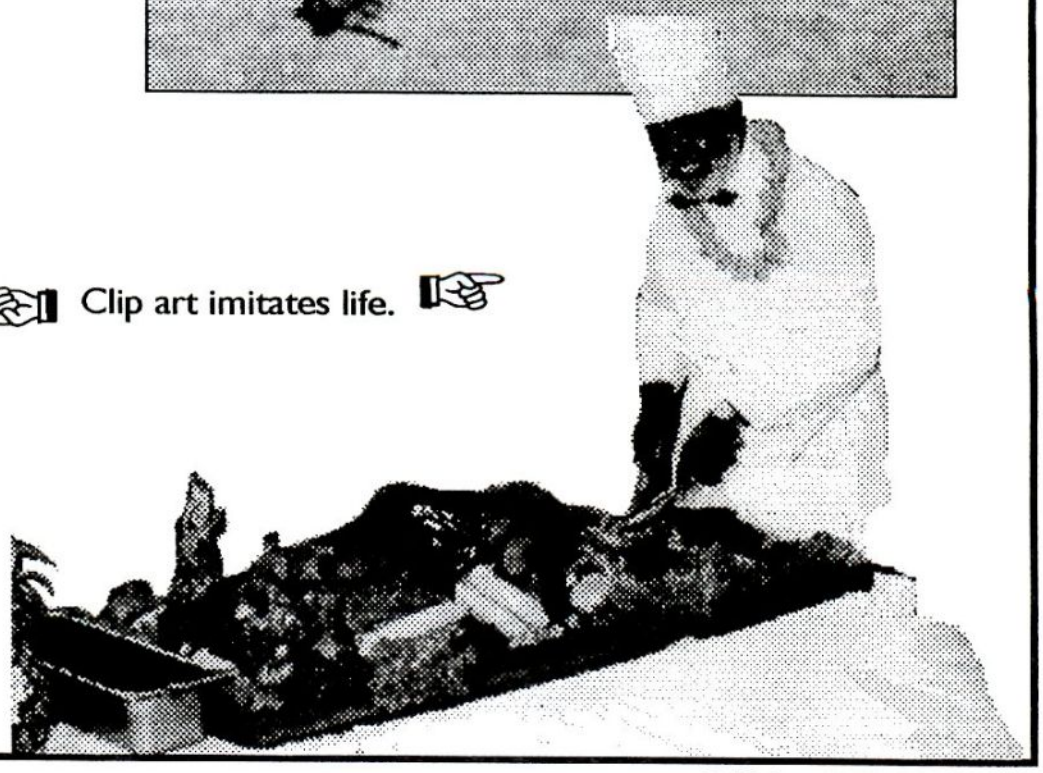


Eerily, an inanimate Chuck E. Cheese (left) comes to life (middle) and enters the audience to recruit new, fresh-faced followers. At right, the kids flock around him, unwilling pawns to Chuck E.'s evil and fiendish plan, conceived with the power of the Dark Overlord.

At right, a squirrel carcass I found on my driveway. Well, okay, half a squirrel carcass, at least.



Clip art imitates life.



HITCH's Resident Sexist Richard "Rich" Pringle Answers the Question:

Just How Beautiful Are the beautiful girls?

UMA THURMAN

Uma, Uma, booma, booma. They don't call me Rich *Pringle* for nothin', cuz once you pop, you just can't stop!

MIRA SORVINO

Mira, Mira, on my wall, would ya like ta have a ball? Howzabout two? Yep – I thought'a that one myself.

ANNABETH GISH

Hey, Annabeth Gish, I got me a wish. It involves me and you, my crotch an' an itch. An' there's plenty more potree where that came from.

LAUREN HOLLY

I don't know what this fine philly's doin' with that squirrely Carrey fella when she could be with a class act like Rich. Hey, if the trailer's a-rockin', don't come a-knockin'!

MARTHA PLIMPTON

This turtle girl ain't the prettiest thing in the movie, but hell – get ya a good Hefty bag and some tape (or jus' don't pay yer 'lectric bill) and commence ta plimpin'.

ROSIE O'DONNELL

Hey, now, fat girls need lovin', too. More cushion for the pushin', ya know. Just bring you a tub a' lard and a good sniffer and you'll find yer way.

NATALIE PORTMAN

I says she's jus' ripe for pluggin'! An' if lovin' the young ladies is wrong, lordy o' lordy, I jus' don't wanna be right!

My Horrible Friday at the Indoor Fun Fair

I was forced to go to the Indoor Fun Fair one recent Friday. It was awful, and I'm not going to write a story about it.

However, at right are the results of the game I played while there for an hour, one I like to call "What Will I Hear More: 'I Seen' or 'I Funna'?"

It helped pass the time.

—Steve Hunt

"Dear Mr. Clipson:"

Sept. 18, 1995

Oaklake Trails
P.O. Box 470564
Tulsa, Okla. 74147-0564

Dear Sir or Madam,

As a senior citizen who has never visited a nudist colony in all his 71 years, I have never written you before. But I deem it necessary.

Now that I am widowed (my wife Betty, God rest her soul, passed from this earth three years ago) I wish to reenter the social scene and meet new people. I must admit that nude sunbathing has always interested me. After reading your brochure I am even more interested in joining such an organization.

However, I have a concern. Even though I am a senior citizen and well past my prime, I'm still leery of the spring chicken in me. Simply put: I am afraid I would achieve an erection upon shedding my clothes in the presence of other nude people. I know your pahmphlet said that nudist parks are not sexually stimulating, but I say you wouldn't believe how long it has been that I seen a naked woman! Not only that but when Betty and I were still in our period of courtship many moons ago, we became rather inebriated one night and went skinny-dipping in Crawford's Pond and well, let's just say our son Todd is now 43 years old! Also, I assume you encourage your clients to apply sunscreen to ward off the sun's harmful rays. Well I'd be willing to bet that rubbing sun-tan lotion on a certain area of the male anatomy would achieve the same effect that soap does while I am in the shower! Would you not agree?

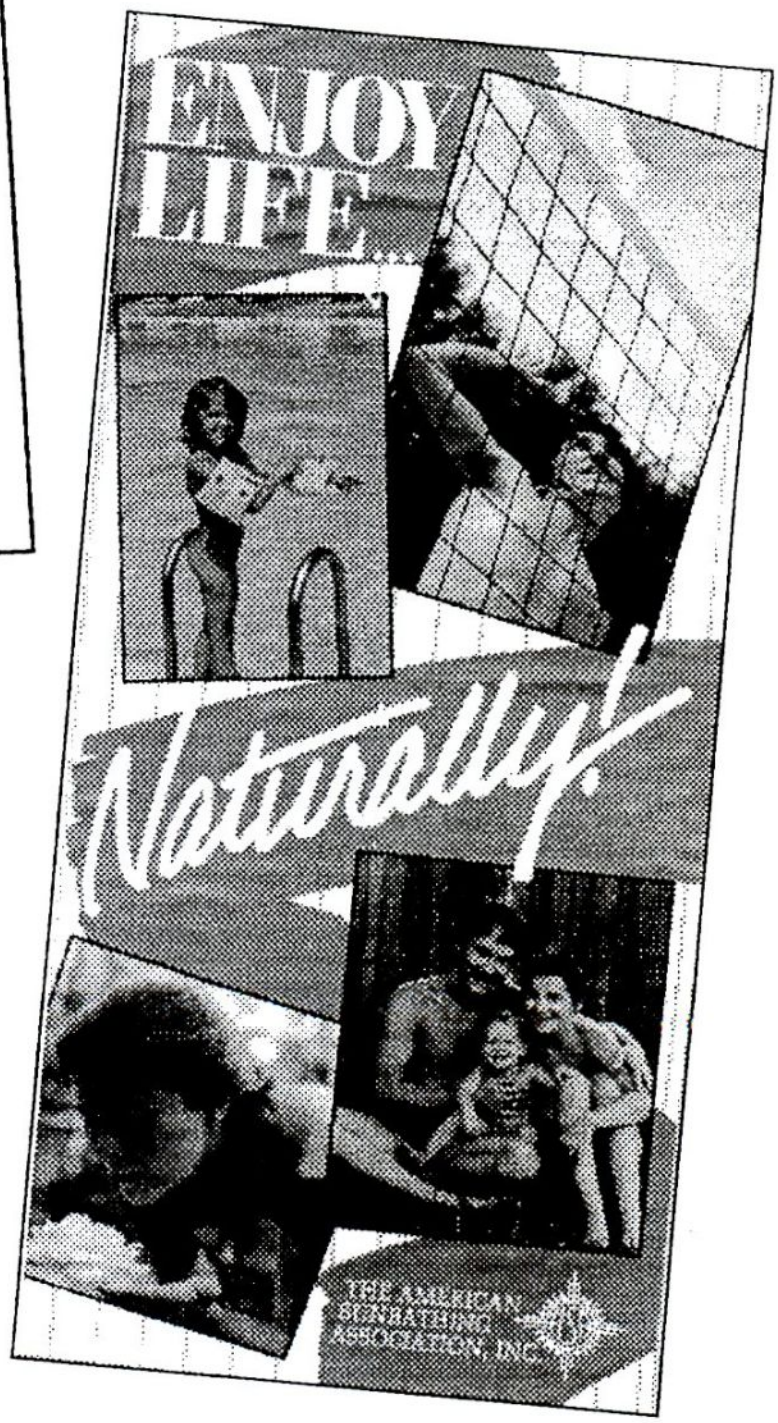
Have many other like-minded individuals written to you before concerning this fear? Perhaps there is someone there my age who worried about this too that I may consult and confide in? You say that such a thing is extremely rare but knowing me I'd say the odds are in favor of me being that rare instance!

Your thoughts in this matter would be extremely helpful. If I can overcome my dismay I believe I will be ready to join. You could say I've got the itches to drop my britches! (Ha ha! I can't take credit for that funny. My next-door neighbor Turner said that yesterday on the porch. He makes fun but I am trying to get him to come along with me. You can use that line in your next pahmphlet if you'd like to.) Your quick reply is much appreciated.

Thank you kindly,

Robert C. Clipson
[redacted]
Okla. City, Okla. [redacted]

UNANSWERED



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THE EAGLES Must Die!

By Rod Lott

Back when Michael J. Fox was a matinee idol, Bill Cosby ruled the airwaves, a-ha was still a formidable force on Top 40 radio and I was the skinniest kid in junior high, my brother Brad and I would earn a buck or two every now and then by working for a friend of my dad's. We'll call him Bobby, because that is his name.

Bobby had a T-shirt operation he ran out of the back of his home. He'd turn a blank shirt into one with a cool color design in just two swoops of a silk-screen brush, and toss it onto an inching conveyor belt. The belt crawled through a powerful heater, and my brother and I stood on the other end to catch the scalding-hot garments, fold them and place them in a big box, burning several layers of skin off our fingertips in the process, as our attention wavered between our sweat-shop duties and the *Green Acres* and *Bewitched* reruns on the nearby black-and-white TV with a coat hanger for an antenna and, thus, piss-poor reception.

When we'd finish a job, we'd load however many boxes of shirts there were into the back of Bobby's truck and deliver them to their rightful location, all three of us sitting shoulder-to-shoulder in the cramped quarters of the cab. When not yelling obscenities at other drivers, Bobby would knowingly sing along to his tapes.

This was my first introduction to the band known as The Eagles.

He had both the group's suspiciously titled *Greatest Hits* albums, and it didn't matter which one he selected to play during each trip – either the one with the dartboard on the cover or the one with the sinister cattle-skull-looking-thing – for I hated them both, from the first note to the bitter end.

Accordingly, Bobby's musical tastes were suspect to me. (When he didn't put on the Eagles, we had to listen to the other two tapes in his glove compartment, but considering they were the works of the Pure Prairie League and Loggins & Messina, it was adding insult to injury.) To top it off, Bobby often referred to the critically revered Prince (then fresh off the success of *Purple Rain*) as "that girlie nigger." Although this caused my brother and I – immature as we were – to laugh hysterically, today it backs up the image of the Eagles and their fans being stupid rednecks. (The group's fan base is also heavily weighted down with immaculately coifed frat boys, who no doubt feel ingratiated by the band's grammatically appalling anthem "The Greeks Don't Want No Freaks.")

This is not to say that, at the time, I was some sort of music expert. Far from it; I had a copy of the *Footloose* soundtrack back at home. But as of this writing, more than a solid decade later, with refined tastes and benefit of hindsight, my initial impression remains true and unchanged: The Eagles suck.

The Eagles sucked then, the Eagles suck now and the Eagles will continue to suck in the years to come.

After backing up (and screwing) Linda Rondstadt for two years, the Eagles officially banded together in 1971. Back then, there were but four: Glenn Frey, Don Henley, Bernie Leadon and Randy Meisner. One year later, they released their first album – titled *Eagles*, which must have taken days and several brainstorming sessions to come up with – and Western civilization immediately commenced its downfall.

The biggest hit off the record was "Take It Easy," which, despite being co-written by Jackson Browne, is a horrible song. Like all horrible Eagles songs (which is redundant), it conveys to the listener that now-recognizable Eagles sound of faux-country, banjo-happy, good-time-feely, guitar-driven, beer-drinking, manly man music, accentuated by that Eagles philosophy of party-boy laziness, as evidenced in the titles of other cuts collected on their debut disc, like "Peaceful Easy Feeling" or, more subtle, "Chug All Night."

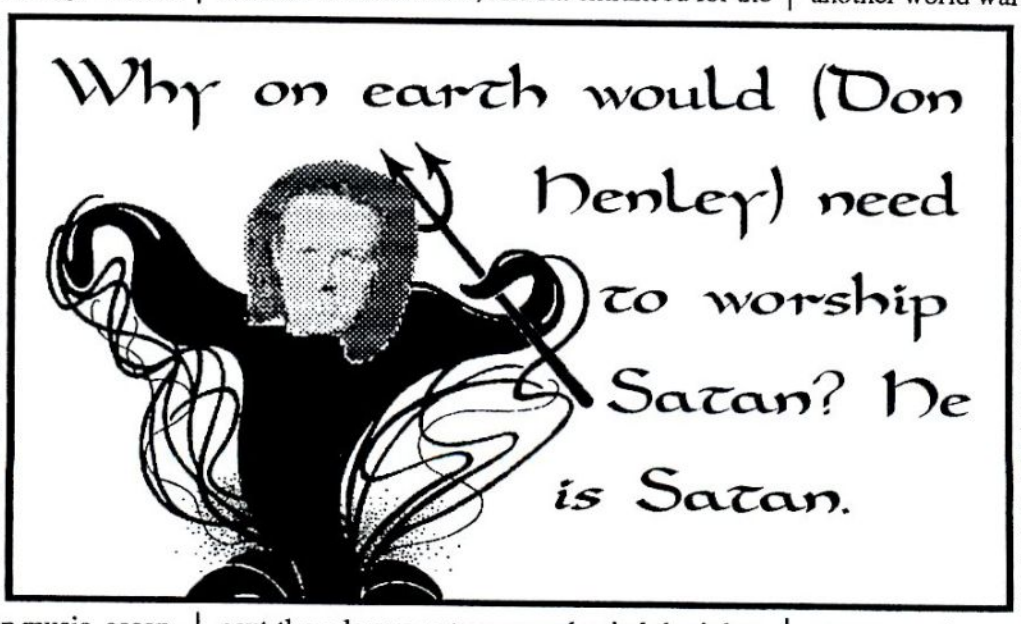
Desperado followed in 1973, the sophomore effort on which the song "Desperado" is understandably featured. While this single had many fans swooning and remarking on the band's ability to capture a more serious sound, I suspect they were just too high at the time of recording the up the tempo.

Guitarist Don Felder cemented his place in rock obscurity by signing on as Eagle #5 with the 1974 album *On the Border*, a work that spawned the ear-bleeding wretch of a ballad, "The Best of My Love." It went straight to #1, and today is still heard several times each 24-hour period on adult-contemporary, easy-listening and other wussy stations, usually designated as the song to listen for as your cue to call in to win free tickets to either the weekend boat show or the latest Touchstone comedy.

Leadon promptly exited into oblivion as Joe Walsh entered for 1975's *One of These Nights*, the title track of which proves that the Eagles cannot sing high notes ("One of these nigh-igh-igh-ights!"); rather, they are adept in summoning dogs.

Following the first hits album, the band unleashed *Hotel California*, their supposed "finest hour." Aside from the terminally annoying "Life in the Fast Lane," the LP is best known for the song "Hotel California," which, as well as being longer than the final act of La Boheme, defies the rules of music by having no discernible melody, and is only improved (yet still rendered unlistenable) when played in authentic Mexican restaurants by those three fat guitarists sporting sombreros and handlebar mustaches who roam the premises and come to cause discord at your table while you're busy pouring salsa and melted butter into rolled-up corn tortillas.

Incidentally, somewhere around the time of my cheap-labor servitude under Bobby, I had accidentally stumbled upon our local religious channel one afternoon, and sat entranced for the next three hours as two men decried the inherent depravity of rock 'n' roll music, playing Queen backwards so the viewing public could hear that heathen Freddie Mercury say "Decide to smoke marijuana" and pointing out demonic art on the covers of various Ronnie James Dio albums. They also, as I distinctly recall, took a few minutes to discuss the hidden Satanic imagery on the *Hotel California* sleeve.



Apparently, rumors of devil-worship have plagued the group for years. Yet – despite having sung songs like "Witchy Woman," "Take the Devil" and "A Good Day in Hell" – Henley has repeatedly dismissed such talk as "ridiculous."

And the man has a point. Why on earth would he need to worship Satan? He *is* Satan.

The year of 1979 saw the band rack up a couple more felonies with the hits "I Can't Tell You Why" and the appropriately named "Heartache Tonight," both off *The Long Run*, which would become the Eagles' last studio album. After a live release and the second hits installation, the ego-clashing and constant feuding – between Henley and Frey, in particular – came to a head, effectively laying the Eagles to a long-overdue rest.

Or so we thought.

In 1993, several country music artists (which is an oxymoron) assembled to pay tribute to the Eagles in a compilation album called *Common Thread*, on which bearded hillbilly Travis Tritt covered "Take It Easy." When he was asked to shoot a video for the song, Tritt, who has obviously never heard of the axioms "Let sleeping dogs lie," "Leave well enough alone" or "What the hell were you thinking, asshole?," said he would only do it if the Eagles were to reassemble for the blessed event.

And they did.

Thus, we have to blame what is certainly a sign of the fast-approaching apocalypse (see accompanying sidebar, "The Eagles as Harbingers of Doom") on a clodhopper who shot to fame with a song off the soundtrack of *My Cousin Vinny*.

In 1994, the resurrected Eagles toured the States to sold-out crowds. I propose that, should another world war occur in our country's future, the first men to be drafted should be these morons who shelled out hundreds of dollars for a single ticket. The tour was unnecessary anyway (except to stockpile the cash in anticipation of prostate treatments), considering that anyone who wants to hear them live can play the damn 1980 in-concert album in the comfort of his own home, so the rest of us don't have to. Nevertheless, with solo careers faltering, the Eagles reunited and it felt so bad, especially with the inevitable release of the accompanying cash-in album, *Hell Freezes Over*.

Mostly a hackneyed assemblage of hits performed live, the record – the cover of which featured a devil logo eerily reminiscent of that of Underwood's Deviled Ham (Hmmm...maybe Channel 14 *was* right!) – contained a handful of new studio material to cajole more yokels into purchasing it. One of these songs, "Get Over It," became the single. In a day and age when

Eagles songs can be heard on beer commercials, it was only fitting that "Get Over It" sound *exactly* like a beer commercial. As grotesquely slick as the floor of any Times Square theater, the ditty contains much "we-may-be-old-and-pathetic-but-we're-still-tough-guys" yelling substituting for vocals, as well as carefully phrased and delicately penned lyrics such as these:

Get over it! / Get over it!
All this bitchin' and moanin'
and pitchin' a fit
Get over it! / Get over it!

Frey, sucking

Leading me to believe that the days of payola are alive and well, the tune received a glut of airplay, and placed the aging gasbags on a near-perpetual MTV loop.

"For the record, we never broke up," Frey joked, being that highly hilarious cut-up known for his biting wit that he is, on the music channel's televised concert. "We just took a 14-year vacation!"

Now that the concert's over, may I suggest taking a 42-year one (the thinking being that you'll all be dead by the time it's up)?

Does anyone think it a coincidence that a few concert dates had to be postponed and rescheduled so doctors could stick shiny instruments up Frey's colon? Not I.

It's going to take more than a few cancerous polyps to permanently silence this band, I fear. Whether it calls for a plane wreck on a Buddy Holly level or simply Judgment Day to do the job, so be it. The Eagles must be stopped. Bring me the head of Don Henley. Someone is gonna hurt someone before the year is through.

DON HENLEY

Hard to believe given his VH1-friendly image of today, but Henley used to be nearly indistinguishable from long-haired seventh Eagle Timothy B. Schmidt. When it came time for a solo career, however, Henley cleaned himself up appearance-wise, and currently resembles a *GQ* mannequin, right down to the pretty-boy ponytail.

He's had three solo albums, all of them inexplicably successful, particularly 1990's criminally overrated *End of the Innocence*, a shameless attempt at earnest, heartfelt Serious Music that simply falls flat and reveals itself as the sugar-coated, office-secretary-soundtrack formula pop pap that it is. His all-time worst song, however (not counting the recent collaboration with Patty Smyth), remains "The Boys of Summer" from the *Building the Perfect Beast* CD, not so much because the music and lyrics bite down hard, but for the embarrassing video in which Henley lip-synchs from the back of a moving truck, as if this somehow proves how in touch he is with the common man.

Dandy Don would earn a mitigating point or two for clashing heads with his record company, Geffen Records – owned by billionaire femme David Geffen – but I believe the dispute centered around Henley's greedy desire for more money, so no points are awarded.

Henley (aka "Nature Boy") has in recent years used his celebrity status ostensibly to attract attention to environmental causes. He founded the Walden Woods Project, which seeks to preserve the woods surrounding Walden Pond, or at least get Henley's name associated in print with something other than falling off the wagon. All told, he's "helped" raise $9 million for his own project, a sum for which he could certainly fit the bill instead of bilking the gullible citizens of America who pull in about $18K annually.

In fact, he used the project as an excuse for reuniting for the *Hell Freezes Over* tour. Yeah, *right*. Like knowing the group would likely reap the most dollars than any other touring act of the year (which it did) had absolutely nothing to do with that decision. Henley represents the worst of this superstar trend of using environmentalism to your own advantage and to advance your own public image, rather than that of the cause.

Interestingly, Nature Boy wasn't about to let his precious nature take its own course years ago, after reportedly knocking up Stevie Nicks and forcing her into a subsequent abortion. Nicks is said to have wanted the baby, mourning the fetus in the Fleetwood Mac smash "Rhiannon," and really has never been the same since. Thus, Henley is to blame not only for his own output of work, but for playing with Nicks' mind so much that she will forever twirl onstage and altogether act like a scary witch.

I'd like to kick him while he's up and kick him while he's down.

GLENN FREY

Hard to believe given his national joke standing of today, but Frey's solo career used to be bigger than Nature Boy's. Back in 1984, he had everyone groovin' to the fluffy "Sexy Girl" and the Oscar-nominated theme from *Beverly Hills Cop*, "The Heat Is On."

But it wasn't until about a year later when grinnin' Glenn hit paydirt coasting off the fluke success of the mediocre NBC phenomenon *Miami Vice*. Not only did Glenn lick his proverbial acting chops on the show, but managed to squeeze two soundtrack singles out of it, "You Belong to the City" and "Smuggler's Blues," the latter of which drones on longer than most women's periods.

Everything took a spill soon after, though, when he attempted to reinvent himself as a sappy, no-substance songster with a large housewife following with synthesizer schmaltz like "True Love." He fell flat on his face, only to watch Henley Xerox his idea a couple of years later and succeed.

His solo career a washout, Frey returned to acting with the starring role in 1994's CBS cop series *South of Sunset*, which cannot truly be called a series, having received the ax after only one episode having seen air. Hopefully, this discomforting action has frightened his fellow Eagles from pursuing the stage and screen.

Most recently, surgeons prodded his rectum with cold, silver utensils.

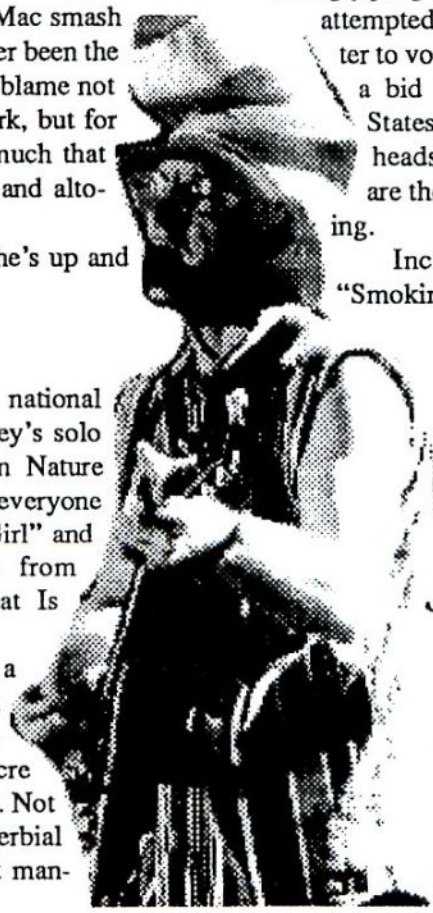
JOE WALSH

Somewhere down the line, this man had to have sustained several head injuries. Of all the Eagles, Joe is the one you wouldn't kill if you were required to leave just one standing, because he's so utterly daffy that you just can't help but want to keep him around, not for his sure-to-be-classic music or his pristine singing voice, but for his not-all-there mannerisms. The man speaks as if he has no motor skills, and generally looks like a downtown indigent found slumbering in his own vomit.

His solo career has been marked by a string of jokey tunes that border on novelty status, including "Ordinary Average Guy" and "Got Any Gum?" He has further done the music world a disservice by playing with Richard Marx. Stop encouraging him, Joe!

Wrongly judging his influence as a celeb, he attempted to persuade people to register to vote in 1980 by actually making a bid for President of the United States, as if the uninformed slopeheads he wheedled into signing up are the kind of people we want voting.

Incidentally, his nickname is "Smokin' Joe." Think about it.



When performing, Joe wears a Cat in the Hat hat. And probably when he's not performing, too.

RANDY MEISNER

Not only should Meisner be embarrassed for ever being part of the Eagles, but also

for ever being part of Poco and for being replaced in the Eagles by another guy from Poco. Randy nailed his coffin Tupperware-tight with two solo albums. Perhaps you remember some of the songs? "White Shoes"? "Doin' It for Delilah"? "Anyway Bye Bye"?

To paraphrase Ferris Bueller's economics teacher: Anyone?

DON FELDER

The duck-lipped Felder – Don Numero Dos – released a rightfully ignored solo outing (entitled, with a surplus of wishful thinking, Airborne) and surfaced in the mid-'80s as the host for the mercifully brief life of *FTV*, a purported MTV parody syndicated to only the country's unluckiest of TV stations with 30-minute holes in their schedule. The show's style of humor – if you could call it that – was clearly established in its debut segment of people trampling over a fat kid named Sunshine, all to the tune of "Walking on Sunshine," Katrina and the Waves' lone hit. Don introduced all these nuggets of merriment and pleasantry as if they were riotous commentaries on our troubled society.

Felder currently can be seen plugging guitars in print ads alongside Joe Walsh (write your own joke here), and sells real estate. He gave his son a job playing the sax on the *Hell Freezes Over* tour, and someone should probably check the boy's scalp for the mark of the devil, too.

TIMOTHY B. SCHMIDT

After three failed solo efforts and a song on the soundtrack of the rollicking comedy (and Neesnan fave) *Don't Tell Mom the Babysitter's Dead*, you'd think Timothy B. would grasp the fact that the world has no interest in him. But no; he continues to whore himself out to other talentless has-beens like Bob Seger, Gregg Allman, Toto and (yipes!) the aforementioned Richard Marx.

But who among us hasn't boogied down to Schimdt's solo gems like "Playin' It Cool," "Gimme the Money" and "Was It Just the Moonlight?"...Uh, me, neither.

Most notably, Timmy still possesses Rapunzel-length locks – so long he could confidently square off against Crystal Gayle in a butt-wiping contest – and looks so malnourished that I wouldn't be the least bit surprised if he's mistaken daily for Skid Row's Sebastian Bach.

BERNIE LEADON

"Who?" you say. Exactly. **H**

The Eagles as HARBINGERS OF DOOM

Take a page – literally – from Joel Whitburn's *The Billboard Book of Top 40 Hits*, and notice a worldwide connection so eerie that not even Nostradamus could have predicted: Nearly every Eagles chart hit coincides with a global tragedy. Within a week of a song's peak, calamity struck.

Damn you, Don Henley, damn you.

Nixon declares five Eastern states as federal disaster areas following Hurricane Agnes.

Marcos declares martial law in the Philippines following a Communist bombing in Manila.

Nixon's budget calls for drastic cuts in and the elimination of more than 100 anti-poverty and education aid programs.

Eleven are injured as London's Parliament is bombed.

Cyclone Tracy destroys 90 percent of Darwin, Australia. In Northern Pakistan, 5,200 are killed and 16,000 injured in an earthquake.

The president of the Malagasy Republic is assassinated.

Activist Sara Jane Moore attempts to assassinate President Ford.

A Liberian oil tanker spills 7.6 million gallons of crude oil into the Northern Atlantic.

Muslim terrorists take 134 hostages in Washington, D.C. Students lead violent riots in Italy. The Congo president is assassinated.

South Moluccan exiles seize 165 hostages (most of them children) in the Netherlands.

Rep. Leo Ryan and four Americans are shot to death in Guyana.

A state of siege is declared in El Salvador as the government is overturned.

Puerto Rican terrorists ambush a Navy bus, killing two and injuring 10.

The prime minister of Tunisia suffers a stroke.

DATE	POS	WKS	ARTIST—Record Title
			EAGLES
			[All Henley, Glenn Frey, Randy Meisner (1-11), Bernie Leadon (1-6), Don Felder (1-6), Joe Walsh (7-11), Timothy B. Schmit (7-11)]
6/24/72	12	8	1. Take It Easy
9/30/72	9	10	2. Witchy Woman
2/03/73	22	6	3. Peaceful Easy Feeling
6/22/74	32	3	4. Already Gone
12/28/74+	1 (1)	14	5. Best Of My Love
6/14/75	1 (1)	14	6. One Of These Nights
9/27/75	2 (2)	11	7. Lyin' Eyes
1/17/76	4	14	8. Take It To The Limit
12/25/76+	1 (1)	13	• 9. New Kid In Town
3/12/77	1 (1)	15	• 10. Hotel California
5/28/77	11	8	11. Life In The Fast Lane
12/23/78	18	5	12. Please Come Home For Christmas (X)
10/13/79	1 (1)	13	• 13. Heartache Tonight
12/08/79+	8	12	14. The Long Run
3/01/80	8	12	15. I Can't Tell You Why

Will the Kids in the Hall Break Out with Brain Candy? According to Kevin McDonald, Don't Count on It.

By Ryun Patterson

Kevin McDonald is an extremely happy guy.

As one of the performers of the now-defunct *The Kids in the Hall*, the critically acclaimed Canadian television show produced by *Saturday Night Live*'s Lorne Michaels, McDonald has played a modern-day fur trapper, a slightly demented satanic talk-show host and numerous other characters, many of them women.

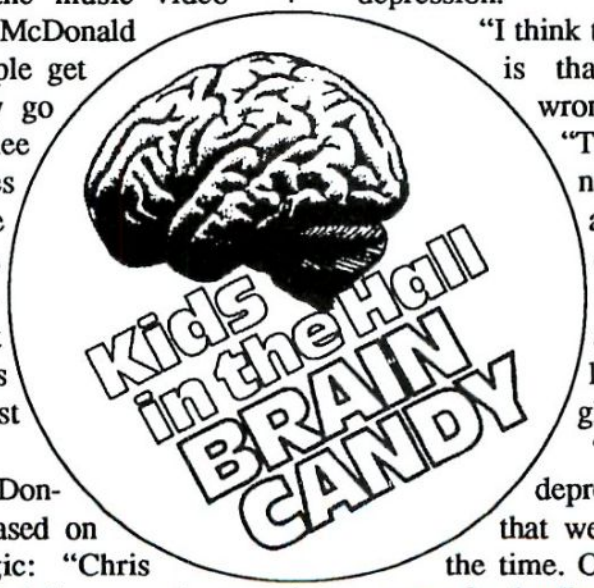
Now with *Kids in the Hall: Brain Candy*, the Kids' first feature film, McDonald is bringing some of this wackiness to the silver screen. *Brain Candy* is the story of one Dr. Chris Cooper, a scientist who invents a drug that makes people constantly happy, better than Prozac.

In addition to Cooper, as is the style of the Kids, McDonald plays Cooper's suicidal dad and a woman named Doreen, the long-suffering wife of a man who likes to masturbate to gay porn.

"He doesn't have morality in the regular sense, but he's got his own code of scientific ethics," McDonald said in a phone interview.

The themes of popularity and the downfalls of stardom are big issues in *Brain Candy*.

"*I love this guy!* He wants to help society with this drug, and he gets so popular in the process with, you know, women in hot tubs, hosting the music video awards and such," McDonald said. "But then people get too happy, and they go into so-called 'glee comas,' so he realizes the problems of the drug, forsakes his stardom and becomes a scientist again. I love this character! He's just like myself!"



The name for McDonald's character is based on concrete Kids logic: "Chris Cooper is the name of the guy who produced the TV series and edited the film," McDonald explained. "We thought that Chris Cooper was the perfect name for a dumb hero, because all editors are dumb heroes.

"They're heroes because they work these amazing hours and work really late, but they're *dumb* because they spend all their time editing one little thing. All editors are dumb heroes."

The theme of *Brain Candy* goes beyond mindless happiness and necessity of depression.

"I think the theme of the film is that brain candy is wrong," said McDonald. "The best idea is to be natural. Everyone has a dark side, and that depression is somewhat necessary – it's a Jekyll and Hyde, light vs. dark, struggle-type film.

"We have to see that depression is valid and that we can't be happy all the time. Of course, depression can go too far, leading to suicide and murder and all sorts of nasty things, but, on the whole, it can be good."

Paramount Pictures, the studio handling *Brain Candy*, won't be releasing the film in wide release, citing the cult audience the Kids have in the United States.

"I don't think the film will get a good audience," McDonald said. "It's an alternative-type movie, not in a grunge-type,

ripped jeans, punk rock way, but it's maybe kind of subtle. I love it, but I don't think it has a chance at a big audience. That's my publicity stance. Not many people will see it."

Many of the staples of the Kids' TV show won't be seen, but plenty of wackiness is sure to abound.

"Many of the characters (on the show) were not very realistic, and we wanted to do a film that was more realistic," McDonald said.

"We couldn't squeeze Gavin or Chicken Lady or the head crusher into the frame of the film. The cops from the show are in it, though."

Does this mean that the women in the film will be played by real women?

"Now that I think of it, that isn't very realistic, is it? Oh, well," said McDonald. "The decision on who wore the dresses was simple in the show, because we wrote our own stuff. As we each wrote the sketches, we decided on the parts. So if I was writing a segment, I'd say, 'Bruce is going to be the woman in this one.' But for the movie, we all wrote the script first, so a lot of it depended on who needed to be on screen more. Bruce (McCulloch) plays the lead female, because he does it so well."

The difference between *Brain Candy* and McDonald's other big feature film, last fall's bomb *National Lampoon's Senior Trip* (for which he wore a *Star Trek* uniform, chasing a bus cross-country with an inflatable doll as his sidekick), is a big one.

"This film's actually *funny*," he stressed. "I love the atmosphere in Toronto, where we shot the film. There's a saying that it's easier to be funny the closer you are to your bed, like where you sleep, and I think that's true."

But McDonald doesn't stand by all things Canadian.

"I prefer regular bacon. Canadian bacon is too close to ham for me," he admitted. "I'd like to support Canadian bacon, but I can't morally do it. Sorry, Canada!"

The *Brain Candy* cast includes Dave Foley, another of the original members of the comedy troupe, now hitting it big as the star of NBC's smash sitcom *NewsRadio*.

So **HITCH** asked McDonald if Foley has taken to riding around in limos, wearing sunglasses and generally ignoring his fellow Kids.

"He always has sunglasses on anyway, because he has had a rare eye condition since he was a child," McDonald joked. "Yeah, he is different, but he is on a hit TV show. He hasn't got much time, and he's just busy."

If you have a keen eye for reading between the lines, read this: Foley is a weasel now, and they all hate his popular ass.

"You may see just four Kids pretty soon, but there's nothing taken for granted. The beauty of the TV show was the fact that there were no stars inside the workings, and we got parts equally," McDonald said, his hatred for Foley seething.

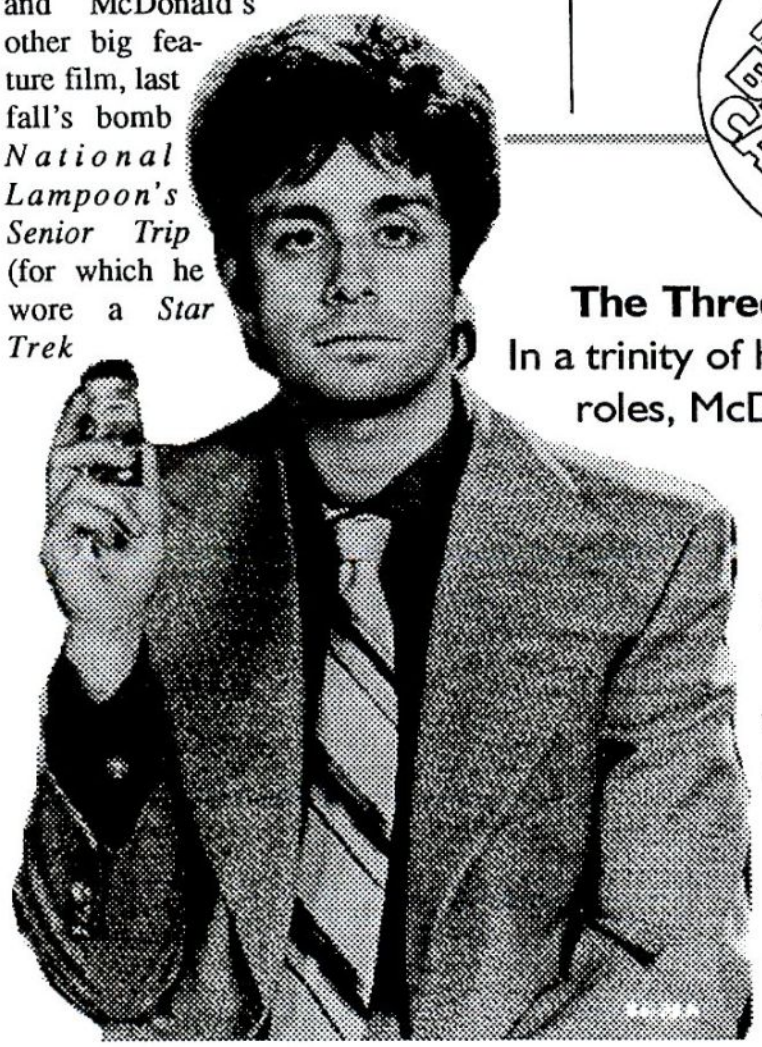
"It's like in Monty Python," he elaborated. "John Cleese was sometimes on more than anyone else. I loved him, but he sort of stood out a bit. When we were on TV, we all got equal fan mail.

"Okay, so that's just five letters a year each, but it was an *equal* five letters a year each. That's the best thing about us; we're like a basketball team: There are no Michael Jordans, we're all Isaiah Thomases – even from when we were a comic troupe."

Five members or four, the Kids will continue to show up, whether *Brain Candy* is a hit or not.

"In my perspective, we'll be like Python," McDonald said. "We need to take a couple years off; if the film doesn't bomb, hopefully, we'll get together again. If we could do that, you know, have six years off and then do a tour and a TV special, that would be cool."

H



The Three Faces of Kev:
In a trinity of his many *Brain Candy* roles, McDonald plays Dr. Chris Cooper (opposite page), Cooper's ever-gloomy father (left) and Doreen (right), the spouse of a man who'll do anything to deny his homosexuality until his doctor prescribes the miracle drug.

HITCH *Vox Populi*

#1: Bigfoot

Even though not a soul responded to our prostate poll (*waaay* back in **HITCH** 5), we will not be ignored! Debuting here is the result of our first of many online surveys. This month, our most faithful readers and bored Internet geeks answered our call for their opinions on five burning questions regarding the world's favorite Sasquatch.

If you or someone you know would like to become a **HITCH** Vox Populi Board Member (sounds fancy, but just means you answer these surveys), send your e-mail address to us at RLott@aol.com.

Do you believe in Bigfoot?

Yes.....81%
No.....19%

◆ Yes; as a matter of fact, at Christmas, I worship him and have modified most of the carols, (e.g., "Away in the Yukon", "Mary Had a Mutant" and, of course, "You better watch out, you better not cry, you better not pout unless you want to be frozen in a snowdrift and have your small bowel gnawed on periodically...").

◆ No. Not really, but I'm definitely down with the Yeti phenomenon.

◆ No. That kind of makes questions 2-5 moot, does it not?

What do you think Bigfoot smells like?

◆ Yassir Arafat's head towel

◆ Oak

◆ You know when you stick your finger in your belly button and pull it out, and it has that kinda acrid-cheesy smell?

◆ Dirt and manure

◆ You know how when you've left a big box of Velveeta in the fridge for a long time and the end of it that's exposed turns all dark-orange and hard? Well, he would smell like that if you rubbed that end of the Velveeta brick in bear excrement.

◆ He would most likely smell like banana creme pie.

◆ Neglected ass

◆ A musky and pungent smell. A mixture of onions, microwaved burritos, poor feminine hygiene and that dank and sour smell that you notice seeping from your rectal cavity as you get older.

◆ He probably smells like a wet dog or like a fat man after a walk up a flight of stairs.

◆ Like a big hairy creature that only bathes in streams in the summer and eats moose meat and is often covered with flotsam and jetsam that sprays out of the mooses when he rips them apart in his barbaric and savage dining ritual.

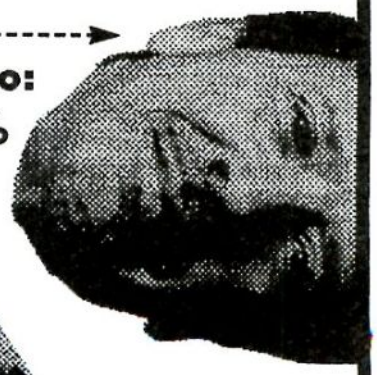
What member of Congress does Bigfoot most resemble?

Phil Gramm: 6.25%

12.5%: Ted Kennedy, Howell Hefflin, Jesse Helms.
6.25%: Tom Foley, Bill Bradley.

Bob Dornan: 25%

Sonny Bono: 6.25%



Newt Gingrich: 12.5%

4 What would your reaction be if you came face to face with Bigfoot?

◆ Terror/amazement

◆ I would have to have on hand approximately 15 pounds of butter-flavored Crisco, three large bags of taco Doritos, a wheelbarrow full of sheep entrails (preferably steeped in Gatorade overnight), a case of warm (and hopefully stale) Schlitz and a *Pocahontas* lunchbox. This is the only way I could ever hope to survive a face-to-face encounter with Bigfoot.

◆ Run like hell.

◆ I would probably at first provide the excrement myself for which the Velveeta log could be rubbed in, but then I would calm down and try to befriend him, much like the young lad in *Mac and Me*.

◆ Hysterical panic; probably a paralyzing full-body spasm, but more likely a re-enactment of my "being chased by midgets" dream. Little legs swiftly traversing the jungle terain as I hopelessly trip on a root and am gnawed to death by a pack of unresponsive ne'er-do-well Yeti.

◆ I'd talk to him about starting some revolutionary big feet club or something. Join arms and kick ass.

◆ While trying to remain still I would attempt defecation. I would then try to rub this all over myself in order to cloak myself in the scent of the Bigfoot and hope that this isn't the Bigfoot signal to initiate mating rites.

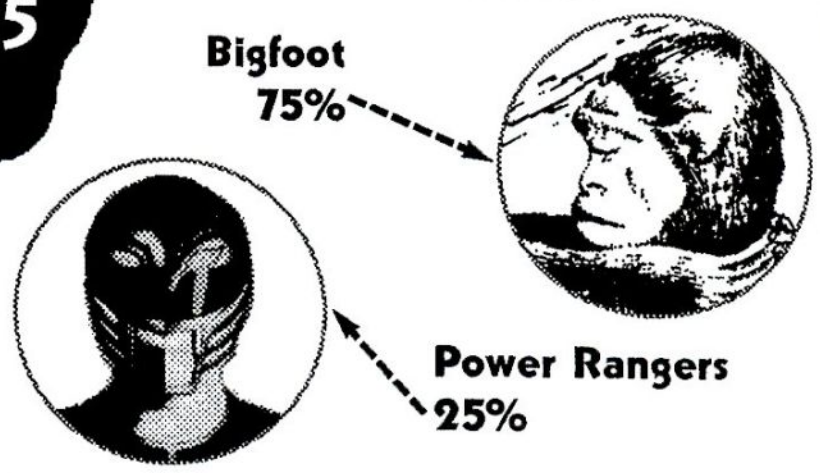
◆ If I ever was confronted by a so-called "Bigfoot" or "Yeti" or "big fucking hairy thing that could potentially make me wet my pants," I think I would first say "AAEREHGHGHTR" and then I would ask him why he smells like banana creme pie.

◆ I would throw my girlfriend at it and then run like hell.

◆ Offer him Tic-Tacs.

The Sasquatch howled in pain as the tobacco burned his mouth.

5 Consider this: Bigfoot vs. the Power Rangers. The result?



◆ Terror/amazement

◆ Sadly, all would perish from apathy.

◆ Ol' B.F. would render the Rangers null and void before they ever had a chance to summon their giant robots. But I'd have to jump in and break it up if he threatened Kimberly because I *luuuuuvvvvv her!* Granted, it's really annoying when she says things like, "Ohmygawd, you guys!" but face the facts: *she's a gymnast.* Hell, she can bounce all over the place! I'll choose that lithe vixen over a hairy mutant troglodyte anyday!

◆ The Power Rangers are no match for Bigfoot, the first real mutant worthy of his name. I believe it would be a matter of minutes and he would be gnawing their jejunums out delighfully and splattering their disemboweled, severed, multicultural body parts all over the frozen tundra.

◆ The Power Rangers would wet their pants.

◆ Bigfoot might lose at first because being in the woods for so long, he probably doesn't know a lot of martial arts. But as soon as he got close to the yellow or pink Ranger, he would wrap his mighty bear claw around the two, smash their heads together, then rip them from their torsos, urinating on down the exposed spinal cord. He would then fling the bodies of yellow and pink at the remaining Rangers and while they are distracted, charge them, bite the black and white Rangers' legs off, and claw the red and green Rangers to death. After this, he would mellow out with some homemade incense, using their torn-out eye sockets as holders and dump them in the lake later as fish bait.

◆ Don't even think that the Megadragonpowerultragigazord wouldn't kick his hairy ass from Tokyo to Trenton.

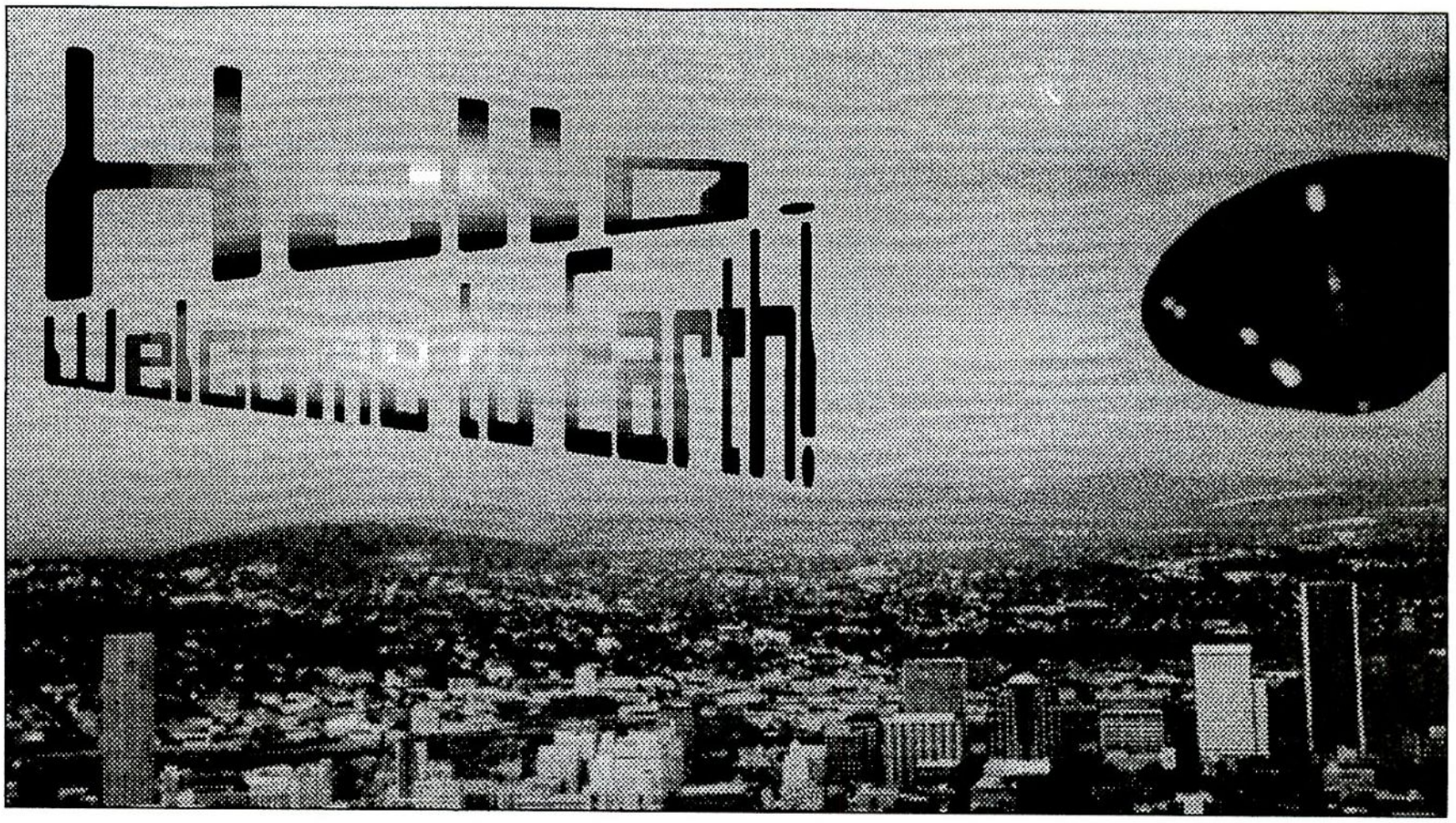
◆ The Rangers all die and go to hell.

◆ Duh? Chewy in the third.

◆ If you're talking here about Bigfoot the monster truck, there is no contest about who would win. Mighty morphin or not, nothing can match that fucking truck.

◆ As far as I know, Bigfoot has no super powers or zany kung-fu antics.

◆ At first, the perfect, Spandex-covered Kimberly would strike a sweet spot in the sasquatch's heart, but once the fools start making those funny transformation poses, Bigfoot would become angry and, as each one cartwheels past him in a flash of light, would slice each Power Ranger with one outstretched claw, like a butcher gutting a freshly slaughtered moose. **H**



By Jamie Munn

"Hello. Welcome to Earth."

And with this greeting from Lex Loeb, curator and director of Portland, Ore.'s UFO Museum, my disappointment in the now-defunct Bigfoot Museum vanished like a one-night-stand's phone number.

As I've come to learn, "museum" can mean any odd assortment of junk, and the UFO Museum is no exception. But it's all *good* junk; mainly, every shiny, hubcap-shaped object known to man plastered to the walls or hovering overhead, flying via invisible wire attached to the ceiling.

Trinkets, trinkets, trinkets galore! It would take days to observe everything in Loeb's lair, and that would be just the first layer of items stacked on shelves, in chairs, under tables – everywhere.

Loeb, who sometimes suffers from flying saucer lag, is the esteemed guide through this chaos. When speaking to visitors, he pauses from his rapid-fire, chatterbox style of explanation barely long enough to draw in air. Then he rattles off the next bit of information.

Such as?

Loeb's first trick was to roll out a remote-controlled Yorkie, even though it had absolutely nothing to do with UFOs. And then he showed me the "Giant Flag-Waving Machine," so far away it looked like a small, motorized garnish. Next up was...I don't know what – some mechanized, whining, metallic whirlygig. He turned it on.

"It proves everything and nothing, and is multiply blessed for our protection," Loeb explained. "When in slow motion, it proves less of everything and much, much more of nothing. It's a failed science-fair exhibit."

He pointed out many of his museum's features amongst the clutter: a suspended-animation lizard; a pregnant, plastic, alien Pope; and the place where Judge Lance Ito stashes his cocaine.

A pink, inviting tongue also protrudes from a life-sized latex mask of E.T.

"And here's Bob Packwood's tongue. If it weren't for his tongue, I wouldn't be running for his orifice, I mean, office," Loeb jokes, referring to his filing and subsequent running as a GOP candidate in Oregon's primary to fill Packwood's vacated Senate seat. (*Note:* Don't worry; he didn't win.)

In a special appearance, a dancing vaudevillian alien resident of the museum came to life. With long, green, rubbery legs and arms, it looked suspiciously like a retarded puppet.

"He's just learning to speak English," Loeb cracked, before striking up a conversation with the lifeless object. "So, where are you from?"

The alien shook violently, seemingly emitting unintelligible murmurs.

"So is that all you have to say?"

"Murmurmurhamrhahamurhamurmer."

Next, Loeb removed the red fez off a mannequin's head, revealing a cone that would do Dan Aykroyd proud.

This and much, much more for only $1, folks.

"This is the reason Shriners wear these," joked Loeb, pointing to the fez.

In what I would consider the best part of the tour, Loeb engaged the "Alien Modulator," which "brings out the invisible aliens. Look! One has just materialized right here! You see him?"

The child's toy electronically reverberated as if Stephen Hawking was trapped inside. The likes of these devices can be found elsewhere from your local Tandy dealers.

Wiggling the moaning, squelching object at knee level, Loeb observed, "He just split in there! Here's Larry, Curly and Moe!" He paused to "slap" the aliens in succession. "And there they *go!*" he said, waving the instrument about his head to draw attention to the nonexistent aliens which he claimed were flying around the room in tune to a robotic "whirrrllllbb-booosh." Coming back to his mouth and talking with the modulator, Loeb said, "Uh-oh, swallowed one."

It was at this point I doubted Loeb is married.

Ask to see the alien mind probe, or even the alien hand-shaker, and here him fire off, "NASA paid over $90,000 for each shake. There's one on every Space Shuttle."

On the floor lie Tonya Harding's own lie detector test, still hooked up to an archaic polygraph machine. It screamed to life as Loeb rattled off the results of comments such as "She's a good friend of mine" and "Nancy Kerrigan's a fucking bitch."

At test's close, he solicited my signature. (Sorry, Multnomah County residents only!)

"I happen to be running for mayor of Portland this year on the no-parking-meter platform," he explained, segueing into a blah-blah-blah run-through on more museum junk. "I'm turning on the museum for you now."

What was once the dimly lit room suddenly switched into a collage of flashing colored lights, rotating discs, assorted gizmos and scratchy '30s music eeking from a tiny record player. Another visitor entered the premises.

"Hello. Welcome to Earth. We have a $1 admission charge, and it comes with a postcard."

"Um, it's my last dollar, but alright," said the lad, who eerily resembled Neil from *The Young Ones*.

I explored the rest of the grounds while Neil got the first half of the "tour." Truthfully, the phrases "giant mounted swordfish," "strobe lights" and "Chipmunk sing-a-long" just don't do the experience justice.

Loeb then invited me into the orange Freud room, where guests can shut the door and relax on the green psychiatrist's couch. Ticking clocks adorn every inch of the room's walls; none are synchronized.

A looming Dorian Gray-ish painting of Sigmund Freud hangs in full view. Behind the head of the couch is the room's doctor, a machine that looked like ol' Sig – that is, if he were in the shape of a telephone with full, red lips enveloping a cigar.

Strangely unequipped with a slot for quarters, the couch began to shimmy at an erotic pace. A tape loop unspooled to life as I lay on the couch for my session.

"Come to my couch," the machine beckons in quite possibly the cheesiest Austrian accent I've ever heard. "Please relax and listen to this music that you must listen to because I am Dr. L. Hmphrm L. Freud, your psychotherapist for today. Please would you listen to this song and tell me what it makes you think about."

Lex Loeb, the UFO Museum's curator/director.

A tune not entirely dissimilar to "Strawberry Fields Forever" (if it were a 45 left in direct sunlight too long) played for a mere three seconds before it was interrupted by small segments of nails-against-a-chalkboard sounds. Despite an instinct to wince, I could only think of one thing; then again, a notecard with simple, black letters spelling "SEX" is taped to the ceiling, should anyone need help.

"What is coming to your mind? Please let me know?" Siggy begs. I wanted to answer, "My wasted dollar."

Over the now-restored music, the good doctor rambled something about not being able to get UFOs out of your mind because they are coming to get you. Somewhere in there, there's a reassuring "the world as it is" message.

I exited the Freud room as Loeb slipped a tape into the VCR. It was a program about an alien abduction/channeling seminar, narrated by none other than *Kojak* himself, Telly Savalas. The camera showed one convention group where a man looking like Nicolas Cage in his *Kiss of Death* character channeling an alien. Sounding and gesturing as if he were having a seizure, the Canadian shirt-clad man closed his eyes and let the alien speak through him: "And this is how you will access your inner power!"

Loeb laughed and pointed to a dumbfounded, average women watching the proceedings. He then made note of the speaker's goatee.

"And this was before they were popular," he said. "Obviously brought back by the aliens."

From the table, I picked up a toy which was basically a gray, plastic robot hand attached to a squeeze trigger.

"Ah, Bob Packwood's grabber," Loeb remarked, as I groped toward Neil's buttocks.

"Panty girdle," I commented, which neither male understood.

Loeb sent Neil into the Freud room and was promptly disappointed. "He's lying the wrong way on the psychiatric couch!"

he complained.

I peeked through a tiny window, expecting to see Neil's head where his feet should be. Instead, he was directionally correct, but lying face down.

"Oh, well," Loeb said, "I guess he's getting his dollar's worth."

After Neil's magic-fingers experienced was over, Loeb showed us one last item: a child's teapot painted gold. Lifting the lid, he showed us some ashes as an electronic "meow" cried from inside.

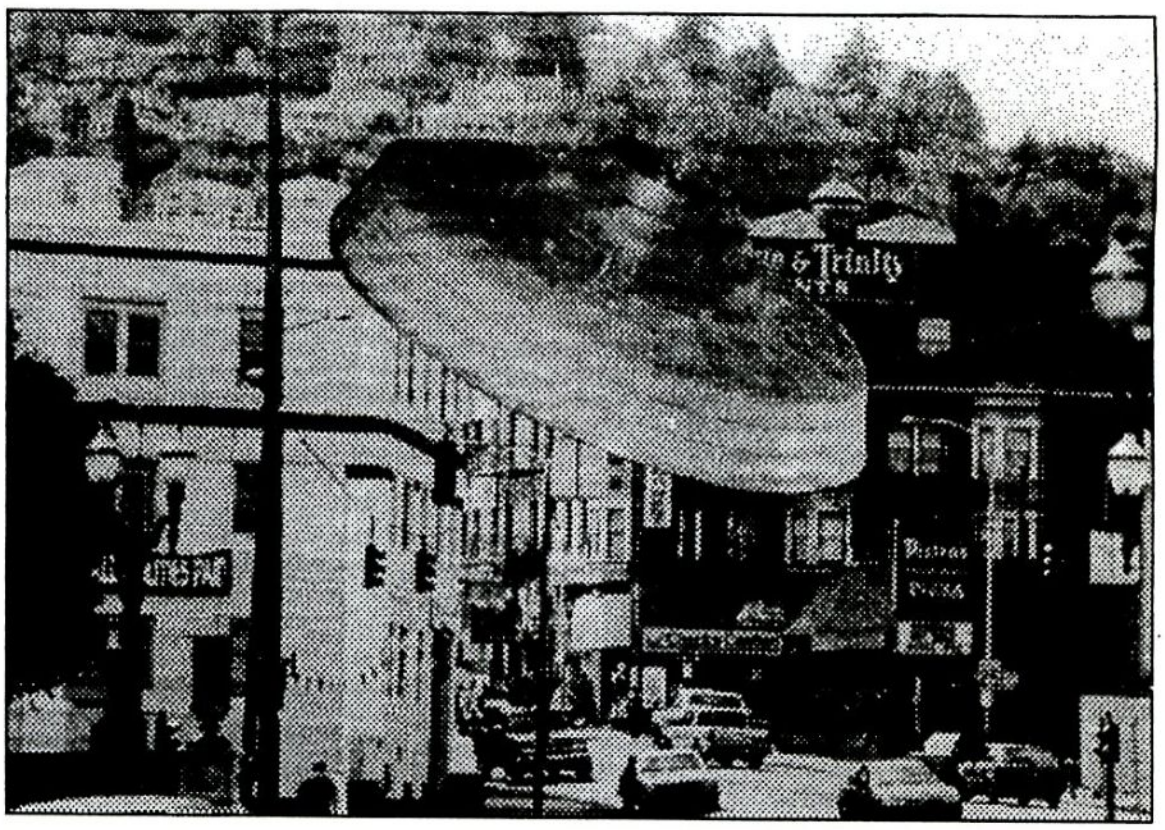
"Kat Cobain."

At the end of the tour, I determined that the museum is not only the best value for 100 pennies on a rainy Oregon afternoon, it has implanted memories I can never place a dollar amount on...even if it has very little to do with UFOs.

Politics aside, Loeb is currently looking for a larger building – one visitors can get lost in – but I have no idea how he will move the vast collection he has amassed. For now, you can write to him (UFO Museum, 1637 S.W. Alder, Portland, OR 97205) and buy T-shirts, posters and postcards. He said he loves to receive cards from all across the planet and universe, a statement I don't for a second doubt.

Since I was there to write a story which will certainly bring Loeb scads of new visitors, he showered me with several free postcards, one of which already had a Loeb-scrawled message on it to someone in Newcastle, Colo., but that he forgot to send.

The mysterious message reads: "What you need is to be abducted by aliens. (We can't help you.) But it could happen. It's happened to a lot of people. Try Mount Shasta Area (CA) – Something is going on there." **H**



An orange salad platter collects data from southeast Burnside.

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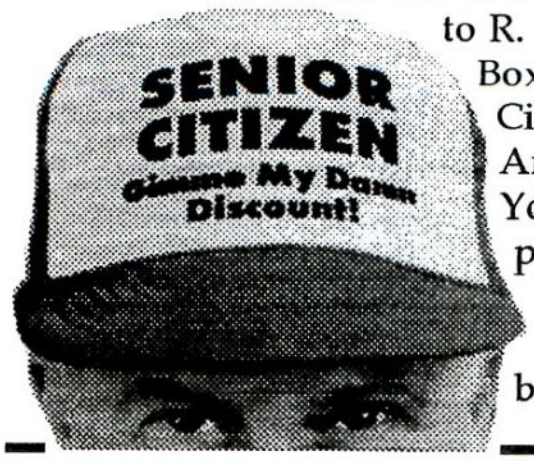

HELP
SPREAD THE WORD

Do not trust this face.
Say **NO** to deceptive alien entities.
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Spread the Word.

I Know Why the Caged Monkey Eats His Own Feces

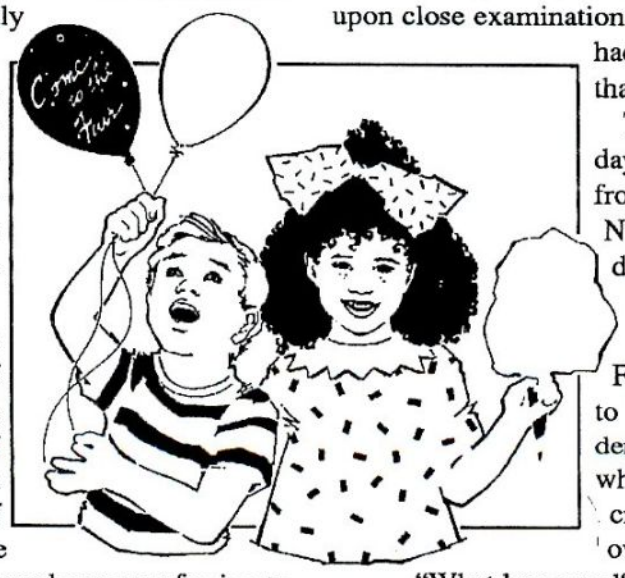
By Ken Davis

With unseasonably warm temperatures for the last Saturday of February, my wife and I decided to enjoy a day at the zoo. It wasn't until after we had paid our six dollars each that we were told that five of the exhibits were closed due to construction. Undaunted, we forged ahead.

The first order of business was to find a restroom. The large orange soda I had consumed a mere 30 minutes earlier was going to come out whether or not my surroundings were conducive to bodily fluid expulsion. I *needed* a restroom. As luck would have it, a restroom was readily available just through the front gate.

As I stepped away from the urinal, it flushed automatically. I was impressed that the zoo was using the latest in restroom technology, but disappointed that they had not used it to combat the odor that made the restroom smell like the apes lived in it.

At first glance, one might assume that the herpetarium is an exhibit of venereal diseases. It is, rather, where the reptiles are housed. On the front of the building is a plaque that reads: "In all natural things there is something of the marvelous – Aristotle." I could be wrong, but I don't think the great philosopher was referring to snakes and lizards.



Prominently displayed inside was a banner that proclaimed, "The Sedgewick County Zoo Officially Opposes Rattlesnake Round-up." Under the banner was a petition to end the practice. I declined to sign it. Even though I love animals, I'm not quite prepared to protect the beloved rattlesnake. To the immediate left stood the home of two giant land tortoises. Surrounding their enclosure was a five-foot grate designed to keep the tortoises from escaping. One of them had become wedged in the grate, probably in a desperate attempt to go AWOL. Even though the building was air-conditioned and climate-controlled, my wife noticed that the tortoises were still being menaced by flies.

The next building we entered was touted as being an exact replica of an actual rain forest. In the foyer of the building, a demonstration of rain was held. Water came through the ceiling and then down a drain in the floor. It was a very educational exhibit and put a lot of mysteries to rest for me. Having never been to the jungle, I've not had the good fortune of seeing real, live rain.

When moving from the foyer into the actual rain forest, you are greeted with a sign that says, "Do not touch or eat jungle plants, some are POISONOUS." Although I refrained from ingesting any of the greenery, I did brush up against a few of them. Whether I'll live to tell my kids about it remains to be seen.

In the trees, one could see the awesome fruit bat hanging upside down from the branches. A be-flanneled redneck said to his wife, "Boy, wish I had my .22!"

Overall , I was impressed with the authenticity of the rain forest. The park benches and trash cans are exactly what I thought they might look like in the wild.

Various cages lined the exterior of the jungle building. One cage was the home of the Malayan monitor. The placard gave some interesting information about the animal: "Diet: Any animal matter, living or dead, which it can manage to swallow." Oddly enough, I remember reading the same thing in Rush Limbaugh's best-selling *The Way Things Ought to Be.*

Next we saw two golden eagles in a small, cramped cage. A sign in front of it read, "Golden eagles like open spaces and they don't like living close to each other." Further down were the elephants. We overheard one of the zoo keepers explain that the zoo had two elephants, both 24 years old, and both female. However, upon close examination of the elephants, I noticed that they both had big masses of skin between their legs that looked suspiciously like scrotums.

The most intriguing animals we saw that day were the Guinea baboons. A sign in front of their cage pleaded, "PLEASE DO NOT FEED! These animals are on special diets." As I watched them it became apparent that their special diet consisted of each other's body lice, fleas and feces. Finding this amusing, my wife and I began to laugh. The biggest of the baboons suddenly turned to us. He looked mad as hell when he started throwing sand at us. The crowd retreated and a zoo keeper rushed over.

"What happened?" I asked.

"You laughed at them. They are very temperamental," she explained.

After the baboons had calmed down, the crowd reassembled. Two of the baboons had begun to masturbate. Their penises were about an inch long and as thin as a pencil. If my penis was that small, I suppose I'd be a little tense, too.

My thoughts about the zoo were summed up best by a cranky three-year-old who said, "Someone stop this smell. Can we go home?" **H**

Romper STOMPer

Hanging Out with a Guy Who Dances Around Banging Hubcaps Together for a Living

By Steve Hunt

Even those who don't live in New York have heard about the off-Broadway smash *Stomp*, in which an octet of dancers fashion rhythms out of making noise with everything *but* instruments, whether that be garbage cans, brooms or Zippo lighters.

Now in the midst of touring the country, the troupe recently stopped in Oklahoma City for a three-night engagement to sell-out crowds. One of the members, twentysomething Seth Ullian, agreed to let **HITCH** hang out with him.

Following the first night's performance, Seth attended a post-show cast party, where he must hobnob with invited guests – a process of which he is not particularly fond. This party took place in a large, second-floor room of OKC's Civic Center, where the show took place in front of 8,000 theatergoers.

The center of the room sported a table with an array of tasty snack foods and an oddly colored fruit punch, not unlike the kind seen at wedding receptions. The stage was set for senseless talk, autograph signings and goofy stares. Seth made his way across the floor, smiling at guests who either held a plate of goodies, chomped celery or held their programs with a pen, seeking the John Hancocks of the various cast members.

After signing a few of his own, Seth ventured toward the food table, grabbing a cup of punch poured by a worker (Sally, I believe her name was; do you know her?). Upon guzzling the beverage, he grabbed a bunch of grapes and started eating.

Enter the silly, round, balding man.

Round Man: Wonderful show! Wonderful, I really enjoyed it.

Seth: (between grapes) Great! Glad you liked it, sir.

Round Man: Would you mind signing my program?

Seth: No problem.

Seth shifted the grapes to his left hand, awkwardly holding them beneath the program with his clenched fist as he tried to use the publication for support as he wrote.

"There you are," Seth said after signing, handing the man his program.

At this time, a lone grape from the bunch fell to the floor, due to gravity in the room.

Seth: Oops. There's not a table I could kick this under, is there?

Round Man: Well, you could stomp it! Tee-hee!

Seth: Yeah.

Seth rolled his eyes and walked to the other side of the room – the part of the room away from the silly, round, balding man.

The next day, Seth sat slouched on a coffee shop couch – perhaps weary from the travel, yesterday's show and his confrontation with the silly, round, balding man.

"I really enjoy what I am doing now, and I would have to say that one of my ultimate goals is to act in nicely budgeted, independent films," Seth said between drinks of his double cappuccino. "I guess, though, that is pretty much what any young, aspiring actor would want."

Ullian became the aspiring performer at the age of six, when he played the lead role of the tree doctor in his first-grade play, in which his two most important lines were "There is a sickness amongst the trees!" and "This epidemic must be stopped!"

Prior to stomping, his original intentions were to be in a rock band. Greatly influenced by bands such as King Crimson, SNFU, The Nip Drivers, Corrosion of Conformity and other greats, he wanted to the next great one. Picking up the bass at the age of 12, it appeared, at least to himself, that he was next in line.

"I was influenced by a particular guitarist that I heard in a club," he recalled. "He

weighed 450 pounds. He would sit in a chair and rock the house. Everyone loved to hear him play, including me; he was great."

I asked if this man now fronts Blues Traveler.

"Hey, watch it!" he responded. "I really like Blues Traveler. They're doing what I originally wanted to."

However, somewhere in between jamming in a smelly garage, dreaming of being the next 450-pound guitar great and starring in the next Sundance Film Festival award-winner, *Stomp* is the current focus of his life, but it does not look like it will be his last hurrah.

Before Oklahoma City, he and the other seven *Stomp*ers were in Florida, Omaha, Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, South Bend, Toledo, Aspen, Ft. Collins and Seattle, to name a few.

"I must say that many of these places – for example, Detroit – have not been that exciting," he admitted. "But I'm glad I've got to see them."

Even though the traveling is a plus, the tour, as all things do, has its drawbacks. Although he is quite fond of the cast, there are spats.

"We all get along, but with the travel, there are times when you get irritable and do not want anyone to talk to you," he said, having finished his tasty pie, not unlike the lady that followed them on *Regis and Kathie Lee* (see sidebar, "*Stomp* vs. Kathie Lee") might have baked with pride. "I shouldn't tell you this, but oh well, Danielle definitely deserves it."

He reminded me that Danielle is the spirited gal with one of the more humorous roles in the show.

"During the barrels (where three guys with 55-gallon barrels on their feet chase after Danielle as she scoots along in a small crate) in practice, she was kind of mad at me. She told me I was not being scary enough and that I needed to be scarier. So I told her that it should be sufficient that I am chasing her, inches away with 50-pound barrels attached to my legs, not to mention that the size of the stage we were performing on was half that of typical ones. I was a bit too sarcastic with that, so she went back to the dressing room, cussing my name to the point that everyone cleared out. I guess she did get her wish though, I was so pissed at her, I almost knocked her off the stage that night."

Though the show is intentionally filled with humor, some of its biggest laughs have been garnered accidentally.

"One of our biggest screw ups have been during the best parts," he explained. "Once, one of our guys had just gotten back from Africa, and had food poisoning. He had to run offstage and puke while an unprepared member led.

"But as far as the walkers go, one time the stage guys put the wrong boots on the barrels, so we could not go out and Danielle was left out onstage by herself in a crate, looking stupid, wondering where we were.

"Other times, people have just fallen off of the barrels."

Prior to the final night's show, Seth confided in me about his recurring dream, in which "I go out and we have some new part of the show to do. Of course, I know nothing about it, so I just start jumping around and hitting things, hoping that I will fit in to the scene."

Luckily, though, it remains just a dream.

"It's just a simple concept, no real plot, just a lot of exciting combinations of noise and dance, and people really seem to enjoy it," Seth said of the show's enduring popularity.

"*Stomp* is just an incredible show and an incredible success story, starting in the streets and in clubs. And look at it now."

Kathie Lee, take note.

H

*Stomp*er Seth Ulliard, in a rare moment of not stomping.

While promoting their tour last year, the *Stomp* crew made its way to *Live with Regis and Kathie Lee*. Apparently, not all was well with Mrs. Gifford beforehand, as make-up problems, or something of the sort, had her throwing a tantrum backstage.

"This f—-ing show has been an 11-year struggle!" she screamed, audible to all. The cast was all set to perform a number on the show, after which the delegated spokesperson, fetching *Stomp* gal Ameena Kaplan, would then be interviewed by the dynamic duo.

Kathie Lee began the show as if nothing had ever happened backstage, gleefully greeting, "Well, hello out there!" as the show began. The *Stomp* gang performed, all went quite well, and the crowd loved it. As Ameena stepped out to be interviewed, the audience continued its applause for the performance.

"So, tell me a little bit about *Stomp!*" Kathie Lee asked, expecting a typical answer.

"Well," Ameena began, the cast off to the side of the stage looking at her in anticipation, "for us, it has been an 11-year struggle."

The entire cast backstage let out a collective "Yes!," while Kathie Lee became red, angry and ready for the next guest, a woman that cooked pies. —*Steve Hunt*

Notes from **HITCH**fest '95

By Joe Rogers

Being stuck up here in Canuckland, it seems like I'm always en route from point to point between two *quasi*-friendly countries; I say "quasi" because most Canadians don't care all that much for "the States." They seem to tolerate its formidable Southern presence and damn well resent the fact that their Canadian economy is largely dependent on the American one...when the U.S. dollar goes down, well, guess what happens to the loonie[1]?

As far as the Americans go, I'd have to say the feeling for Canada is quite the opposite – most of the ones I've met would be lucky even to locate Canada on a map, much less say who the current prime minister is...but none of you out there in zineland fall into either category, right?

Anyhow, I traveled over the holiday season back to Oklahoma City for a respite from the Vancouver monsoon season (mid-September through May). And, before I go any farther, let me just say that if you're flying into OKC to visit the **HITCH** headquarters (and it's a-boomin', I tell ya), find an airline other than American. Unless, of course, you're interested in flying through Dallas (aka the Shithole of the Universe) in order to transfer to their "Second-Class-Citizen-American-Eagle-Thirty-Seater-Scrunchmobile-Hope-It-Doesn't-Go-Down-We-Don't-Even-Pull-Up-to-the-Airport-Get-Your-Asses-Out-and-Walk-Hicks!" service. Not a pleasant situation at all, that corner-cutting, penny-pinching, hope-they-go-bankrupt airline company. Oohwee! It chaps my hide sure enough just a-thinkin' 'bout it!

"A **HITCH** get-together?" I thought. "A veritable barrel-o'-monkeys *that's* bound to be, what with a few Trekkies, a few movie nerds, *no women* (big minus there) and rampant sarcasm all around."

"Sure," I replied. "What the hell?" I was going to be, as my father would say, "plumb wore out" after my upcoming (unbeknownst to me at that time) nightmarish flight(s), and figured I could tolerate just about anything. "Besides," I reckoned, as I do continue adhering to that old-time reckoning thing, "maybe they'll have a healthy supply of beverages with which to quench my thirst."

And so I ended up at Mr. Lott's **HITCH**fest the night of my arrival with the frivolities already *en marche*, and made my entrance. I had the thrilling opportunity to meet some of my co-writers (but alas, Ms. Munn, the only veritable **HITCH**ette – sorry, Malena, wives don't count here – was absent, traipsing in the friendly sun of Portland or somewhere as exotic as that...I mean, Jamie, *Portland*? Over **HITCH**fest? Rain and wish-we-were-Seattleites? That Microsoft guy's basketball team? Home of the legalized home-grown?). I then (after kindly acknowledging the "ooh"s and "aah"s all around and avoiding Mrs. Lott's fondue or bean dip or whatever the hell it was) grabbed a beer and sat on the couch beside the proverbially glum **HITCH** errand boy Steve Hunt (it seemed that he'd put a bit of cash on the Cowboys that weekend, being the good little boy that he is). I then tried not to be cranky (as is my usual wont).

It was quickly revealed to me that I had surprisingly little to say, as I know little of movies or the latest in "what's happening" music and (sorry for the jab, Brad) am fresh out of "Big Booty Hoe" jokes. Nobody was all that interested in what I had to say anyway, it appeared, with the jolly fellow on the other side of me interjecting all conversations with his "Well, I'm older than everyone here!" rantings (although they're mighty impressive rantings, I guess, if you're impressed by that

So I called Mr. Lott (that's what I've decided to start calling the editor of this fine rag, at least until his head deflates and he manages to get *out* of his house) a few days before I left to tell him to have the bourbon ready, and guess what? "Oh, Joe, that's great," he said. "We're having a **HITCH** Christmas party over here the day you fly in. Can you make it?"

sort of thing) and the humor that was found in teaching the Brothers Lott's foreign exchange student from the Czech Republic the many various ways to say "prostitute" in English (i.e. hooker, streetwalker, harpy, AIDS carrier, etc.).

In the end, I think I made everyone think I was some sort of weirdo for not having any knowledge of *Mystery Science Theater 3000*, even though I was living in Canada. However, I did get some great (at least he told me they were great) tips on a few upcoming ball games from the compulsively dreary errand boy.

And that's about all I've got to say about the **HITCH**fest. Just a few guys in one room arguing about what the best movie of the year was, and Mrs. Lott and a few other mates in the other room having the *real* fun of the night dancing to *Purple Rain* and hogging the cardboard-box wine. Not that I have anything against cardboard-box wine – even though it does tend to resemble Kool-Aid more than wine at times – and not that that's terrible, either.

Oh, and by the way, Jamie (may I call you Jamie?), no, I do not trust anyone who would recommend listening to a musical group named "Cherry Poppin' Daddies" *at all*. I mean, honey, have you no taste? **H**

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[1]A "loonie" is a Canadian one-dollar coin. It is so named after the common loon engraved on its face. It has 11 sides and is readily accepted by Canadian vending machines.

HELLO! I'm McGruff The Crime Dog.

My job is to help people Take a Bite Out of Crime. Here are some basic tips to help you, your friends and your family stay safe. Check off the ones you promise to do then sign your pledge at the bottom.

I promise to:

- ☐ Always walk or play with friends. There is safety in numbers.
- ☐ Say "no" if anyone offers me drugs, cigarettes or alcohol.
- ☐ Avoid taking shortcuts or playing in lonely places.
- ☐ Never hitchhike!
- ☐ Always ask permission before going anywhere. To let someone know where I will be playing and when I will return.
- ☐ Go into a store and ask the clerk for help if I am lost.
- ☐ Say "no" and get away if a stranger asks me to go with them or find something.
- ☐ Tell a trusted adult if someone touches me and makes me feel uncomfortable.
- ☐ Not give information over the phone to anyone I don't know.
- ☐ Keep all the doors and windows in my house locked.
- ☐ Never open the door to a stranger or someone I don't trust.
- ☐ Buckle my seat belt even for short trips.
- ☐ Not play with matches. Fire destroys.
- ☐ Never damage, destroy or steal anything.
- ☐ Trust my instincts. If I feel uncomfortable in a situation, I'll leave.
- ☐ Dial 9-1-1 or "0" for help.

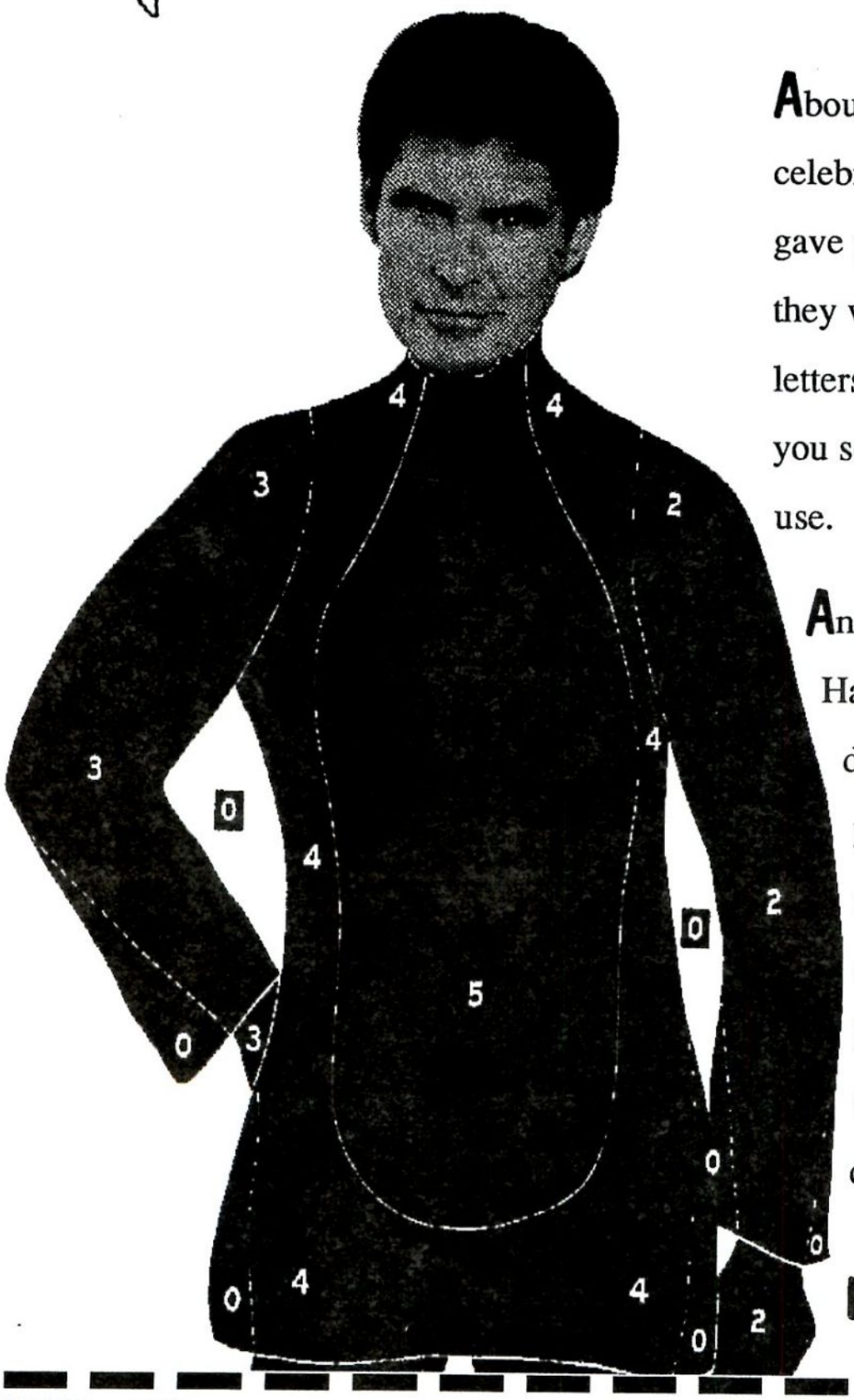
By remembering these safety tips, you can help me, McGruff, and your local law enforcement officers "Take a Bite Out of Crime". Sign here to seal your promise.

Signed_____

HITCH's Exclusive, Snip-'N'-Deface

DAVID HASSELHOFF TARGETS

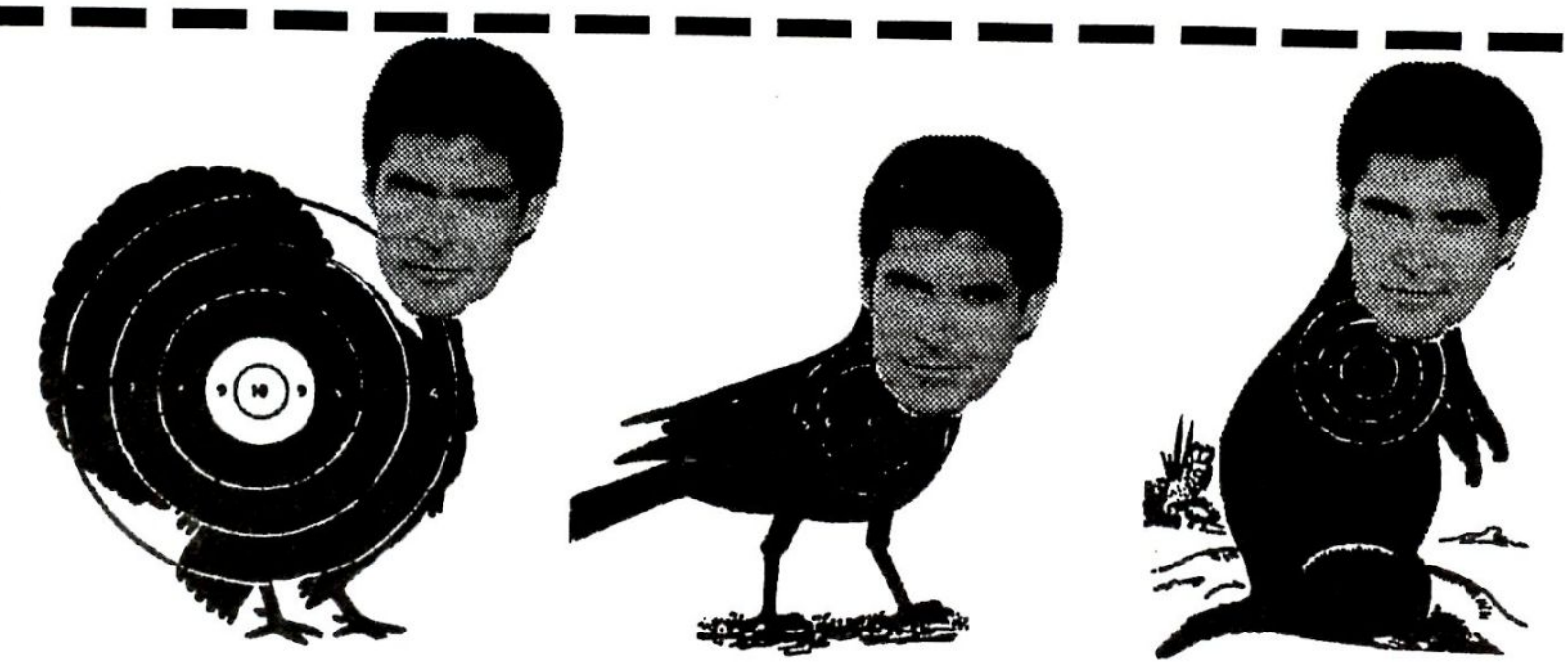
Fun for the whole NRA family!

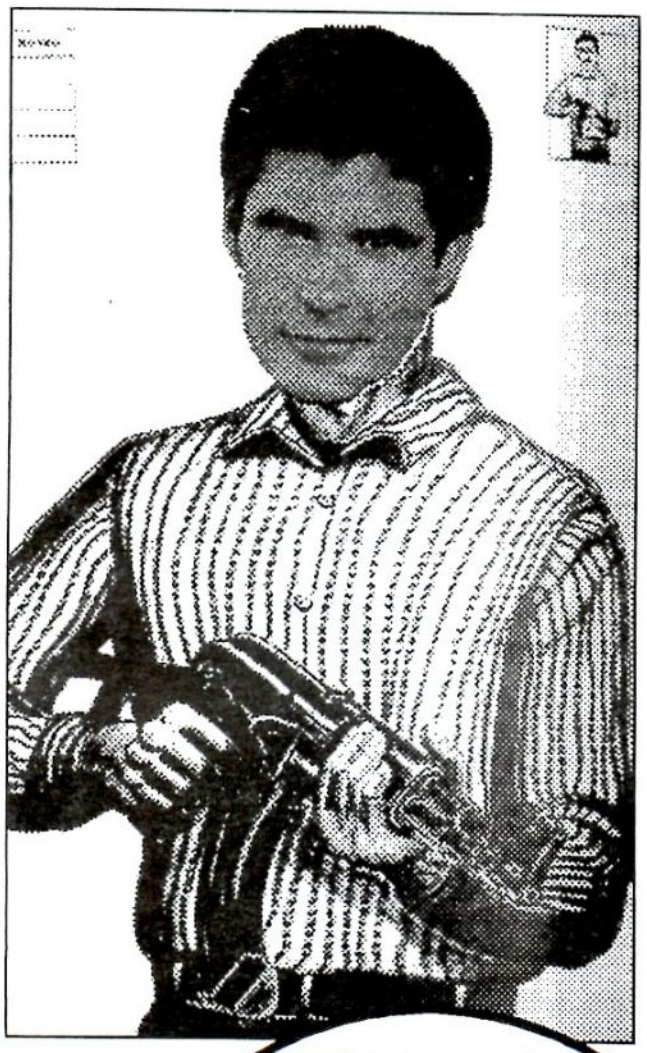


About this time last year, to celebrate our first anniversary, we gave you pogs. Wonderful though they were (hell, we're *still* getting letters), this year we wanted to give you something you could actually use.

And so here they are: David Hasselhoff targets, for the discriminating marksman in you. With a variety to choose from, simply cut them out, stick 'em on a fence or what-have-you and exercise that Constitutional right, by cracky!

Happy 2nd Anniversary!





And kids, remember, guns are not toys. I can't always be there to save you!

Bloody Pit of Horror
(1965)
Something Weird Video
★★★★★

Mickey "Mr. Mansfield" Hargitay camps it up as a crimson-costumed avenger of doom when his bachelor-pad castle is invaded by a team of voluptuous models who want to use his gothic home as a backdrop for a book-jacket photo shoot. Seems that Mickey ain't quite the congenial host he's first thought to be; in fact, the Marquis de Sade was executed deep within his castle's bowels, and damned if Marq's soul hasn't inhabited the brawn, bronzed body of Mick.

As the various lovelies pose in scenarios of bondage for the eye of the camera, Mickey recognizes one of them as his ex-fiancee and goes absolutely loco and carries out these scenes of torture. In the film's best and most twisted sequence, Mick traps a model in a spider's web fashioned from rope, complete with a robotic spider. If the web is tweaked, she faces being shot with spears; of course, the poison-carrying spider also inches its way toward her as well.

One can't say enough about this wild film. It's quite a sight to see Hargitay admire his own physique, then go downstairs to pull some girl's limbs off. Or attach a couple of gals to a spinning wheel befitted with razor blades. Let's face it, when a man starts donning a mask and burning you with hot pokers, he probably doesn't want you in his house any longer.

Alternately titled *A Tale of Torture*, this sicko Italian offering may very well be among my favorite B-movies ever lensed. Colorful, fun and just plain not normal, *Bloody Pit of Horror* is one lair I'll certainly revisit once every year or so.

Videos reviewed in **HITCH** receive star ratings based not on artistic merit, but on levels of enjoyment, from ★☆☆☆☆ (as much fun as a funeral) to ★★★★★ (fun, fun, fun 'til daddy takes the TV away).

The Horror at 37,000 Feet
(1973)
N/A
★★★☆☆

Strange things are happening to the less-than-a-dozen passengers onboard Flight 19X: the navigator and a German shepherd have been frozen to death, Capt. Chuck Connors has a mysterious claw mark on his arm, the plane hasn't seemed to move, there's brown goo oozing up from the floors and the headphones aren't emitting the jazz stylings of Dave Brubeck, but the cries of the damned.

Blame it all on the ancient Druid stones in the cargo bay; the damn things are cursed! Buddy Ebsen plays a cantankerous millionaire buffoon who orders the stewardesses around in this crisis, Paul Winfield is an effeminate doctor and William Shatner is an alcoholic who gets sucked into kingdom come. To battle the mysterious spirits, the passengers offer for sacrifice a child's baby doll with makeup smeared on it, to trick the demons into thinking it's a real human. The unamused spirits catch on to this ruse, retaliating by making goo come out the doll's orifices.

Believe it or not, TV movies were once like this. Those days, however, are long gone, and the world is a much more miserable place because of it.

Ssssss
(1973)
MCA/Universal Home Video
★★★★☆

Rattled
(1996)
MCA/Universal Home Video
★★★☆☆

In *Ssssss*, years before *The A-Team*, Dirk Benedict played a stupid college boy who becomes a lab assistant to nutty scientist Strother Martin, who in his spare time, likes to grab king cobras by the neck. Martin, apparently pissed at the world for this or that, works with snakes and sticks Benedict with a syringe that he says will make him immune to snake venom, should he be bitten. In reality, Martin is slowly turning Dirkie into a slithering reptile. When he's not dissuading his bookish daughter (*Piranha*'s Heather Menzies) from bedding Benedict, Strother goes bonkers and tosses a deadly black mamba into the shower of a jock who killed Heather's pet snake Harry. The best scene has Heather discovering the whereabouts of her father's previous labbie, at a carnival freakshow.

Snakes are cool, and they bite the hell out of everybody in this film, except for Dirk, who is wrestled to his death by a wiry mongoose.

A made-for-cable effort from the director of *Ticks* and the writers of the Ewok telefilms, *Rattled* is a run-of-the-mill entry into that sadly underemployed genre of animal attack films. In this case, rattlesnakes.

Curly-topped William Katt shifts from nice-dad mode into greatest American hero action to save his family (including cute wife Shanna Reed) from vicious reptiles that bite at people's heels and eat a lot of birds. Katt's method of disposal includes a fire extinguisher, while his perky teenage stepdaughter tries to flush one down the toilet. Clint Howard's in it, too, so you know he's the first to die.

The kids in this one are more annoying than usual. The snakes don't seem as threatening, though, especially when director Tony Randel puts us in the snakes' POV – distorted and urine-tinted – which comes off like the Woozy Cam. Katt's never believable – or even likable – but there's something to like about a movie where you see a rattler attack a frog right before your very eyes.

The Sadist
(1963)
Something Weird Video
★★★☆☆

Pug-nosed would-be heartthrob Arch Hall

Jr. (*Eegah!*) turns evil – very, *very* evil – in this low-budget, black-and-white thriller that's more effective than most suspense films produced today. As a juvenile delinquent, Hall terrorizes a trio of stranded good Samaritans en route to a ball game. Hall and his silent gal pal swig sodas, shoot guns, kill cops and basically raise hell for an hour and a half, until our coifed villain falls into a pit of snakes.

Acting like a stupid, cold-hearted kid, Hall is so repulsive that you wanna jump onscreen and put a cap in him. Director James Landis moves things along amiably, though it meanders a bit, given the minimalist setting (an abandoned junkyard) and a threadbare, repetitive plot.

Holy Batmania
(1989)
United American Video
★☆☆☆☆

Batman: Mask of the Phantasm
(1993)
Warner Home Video
★★★★☆

Given all the Batman product out there, you'd think someone would be able to patch together a decent documentary on the Caped Crusader. Such thoughts are incorrect, if this rushed job serves as any indication. Then again, what would you expect from an outfit that cranked this out to conveniently ride the coattails of Tim Burton's 1989 blockbuster?

You won't find any clips from that here, or from the Adam West series, either. Apparently unable to use anything that wasn't public domain, United settles for commercials for the '60s TV show and lengthy segments of the dull '40s serial. To pad further, a large section is inexplicably devoted to the Green Hornet and amateur video footage of West joking around at a car show like a pathetic, aged windbag.

Even at $2.99, the price is unjust for this shameful tripe.

Unjustly ignored upon theatrical release, *Batman: Mask of the Phantasm* is a wonder. Here's an animated movie heads and tails above most others for one simple reason: It tells a story instead of selling soundtrack albums. And it's a story that would've served well for the live-action franchise, too, as Batman battles a mysterious hooded figure known as the Phantasm, as well as his old nemesis the Joker. The animation is beautiful, best exemplified in the striking opening credit sequence tour of downtown Gotham City.

Jaws: Special Collector's Edition
(1975)
MCA/Universal Home Video
★★★★★

This is the film that scared me like no other as a child and, to this day, remains not only the most frightening movie ever made, but Steven Spielberg's finest work. Now newly available in a remastered, letterboxed, 20th anniversary edition, *Jaws* appears to be even more of a masterwork than originally thought.

No matter how many times I've seen it, the night-shrouded opening is still highly unsettling, as is the unshakable image of the boy on the raft suddenly becoming a geyser of blood in the otherwise blue ocean. When Robert Shaw meets his toothy demise, you feel sorry for the ol' bastard, but at the same time, you have to admit that's one realistic shark.

This edition includes the original theatrical trailer and interviews with the cast and crew which are fascinating, but at a scant 10 minutes, far too brief.

Gumby: The Movie
(1995)
WarnerVision Entertainment
★★★☆☆

In Gumby's first feature film (actually titled *Gumby 1*, according to the opening credits), TV's favorite green hunk of clay heads up a rock band called the Clayboys, who play songs that come off as a hybrid of Raffi and Quiet Riot. To make the whole thing realistic for the '90s, Gumby is stalked by a pair of female fans.

For reasons I don't recall, his horse Pokey is kidnapped and cloned by two blockheads, who steal the show without saying a word. Eventually, though, everything turns out okay, partly due to the help of a dinosaur named Prickle. To pad a thin and unthreatening plot, the gang drive into all sorts of books, including those about Camelot and outer space. For the record, Gumby is never pulled apart.

Though the animation here is pretty impressive, I'd swear Art Clokey hits the hallucinogens. The best thing about this tape is that it comes with a free, 3-inch Gumby action figure, for you to defile at will, dammit.

To Catch a Yeti
(1993)
N/A
★☆☆☆☆

Bigfoot
(1987)
N/A
★☆☆☆☆

What we have here are two monster-themed Disney flicks that suck. It is to Michael Eisner's credit that I cannot decide which sucks more.

Corpulent rocker Meat Loaf stars as Mr. Big Jake Grizzly in the Canadian-lensed *To Catch a Yeti*, in which he and his donut-dreaming sidekick Blubber want to catch a yeti. Eschewing the true definition of a yeti, this film gives us not an abominable snowman, but a Muppet-sized, furry, rat-tailed, buck-toothed gnome that giggles like a retarded hyena. Escaping Mr. Loaf's clutches, this would-be yeti hides in the backpack of a hiker, who unknowingly brings the little scamp home, where he sticks him in the fridge, feeds him frankfurters and starts calling him Hank.

Of course, the man's precocious daughter starts to love Hank like she would any other mutated creature brought home by her parents, so it's only a matter of time before Loaf and Blubber chase her and Hank all over the damn town. Unfortunately, the yeti is not drawn and quartered at film's end, but released in the wild. Given a scene depicting the little girl sharing a bed with Hank, however, I would not write off the possibility of the sequel *To Birth a Yeti*.

The title creature in *Bigfoot* is not a doe-eyed puppet like Hank, but a rat-haired, dingleberried slopehead with a shoe fetish. When a couple of kids get lost hiking, Bigfoot

snatches them away to his mountainous lair, where he swabs cold mud over the girl's flesh ("I kinda like it," she says, "Now what?" The kids respond by teaching Bigfoot the harmonica, not to mention provoking their own death by ridiculing Bigfoot's primitive speech patterns.

Every now and then, the focus shifts to the frantic search headed by the parents and trusty mountainwoman Colleen Dewhurst, who, now that she's dead, doesn't have to answer for crap like this anymore.

Championship Table Tennis 'Loopers & Bloopers
(1991)
MNTEX Entertainment
★★★★★

First of all, to quote verbatim from this tape's box: "There is hardly a moment in this amazing video that isn't a hard-to-believe highlight...this is truly a 'you've got to see-it-to-believe' program! This is the crazy antics that occur during Championship Tournaments...smashing and crashing, chopping and flopping...all happening so fast that we have had to use slow motion so you could catch all the hilarious action! Watch in amazement the all-out attacking and hilarious hacking as these world class champions go after each other in the most incredible action you've ever seen! This is the wackiest happenings in world-class table tennis...you won't believe your eyes!"

That said, you may be asking, "So how in the *hell* can the sport of ping pong *possibly* have *bloopers*?" With little exception, the bloopers on this 30-minute show entail *one of either two players missing a shot*. Hilarity, right? As representatives from 137 nations "inspire, amaze and amuse" you with ultra-fast ping-pong action, we're treated to "intense counter-driving duels" laced with a wry Saget-esque VO, rattling off such whimsical witticisms as, "Give me your best shot!...I had him! Take *that!*...Doesn't this guy *miss?*"

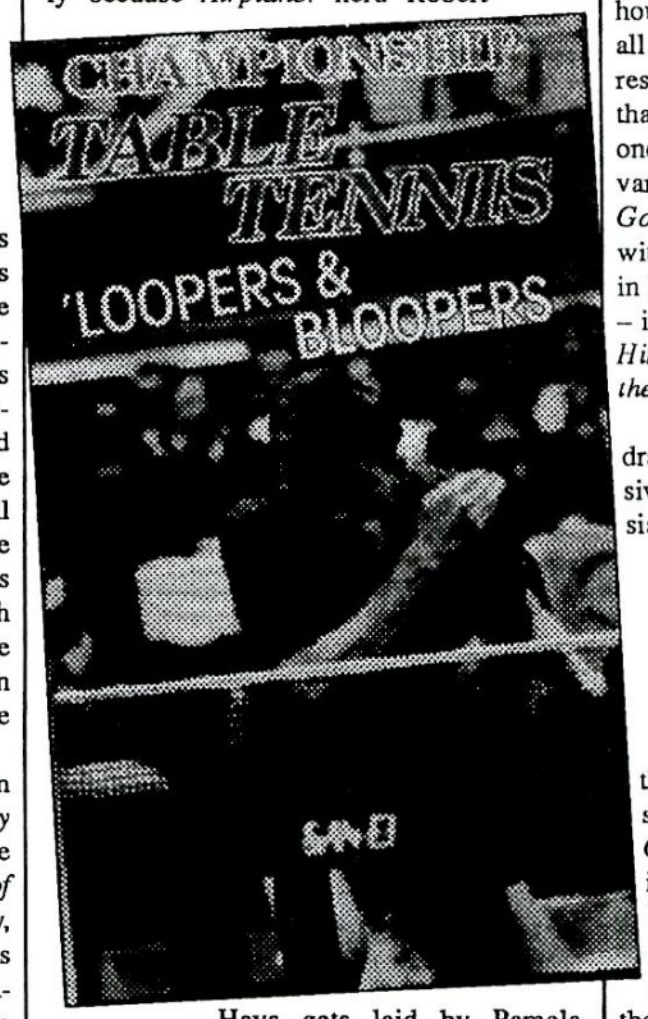
And for a solid half-hour, that's it. Except for the crudely interjected bits of bad mime skits, and the crowd shots of gangly Swedes and laughing Chinamen.

In the segment entitled "Hit It Where They Ain't," you will roar with laughter as the players – *get this* – hit the ball to a part of the table nowhere near his opponent! In "Nets and Edges," your sides will be splitting as the ball – *tee hee* – gets caught up on the net! When it's time for "Faces, Fans & Foolishness," you'll bust a gut with all the belly laughs you're sure to experience as you watch a musical montage of waves and other hand gestures!

Even more amazing than MNTEX's gall in calling these things "bloopers" is the fact that in some parts of the world, stadiums are filled to watch this shit.

Raw Justice
(1993)
Republic Pictures Home Video
★★☆☆☆

Sometimes, you can get so wrapped up in a movie that you forget you're watching a movie. Every frame, for all you care, is reality. With *Raw Justice*, however, such a suspension of disbelief cannot be attained, foremostly because *Airplane!* nerd Robert



Hays gets laid by Pamela Anderson. If that's not a tip-off that this is a work of fiction, nothing is. (Although I believe Pam's role as a two-bit whore could really happen.)

As its flimsy story goes, David Keith is a cop assigned to find the murderer of a mayor's surgically enhanced daughter. Since Hays was last seen with her (another stretch of even the bounds of fiction), he is targeted as the suspect, although he didn't do it. Keith enlists Pam's help (after doing her in an damp alley) in thwarting Hays, and at one point, wears women's clothes.

I don't remember how it ends, but you can bet there's a couple of explosions.

The House of Hammer Trailers
(1992)
Something Weird Video
★★★★☆

To some, this may be sacrilege, but I've always preferred Hammer Studios' horror films of the classic monsters – Dracula, Frankenstein, the Wolfman, the Mummy – to Universal Studios' famed adaptations. For one thing, most of them were in color, and to take advantage of that advantage, they often let the blood spill. Though they had their fair share of dragging narratives, too, the Hammer films moved forward with a more interesting and updated momentum. And, of course, the atmosphere is thick enough to cut it with a knife.

Something Weird Video has assembled a whole slew of Hammer trailers – two full hours worth, in fact – for the Hammer fan in all of us. Dracula and vampire friends are represented no less than 15 times, from the film that started it all (*Horror of Dracula*) to the one that marked the studio's downfall (the vampire kung-fu meld *Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires*). Frankenstein clocks in with eight appearances, including a preview in French. Other lesser-known Hammer films – including *The Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas*, *The Gorgon* and *The Phantom of the Opera* – are here, too. Hell, it's all here.

While some of the spots are scratchy and drained of color, this is an altogether impressive package, a must-own for Hammer enthusiasts.

The Granny
(1994)
WarnerVision Entertainment
★★★☆☆

For a direct-to-video horror film made on-the-cheap starring Shannon Whirry in which she removes her clothing only once, *The Granny* isn't half-bad. In a stretch of the imagination, we are asked to believe Whirry is an unattractive homebody who tends to her grandmother, overacted by withering Stella Stevens. In fact, Whirry is the only one in the family who loves Granny for who she is, and not her riches.

When Granny keels, the greedy relatives clamor for the inheritance. Then Granny – or at least an "evil dead" incarnation of the bag – comes back to life, having consumed a mysterious potion prior to her death. One by one (is there any other way?), she offs her doting family.

From the geniuses behind *Ghoulies*, *The Granny* is your standard, cardboard gore show, made more enjoyable than it should be by a hammy script and a pleasant, change-of-pace performance by Whirry, who usually is seen in films lying down.

Demons
(1986)
New World Video
★★★★☆

One should never know quite what to expect from Dario Argento, and that goes for double with *Demons*, a cool movie written by the Italian gore maven but directed by

Lamberto Bava, son of *Black Sabbath*'s Mario.

Random citizens are recruited to attend a super-secretive free screening of a new movie. It soon becomes apparent why: The movie causes people to turn into demons with a hankering to eviscerate. (In all fairness, I go to free screenings all the time, and this has never happened, although I felt like it *should* have at the one held for *Mr. Wrong*.) So you get your basic "unlikable supporting character gets bitten by a demon and become a demon so he can turn other unlikable supporting characters into demons until all that's left are the only two likable characters" story right up to the killer ending. There's something to love about a film in which the hero rides a motorcycle up and down the aisles, slashing oozing ghouls along the way, and despite its graphicness, you do.

Argento and Bava soon returned with *Demons 2*, in which the movie that brought out the beast in everyone makes its television premiere.

Project: Metalbeast
(1994)
Prism Entertainment
★★★★☆

Here's a horror film that takes you by surprise: Despite trappings that would otherwise suggest a routine snoozer, this actually turns out to be a semi-claustrophobic, slick piece of fun. For scientific purposes, a government agent is turned into a cyborg. However, when a full moon appears, the guy becomes a sinister werewolf.

NYPD Blue's Kim Delaney is the cute scientist who wants to get to the bottom of things. Slimy Barry Bostwick is the evil corporate type who stands in her way. I don't know who plays the "Metalbeast," but he guts with the best of 'em. Although it's not exactly new ideas we're dealing with here, the filmmakers keep things chugging along, sometimes at breakneck speed.

Tube Feeding: A Matter of Nutrition
(1995)
Abbott Laboratories
★★★★☆

What could be more disturbing than watching footage of old people eat? Very little, but footage of old people getting fed through a tube makes the cut, and this 12-minute educational tape gives us *both*.

Supposedly developed to convince patients that getting a long piece of plastic shoved through your nostrils all the way down to your stomach is a great alternative to starving, *Tube Feeding* distracts viewers from its message by showing various blue-haired relics picking through mush, dropping pieces of food in their lap as they attempt to put it in their mouth and a couple playing some game that, though it requires very little in the way of motor skills, they fail at miserably.

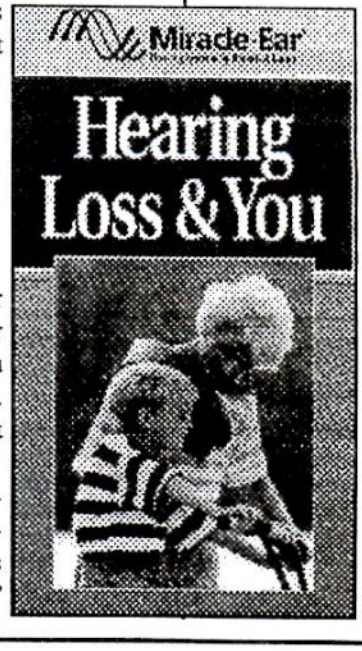
A few female health professionals appear to praise the merits of tube feeding, but a supporting character named Edgar steals the show with his pre-tube tales of being so malnutritioned that he used to run into door framings.

The 6 Ultra Brothers vs. the Monster Army
(197?)
bootleg
★★★★☆

A great solar disturbance – coupled with an earthquake – unleashes a horde of horned rubber-suited monsters in this wild, near-indescribable, pseudo-psychedelic offering from the land of the rising sun. An annoying little boy leads a village of prepubescent youths, and is killed by bad men. The gods turn him into some sort of power monkey pugilist. He joins forces with the Ultra Brothers (basically, a sextet of slightly varied Ultraman knock-offs) to kick some monster ass.

There's a flying Buddha statue head, a pair of beasts that run like chickens after they're beheaded and a whole lot of cartwheels going on. Part sci-fi epic, part kiddie fantasy, part rollicking comedy and part we-don't-know-what-the-hell-it-is.

Since there's no subtitles or dubs, you won't understand a word. No matter, though; we're betting that even in its original language, it doesn't make a lick of sense.



Hearing Loss & You
(1995)
Dahlberg Inc.
★★★☆☆

This promotional tape for Miracle-Ear promises to answer all those tough questions you have concerning hearing loss. Questionless, I just thought it was funny.

Hearing Loss & You is hosted by an effeminate man wearing a V-neck sweater that cries out "I memorize show tunes." How Miracle-Ear can work for you is demonstrated via a dramatization featuring a guy named Charlie, who looks like Sean Connery after a Twinkie binge. Through realistic sketches, the viewer learns the horror of having to have "Soup or salad?" be asked of you twice in a loud restaurant.

Complete with a jingle ("Talk about a miracle!"), the tape entertains as it educates...aw, who am I kidding? It's crap, *crap*, I say!

Full Body Massage
(1995)
Paramount Home Video
★★★★☆

Here's a tough one to judge: It's dreadfully dull, but shows its lead actress buck-nekkid for most of its running time. Of course, how could it sustain a plot over the course of 90 minutes when the plot is this: Mimi Rogers gets a massage from Bryan Brown.

Other than that, it's a mess of incoherent flashbacks, New Age mumbo-jumbo and...oh, yeah...Mimi's oiled bosom, the sheer spectacle of which makes you wonder what the hell Tom Cruise was thinking filing for divorce. Despite its boorish script, it could be the breast movie ever made. Kids, she is *huge*.

Murder in the Mirror
(1960)
Sinister Cinema
★★★★☆

A tousled Lon Chaney Jr. – imagine Fred Flintstone in *Days of Wine and Roses* – plays host to this imaginative episode of the all-but-lost TV anthology *13 Demon Street*. Unearthed by Sinister Cinema, the tale concerns a young Italian who is approached by a mysterious elder to locate an antique mirror for him. The man finds it and, while cleaning it up for his client, realizes its value: The mirror replays a decades-old murder (hence the title) committed by the old man himself.

While brief, the story is original. Given the age of this show, the camera tricks appear all the more remarkable. To pad out the tape, Sinister has generously thrown on a few of the old *Ripley's Believe It or Not!* reels, in glorious black-and-white (like *Murder* itself). These reels – now pure camp – are to be relished, with a deadpan narrator talking over cheesy recreations of supposedly true events involving boating Norwegians, grave robbers, the ghost of an Indian banker, a cigarette-smoking chimp and the U.S. government's predilection for the number 13.

Smurf *This*

Can any reader out there explain the phenomenon that was *The Smurfs*?

Jog your memory back into the early '80s, and there you'll find the Smurfs – a band of fun-lovin', God-fearin', cap-wearin' blue guys with a ball for a tail and a mushroom for a home. For a few years, they ruled Saturday morning airwaves on NBC and every toy store from here to Japan.

Anyway, they all wore white (except Papa Smurf, the grand-smurfiest Smurf of all, who was superior to them all and, therefore, wore red) and seemed to get along with one another splendidly. Of course, that's easy when your language is centered around one word: smurf.

A sample conversation:

Smurf #1: "I smurfed the smurfy smurf that smurfed me as I smurfed down the smurf of the smurfy smurf!"

Smurf #2: "No smurf?"

Smurf #3: "I smurf you not!"

I think we could all learn a lot from the Smurfs and their ways. Their village seemed like an ideal society – a Smurftopia, if you will – except for the fact that there was only one female, Smurfette, who was not that good-looking, if I do smurf so myself.

I do not, however, choose to idolize the lifestyle of the Smurfs' cousins, the underwater Snorks, who had flimsy tubes protruding from their heads, the Freudian implications of which I am not at liberty to discuss in a family publication.

Punk godfathers The Ramones spin a web of *Saturday Morning* fun.

Saturday Morning: Cartoons' Greatest Hits
(1995)
MCA Music Video
★★★★☆

A tie-in with the recent CD release (see **HITCH** 11), *Saturday Morning* features videos of 18 cartoon themes as interpreted by alternative artists of today. The best segments feature the acts intercut with animation (a particularly sexy Liz Phair doing *The Banana Splits*, Violent Femmes taking on *The Jetsons*, Matthew Sweet covering *Scooby-Doo*), while the yawners strangely feature just the artist alone (Butthole Surfers murdering *Underdog*) or just the animation (Collective Soul doing *The Bugaloos*).

Nevertheless, it's a lot of fun, and sometimes very clever. If only Drew Barrymore and her pajama-outfitted band of bratty, snot-nosed friends weren't here to interrupt with lame attempts at witty commentary, this tape would be near-perfect.

Return of the Killer Tomatoes
(1988)
New World Video
★★★★☆

A slight improvement in some areas over its predecessor, this joke-a-minute sequel to the infamous cult classic *Attack of the Killer Tomatoes!* takes a different approach. Whereas the original made little effort to be anything but bad, this follow-up tries to be good by teasing its own origins, mostly by borrowing the rapid-fire, throw-it-and-see-where-it-lands method of the *Naked Gun* films.

It plays like it own *Mad* parody: Professor Gangrene (John Astin) plots to take over the world by disguising tomatoes as humans, particularly very sexy humans. Out to thwart the Professor is some nerdy guy and his vain roommate, the latter played very embarrassingly by a big-haired, pre-*ER* George Clooney.

Although I sorely miss the shots of the tomatoes chasing citizens about town (and the introduction of a cute, fuzzy baby tomato doesn't make up for it), this is really smarter than it should be. Though it dates itself with references to *Rambo* and a *Thriller*-era Michael Jackson, big laughs are to be found in a sequence poking fun at product placement.

Scanner Cop
(1993)
Republic Pictures Home Video
★★★★☆

Scanners: The Showdown
(1993)
Republic Pictures Home Video
★★☆☆☆

Respectively, parts 4 and 5 in the limping *Scanners* series, *Scanner Cop* and *Scanners: The Showdown* represent a new direction for the straight-to-video films. The first concerns an L.A. cop (sickly looking Daniel Quinn) who has the scanner powers (i.e. melt people's minds to the point that their heads explode) but takes pills so he can't use them. However, when evil man Richard Lynch begins brainwashing citizens into killing officers, Quinn must use his powers to make everything good again.

This one actually isn't half-bad. Though the acting's certainly not good, it keeps your interest. The same cannot be said for the next

sequel, *Scanners: The Showdown* (still titled *Scanner Cop 2* in the end credits), even though it picks up with the same cast and storyline. It's just too derivative to be anything but mildly entertaining.

My major beef with these movies is that, unlike in David Cronenberg's original, not enough heads burst into messy piles of goo.

COPS: Too Hot for TV!
(1995)
Barbour/Langley Productions
★★★★★

Fox's *COPS* is a cool TV show, and for those of you who'd prefer it without the bleeps and the blurs, this tape is for you. A completely uncensored compilation of the wildest footage from the show, *COPS: Too Hot for TV!* lives up to its title.

You get scenes of naked whores resisting arrest, burn victims emerging from a raging inferno, stoners talking nonsense, car wrecks in progress and, best of all, lots and lots of drunks. One old man sitting in a bar is so drunk he pulls his pants down. When the police arrest him for it, he starts screaming about how the Germans are taking him away to the concentration camps.

Good golly, you just gotta have this tape. It's available only through mail order, and while a little steep pricewise, is certainly worth it. A second volume is promised this year.

Black Sabbath
(1963)
Sinister Cinema
★★★★☆

In this superb horror anthology from Mario Bava – master of the atmospheric terror yarn – Boris Karloff hosts three unrelated, but all fairly riveting, tales. In one, a beautiful hooker (in today's terms, an oxymoron) is tormented by telephone calls from a dead lover. In the longest, Karloff himself portrays an old vampire who preys upon his own family, including his wee grandson. While it takes almost a third of its time too long to reach the climax, the ride is a suspenseful one.

Best of all, however, is the first segment, in which a greedy nurse steals a ring off a corpse, and pays for it dearly. In these 20 minutes, we can see Bava's brilliance as a storyteller as he pulls out all the stops, terrorizing the nurse with flies, dripping water and, most chilling, the corpse itself, whose distorted face of evil anguish is hard to shake. Few old movies can truly be called scary, but if I had watched this late one night alone, I'm sure it would earn that honor in spades.

Re-Animator
(1985)
Elite Entertainment
★★★★★

If there's still someone who hasn't seen this modern splatter classic based on an H.P. Lovecraft short story, the 10th anniversary laserdisc from Elite is a perfect opportunity to catch up on what you've been missing...and it's a lot. Jeffrey Combs deadpans his way through his role as Herbert West, a diabolically demented med student who's discovered an agent that brings the dead back to life. It works so well that it even does the deed on disembodied heads, particularly that of a professor who wants to take credit for West's find.

"Who's going to believe a talking head?" Combs asks in the film's best line. "Get a job in a sideshow."

The disc includes about 30 minutes of supplementary material, from trailers to deleted scenes. For the most part, the excised footage looks to have been cut for a reason: It's boring.

Save for one dream sequence involving Barbara Crampton, naked yet again, they don't add much to your enjoyment of Stuart Gordon's crowning achievement.

Kiss of the Tarantula
(1972)
Sinister Cinema
★★★★☆

A little girl tormented by her nagging, philandering mother sticks a hairy tarantula on the woman who brought her into this world as she sleeps. Mom wakes up, sees the spider and promptly dies of a heart attack. Years later, the girl has blossomed into a pretty high school student, but is ridiculed by classmates, as she is the daughter of a mortician and keeps a basement full of caged tarantulas, which she calls her pets.

When people wrong her, she unleashes an army of arachnids on them. A couple of guys who break in her house one night get crawled over as they mack with chicks at the drive-in. Another guy gets his comeuppance in a claustrophobic air duct. Sick as these crimes her, you can't blame her; hell, you route for her from frame one.

Although not the classic that *Kingdom of the Spiders* is in my heart, it's certainly more entertaining than *Tarantulas: The Deadly Cargo*, and creepy enough to make you feel a bit uneasy.

Illicit Dreams
(1994)
Republic Pictures Home Video
★★☆☆☆

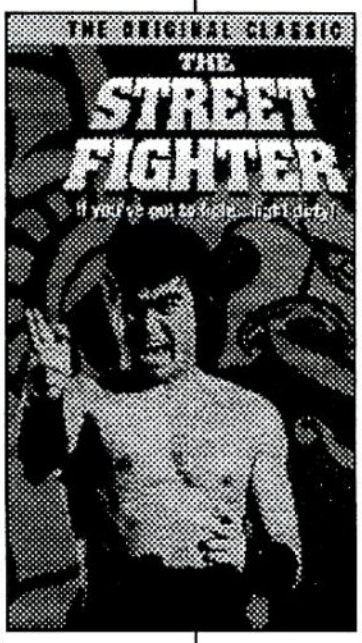
Scorned by an abusive and unfaithful husband, suburban wife Shannon Tweed starts having dreams – illicit ones, mind you – in which she runs in her nighties through corridors of curtains and into the arms of her idea of a perfect man, whereupon they make love in really bad red lighting. Once you see that Shan's fantasy guy is none other than Andrew

Stevens, you know credibility is not an issue with this erotic thriller.

During one dream, he gives her a key, and she wakes up with it! Soon enough, they find each other and begin an affair. Shannon's husband, meanwhile, threatens to kill his big-breasted mistress. He's a real scoundrel, you see. But, because he is the director (which is not to say what he does with the film could really be called directing; after all, how good could he be with a camera when, during one scene, his ugly shoulders block us from seeing Shannon remove her blouse?), Andrew saves the day. All is wonderful...until *Illicit Dreams 2*, that is, and you can your softly lit bottom that it's inevitable.

The Street Fighter
(1975)
New Line Home Video
★★★☆☆

Any film that begins with the line "He's a karate man, sir – a mean bastard from Okinawa!" sets itself up to hold a lot of promise, but unfortunately, the '70s classic *The Street Fighter* (not to be confused with Van Damme's *Street Fighter*) falls a bit short. It's not for a lack of trying, as the film has a director for each fighting style used – martial arts, kickboxing and wrestling.



Sonny Chiba plays Terry Sugury, but he's anything but sweet. He's hired to spring a guy from prison, which he does, only to have the client becomes his bitter enemy. Heavy on story (especially for this kind of film), things pick up considerably during the well-filmed fight scenes. Particularly interesting is a bizarre shot done in X-ray, so you can see Chiba's mighty fist crack a poor fella's skull. Points are awarded for having the blood flow orange-red, from frame one until the rain-soaked final deathmatch.

Screamers
(1978)
Embassy Home Entertainment
★★☆☆☆

From Roger Corman comes this so-so Italian fishmen flick, in which a lost continent of human-seafood hybrids (as a result of a scientist's tampering with nature) surface on a volcanic to rip people's faces clean off. Barbara Bach is the female lead, so you know right off that it don't come easy.

It starts out fine enough with a screamer attack in a foggy cave. Then a prison ship gets deserted on the aforementioned island, where the felons meet up and join forces with Bach to combat the walking fish sticks. It pretty much drowns from there, though the fishmen makeup looks pretty cool.

Cyberzone
(1995)
New Horizons Home Video
★★☆☆☆

In an apocalyptic wasteland, scruffy-bearded Marc Singer is hired to recover four stolen "pleasure droids" – half-robotic women with really large breasts who constantly sashay in place and lick their lips, tongues wagging suggestively enough to earn the film its R rating by that alone.

When Singer locates the droids, he teams up with their kidnapper, who settles for a measly 15 percent of the finder's fee. Aside from an opening spaceship battle (especially good for a Fred Olen Ray effort) and some lingerie stretching, nothing very exciting happens, which is why they should think about redubbing this as *Cyberdrone*.

Brinke Stevens is in it, too – the only scream queen with the body of an eight-year-old.

The Puppet Masters
(1994)
Hollywood Pictures Home Video
★★★☆☆

Basically a variation of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (and not ashamed of it, either, considering Donald Sutherland heads the casts of both), *The Puppet Masters* tries to mix a bit of *Twin Peaks* with every alien invasion movie ever made, and, for a while at least, works.

It is the beginning that's most intriguing, as a team of government agents (Sutherland, Eric Thal and Julie Warner) investigate the crash-landing of a spacecraft in a rural town. Before too long, the whole dang state of Iowa is being overrun with leech-like creatures that attach to people's backs and tap into their brains.

Once that's established, the pace tends to drag in scientific mumbo-jumbo, but the thrills delivered at first keep you from quitting midway. Though the ending (and, for that matter, most plot twist) is predictable, the effects are great. Thal makes for a fine sensitive stud type; Warner just looks sorta funny. At least *Doc Hollywood* had her emerging naked from a golden lake; here they stick her in underwear that makes her look 12 years old.

Based on a short story by Robert Heinlein, this is not to be confused with Full Moon's ongoing series of *Puppet Master* movies.

Naked Space
(1983)
Palm Beach Entertainment
★★★☆☆

Originally released with the generic tag of *Spaceship* but shamelessly retitled to capitalize on Leslie Nielsen's *Naked Gun* trilogy success, *Naked Space* aims to spoof *Alien* and every other crew-in-peril flicks, with barbs thrown at *2001*, *Close Encounters*, *Planet of the Apes*, *War of the Worlds*, *Psycho*, *Dirty Harry* and *Carrie* along the way.

Third-billed Nielsen is the captain, while Cindy Williams is the morale officer and Gerritt Graham the resident sexual harasser. Patrick Macnee plays the ship's mad doctor, who claims credit for a mass of gelatin found by trainee Bruce Kimmel (who wrote and directed) during an exploration of an undiscovered planet. The mass soon grows into a one-eyed, man-eating monster.

The highlight has the creature doing a song-and-dance routine, prior to ripping Macnee's arms off. Though a lot of the movie is dumb, a good chunk of it is actually pretty funny, too, especially considering it was filmed at a community college.

The Mangler
(1995)
New Line Home Video
★☆☆☆☆

Believe it or not, the evil thing in this movie is a *laundry machine possessed by the devil that preys upon the blood of virgins.* Really. Oh, and there's also a subplot about *an icebox possessed by the devil.*

And it sucks so bad. Tobe Hooper, once a director of worthy films, completely botches this adaptation of a Stephen King story. The dialogue, also written by Hooper, is among the worst ever read in front of a camera. The scariest thing about this non-scary movie is star Ted Levine's fucked-up voice (if you remember him as the killer in *The Silence of the Lambs*, then you know what I'm talking about).

Robert Englund – Freddy Kruger himself – has a bizarre role as a crippled plant owner who rants like FDR. Only when he gets fold-

ed by the mangler at the end does the movie show any signs of life.

Ren & Stimpy: Nothing but Shorts – The Unwashed Collection
(1996)
Sony Wonder Video
★★★★☆

Comprised of 22 short subjects and ad parodies that have bridged Ren & Stimpy adventures, *Nothing but Shorts* highlights the cartoon's creators at their deliriously warped best. Interestingly, the few segments that feature Stimpy as Dr. Stupid prove to be the least entertaining.

Best are the animated commercials for such products as "Flod" ("The perfect cube of fat!") and "Cheese Fist," as well as the four ads for that hot action toy "Log." Each bowl of "Sugar Sod Pops" comes with a free praying mantis, while "Billy the Beef Tallow Boy" comes to life in a musical extravaganza like no other. Powdered Toast Man even reprises his famous appearance, in which he asks two children, "Are we clinging tenaciously to my buttocks?"

Gargoyles: The Movie – The Heroes Awaken
(1994)
Buena Vista Home Video
★★★★☆

Frozen as stone for 1,000 years, a group of strong-willed gargoyles come back to life in modern-day New York City, where a ruthless businessman seeks to exploit them for his own good.

Voiced by actors including Keith David, Ed Asner and Jonathan Frakes, *Gargoyles* is a surprisingly engrossing animated adventure, constructed with rich detail and a strong storyline. Coming from Disney, that's most impressive.

All 80 minutes look wonderful, from the Scottish castles to the urban jungle of the Big Apple. *Gargoyles* has much of the same gothic, mythological feel as *Batman: Mask of the Phantasm*, so it should prove as delightful to adults as it would to children.

More geared toward the tots, however, is the VCR interactive game that comes free with the tape. Complete with a spinner, board and playing pieces, the game must be completed in 20 minutes. Characters periodically flash onto the screen to bark out orders to players like "Move ahead to the nearest subway space and follow it to its end!"

Yeah, it's kinda silly and kinda juvenile, but I'm proud to say I beat my wife at it fair and square, and with a mere five minutes left to spare.

Pulp Fiction: Letterboxed Collector's Edition
(1994)
Miramax Home Entertainment
★★★★★

Short of owning your own theater, this is the only way to watch Quentin Tarantino's instant crime classic, honey bunny: *letterboxed*. On account of this being the collector's edition, Quentin himself hosts 10 freakin' extra minutes worth of deleted scenes.

One of them, in which Uma Thurman interrogates John Travolta through the lens of a video camera ("If you were Archie, who would you fuck first: Betty or Veronica?"), is great.

The other, a longer version of the worst scene in the movie (Bruce Willis chats with the cabbie Esmerelda), is not.

From Beyond the Grave
(1973)
Warner Home Video
★★☆☆☆

Peter Cushing plays an antique shop owner who tells his customers stories relating to various items for sale. For example, a mirror once unleashed an apparition that informed its owner to kill. An ornate door was once a pathway into darkness as well.

Problem is, no one really cares. Even for an Amicus anthology (a total of four stories are told), this moves rather slow. One tale involves a snuff box. Donald Pleasance sells matches and shoelaces. I nearly fell asleep.

No Contest
(1994)
Columbia/Tri-Star Home Video
★★★☆☆

Keeping her clothes on for the entire time, Shannon Tweed plays an actress from a hit martial arts series (*Tae Kwon Doll*) hosting a beauty pageant that is soon overrun by malicious terrorists, led by the pudgy Andrew "Dice" Clay.

It's kind of a *Die Hard* ripoff, except that a woman is the hero...and Shannon kicks some serious butt at that. Even though the movie looks good, it's still derivative, and I spotted the mike dipping into the frame, too.

Still, it's better than most direct-to-video actioners, and Shannon is worth watching anytime, clothed or no. Directed by Paul Lynch (*Prom Night*), it's more clever than it has a right to be, and the ending seems lifted

IT'S ALL ON CABLE!
Generation Ecch!

The curse hovering over Marvel Comics' live-action film and TV adaptations continues unabated with this milk-warm Fox pilot film of the teenage *X-Men* spin-off comic. Though full of great special effects and ably directed with style by the underrated Jack Sholder (*The Hidden*), *Generation X* (1996, ★★☆☆☆) tumbles laughably in its desire to connect with a hip, youthful audience.

Six teen mutants are gathered at Professor Xavier's gifted school to learn how to rein in their powers, using them only for good. One boy – looking like an emaciated version of MTV's Puck – shoots lasers from his eyes, while one girl – who resembles Janeane Garofalo minus wit, charm and talent – shoots fireballs from her hands. Another girl is blessed with the upper body of Fabio, while the others...well, I don't remember what they do. Under the tutelage of silver-wigged vixen Finola Hughes (who boosts her performance via push-up bras, which made flames shoot out of *my* eyes), the high-school superheroes band together to battle evil scientist Matt Frewer.

Although the kids are extremely unappealing, Frewer is this film's main liability. Aping Jim Carrey's Riddler shtick to a T (and thus, not being funny), Frewer is embarrassing.

He gets one good joke out of the hundred he spews over the course of the film, and since it involves how ugly the Mexican-with-stretchy-arms kid's hair looks, it's a joke the audience had written long before.

Equally banal is the writers' insertion of pop-culture references into the characters' dialogue to pass the show off as some cutting-edge, in-the-know, with-it flick. When Finola and her Irish partner (who possesses a sonic-boom scream) pass themselves off as "Officers Hootie and Blowfish," the line isn't just stupid, it's also already dated.

Whether the medium is the silver screen or the boob tube, Marvel just can't seem to get a break. With James Cameron's *Spider-Man* wrangling in a web of legal troubles, the future doesn't look any brighter.

And if this pilot is indicative of how the *Generation X* series is poised to go, they might as well quit while they're ahead.

straight from *In the Line of Fire*. Clay tries so hard to act like a tuffie (or *act*, period), and fails miserably. Pockface Robert Davi plays a gimp bodyguard to a contestant. Shannon outshines them all.

Super Horrorama Shriek Show: Vol. I
(1995)
Something Weird Video
★★★★★

Leave it to Something Weird to round up the best two-hour compilation of horror trailers from the '50s, '60s and '70s that I've yet to see. The earlier years are represented by some Hammer films, as well as previews for *The Tingler*, *Premature Burial*, *Black Zoo*, *Horrors of the Black Museum* and *Circus of Horrors*.

When the tape hits its midpoint and shifts its focus on the '70s, though, things *really* get fun. Standouts include *Raw Meat*, *The Car*, *Tourist Trap*, *Terror in the Wax Museum*, *Rattlers*, Larry Cohen's *It's Alive*, Oliver Stone's *Seizure* (with Herve Villechaize as a homicidal midget), *Humanoids from the Deep* (nudity included, kids), *The Sinful Dwarf* and Tobe Hooper's *Eaten Alive*.

Sprinkled here and there are some excellent concession stand ads (one declares, "It's funburger time!") and a long-lost commercial for orange Shasta in which Frankenstein's monster makes a grocery run to satisfy his thrist for pop.

This stuff is *fun*, and since the drive-in is all but dead, this is as close as you can get to the experience today.

Dawn of the Dead
(1978)
Republic Pictures Home Video
★★★★★

George Romero's long-awaited sequel to his black-and-white zombie classic is an epic in every sense of the word. Hooking you right off, it pits two SWAT teamers and a newsroom couple against swarms of the undead as the quartet hole themselves up in an abandoned shopping mall.

For two hours, it's man vs. zombie using semi trucks, knives, fire and lots of guns as ammo. A great scene has one of the living dead getting ever so slightly scalped by the whirring blade of a helicopter.

More unnerving than scary, the film may be better than the original *Night of the Living Dead*. Color allows Romero to heighten the gore and allow for more shocks. Though not as grotesque as the films of today, it is intense.

Hampered only by a horrible synth score (courtesy of Dario Argento's beloved Goblin), *Dawn of the Dead* is a classic terror movie. Well-paced and very well-directed, it even manages to make a smart comment or two on mass culture and consumerism.

Romero, whose black humor has never been better, hasn't made a film this good in years. One can only hope that

The Training Films of BLOCKBUSTER VIDEO

Welcome to Blockbuster
(1988)
Blockbuster Entertainment Corporation
★★★☆☆

This training film shows Blockbuster employees how to be their best (if they want to be simpering nerds, that is). It says that through eye contact and a fair share of head nodding, you can calm down that unruly bitch of a customer who vents her video frustrations at you.

However, it says nothing about dealing with those creepy ones, like the guy who tells the cute checkout girl, "This is a great place. I like it here. You're going to be seeing a lot more of me." How does one deal with such stalkers? The girl probably ended up dead. Wow, what a shame.

Here We Grow Again!
(1988)
Blockbuster Entertainment Corporation
★★★☆☆

To get ready for the grand opening, this tape introduces such innovative ideas as "be organized" and "follow a checklist." Dreary-eyed franchise coordinator Bill even recommends that each store "have trained managers and assistant managers by the time the store is open." (No wonder Blockbuster does gangbuster business with such a brazen concept!) The big revelation here is that all stores are divided into a "soft" and "hard" section – "soft" for kids' tapes and musicals; "hard" for action and horror. Or, in other words, "soft" for crap no one wants to see.

Following nuggets of advice like "Make sure all electrical power has been installed" and what to do with all "the Styrofoam peanuts," we get to see the chubby staff set up the store amidst Winchell's Donuts boxes. According to the tape, if training is performed right, you can expect your employees "to be productive in two to four days." It took me about 20 minutes, with little training at all.

Prominently featured tapes include *The Masks of Death*, *Laura Branigan In Concert* and *Cheech & Chong's Still Smokin'*, but the highlight comes when the announcer instructs how to file leftover boxes in alphabetical order, yet shows a guy place *Beverly Hills Cop II* in a file marked "U-Z."

Driscoll & Egbert on Customer Service
(1989)
Blockbuster Entertainment Corporation
★★★★☆

Essentially a lame *Siskel & Ebert* parody (with the Siskel guy looking more like Jim Bakker), this tape sets out to emphasize customer service through three poorly acted vignettes. The first, *Beaverton Hills Cop IV*, has a cop don a Blockbuster mascot suit to foil a criminal. In the last, *Casablanca Summer*, a grade-school boy has a crush on a Blockbuster employee. I believed it until she made her appearance; she's a hog.

The most interesting part points out that friendly customer service gets people *out* of the store. Some old Italian guy claiming to be a president of the company shows you how to suggestive sell: "Here, a-Mrs. Miller, howza you'd like-a a catalog?"

his best is yet to come.

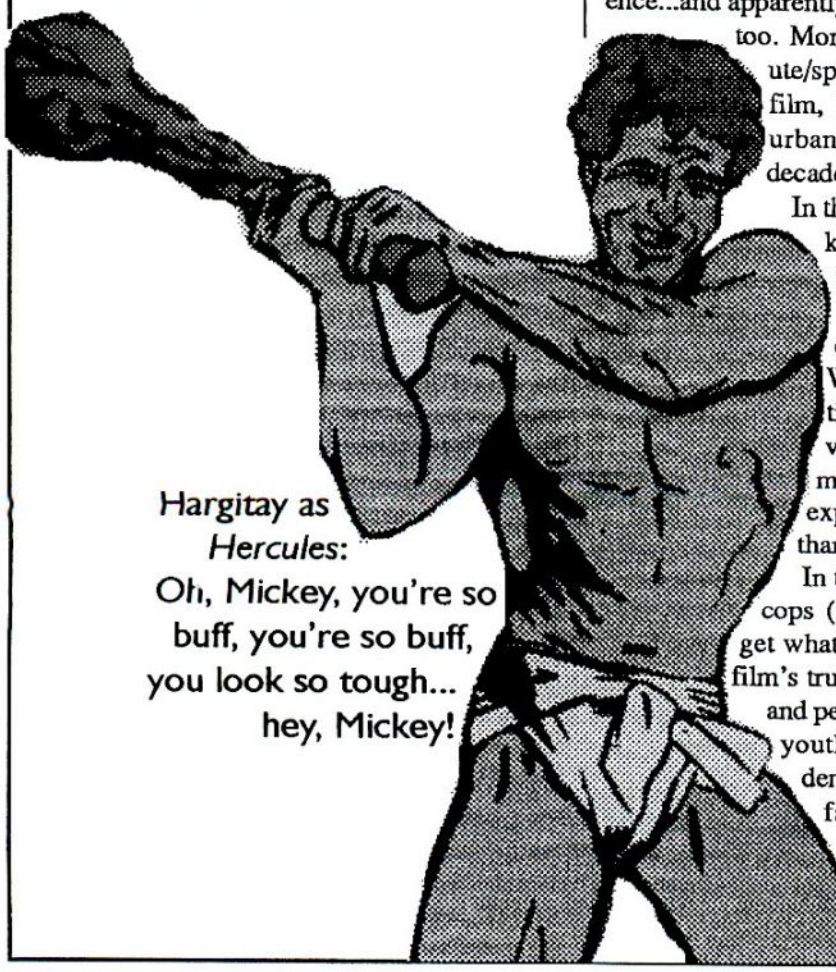
The Loves of Hercules
(1959)
Something Weird Video
★★★☆☆

In a 180° turn from *Bloody Pit of Horror*, Mickey Hargitay plays mythology's favorite muscleman do-gooder. Here, Herc's in love with the queen, portrayed with brunette bustiness by Mick's real-life squeeze Jayne Mansfield. She's constantly getting tangled in dangerous situations, with Mick saving her ass every single time.

In fact, he saves Her Whineness from a hairy cave beast, a tree and a ferocious cattle. Throughout this inane Italian adventure, he also battles a hydra (so big it can barely move), cutting off one of its three heads after about only 60 or 70 blows of a sword. The hydra looks to be made of foam, yet breathes fire (but, conveniently, not when Hargitay is standing stupidly underneath any of its three mouths).

The monster action is pure Herc, but mostly people just talk and talk *and* talk. Jayne attempts to show range by playing two roles (basically the same as her first role, but with a *red* wig), but mostly she and the other girls demonstrate – *without saying a word* – how cold the sets were.

In one scene, Jayne is tied by all fours and Mick must hurl axes at the ropes from a distance to free her. Though I knew it was a lot to ask, I wanted him to be off by just a few inches. Yep, Jayne's that bitchy and annoying, but hey, the girl can't help it.



Hargitay as *Hercules*:
Oh, Mickey, you're so buff, you're so buff, you look so tough... hey, Mickey!

Leprechaun 3
(1995)
Vidmark Entertainment
★★★☆☆

These cute little *Leprechaun* movies seem to get better with each installment, but I'm betting the progress stops here. Once again, real-life midget Warwick Davis stars as the scary-looking leprechaun with a burnt face and glowing green saliva. He likes to spout dirty limericks and beat the crap out of people's knees with a tire iron.

In this, his third ghoulish adventure, he ends up unleashed in Las Vegas, possibly the best idea the filmmakers have ever come up with. An awkward college kid and a babe of a magician's assistant (Lee Armstrong) try to run from the leering tiny gnome as he turns the Lucky Shamrock casino upside-down in search of his precious gold.

In the process, he electrocutes a fat guy, blows up an ugly woman, bites the toe off a pawn shop owner and, for a grand finale, chainsaws a snotty magician in half onstage.

Director Brian Trenchard-Smith (*BMX Bandits*) keeps things moving, at least. This film's not special by any means, but for a roll of the dice, you won't lose your shirt.

Tales from the Hood
(1995)
HBO Savoy Video
★★★★☆

When a friend and I saw this black-themed horror anthology in the theater, we were the only white people in the audience...and apparently the only ones to "get it," too. More of an exploitation tribute/spoof than an exploitation film, *Tales* uses contemporary urban themes to update a decades-old cinematic staple.

In the wraparound story, three kids break in to a funeral home one night to find their drugs. The mortician (a great Clarence Williams III) stalls for time by telling them how various coffin dwellers met their demise. As expected, some work better than others.

In the first, a couple of racist cops (including Wings Hauser) get what's coming to them, in the film's truest horror segment. Next, and perhaps the weakest, finds a youth doing battle with a demon; namely, his abusive father. Corbin Bernsen stars as a racist politician in the third story, in which he is attacked by a band of tiny black dolls (which he deems "niglets," a line that garnered the biggest laugh when I saw it). Lastly, a gang member is subjected to a round of "therapy," a la *A Clockwork Orange*.

Though the tone of the stories uneasily switches from lighthearted to heavily P.C., *Tales* adds up to a satisfying whole if you take it simply at face value. Directed by Rusty Cundieff (*Fear of a Black Hat*) and produced by Spike Lee, it has a lot to offer and – with stands against drugs, gangs and other societal ills – a lot to admire.

9 1/2 Ninjas
(1990)
Republic Pictures Home Video
★☆☆☆☆

Puportedly a spoof of Adrian Lyne's *9 1/2 Weeks* and every martial arts movie ever made, *9 1/2 Ninjas* is one sad, limp comedy. One problem is that *9 1/2 Weeks* was so stupid anyway, it spoofed itself.

This film gets off one good joke (thus, Lyne's movie is unintentionally funnier), and it comes before the opening credits. The rest fall on their faces, most of them relying on uninspired slapstick. The plot revolves around a relatively vain stud and a relatively cute blonde. They fall in love. They fight off ninjas.

And the mix doesn't work. The big sex scene seems incredibly out of place, bookended by comic antics and all. You haven't heard of anyone in this movie and, with any luck, you never will. This one's so bad it actually hurts me to run this review. I'd truly like to give it no stars, but then at a glance, you might mistake that rating for five.

Hard Bounty
(1995)
Triboro Entertainment Group
★★☆☆☆

All stubble-beared and hushed-voiced, cowpoke Matt McCoy rolls into town and befriends the local lead whore, Kelly LeBrock. He likes her so much he's soon managing all the whores. When one whore gets killed by a client, the other whores cry and vow revenge.

After only one round of shooting at glass bottles, the whores become really good aims. Before long, it's a whole gang of whores vs. the bad man. Whores win.

LeBrock walks off with the film's best line: "If you're going to treat me like a whore, you're going to pay me like a whore." (And I'm sure director Jim Wynorski did just that.) As a whore, LeBrock is pretty convincing, no doubt due to her years married to whoremonger Steven Seagal.

As for the title, I don't know anything about a bounty being hard, but the whores

sure are silicone-laden.

The Flintstones in 1967 B.A.
(1967)
Filmfax Video
★★★★☆

A 30-minute commercial for Busch beer disguised as an episode of *The Flintstones*? Yep. After a hard day at the quarry, Fred and Barney tell Mr. Slate off, promptly quit and make a beeline for the bar, where Fred exclaims, "Boy, this Busch does it!"

Immediately upon imbibing, Fred hallucinates that a sexy woman is playing with his hair, as he and Barney fashion lies for the wives, just before Barney contemplates suicide. Then they go home and drink more beer. "When a guy's due for a beer, Busch does it!" says Fred, ever the soothsayer.

The next day at the bar, where Fred and Barney drink more beer, they watch a TV show about Busch's new advertising plan, complete with animated dinosaurs dressed as Clydesdales. The unseen narrator, who sounds like Frank Sinatra's big dumb cousin, talks about the brewery's strategy: "It moves da consumers to Busch...we call it 'tah-get advertising.'"

Noting that 20 percent of beer drinkers drink 80 percent of the beer (!), the narrator claims Busch's slogan for the previous year, "You can't say beer better than Busch," was successful because "We used words beer drinkers understood." After telling us that "frequent beer drinks are *big* TV fans," the guy treats us to a montage of Busch spots.

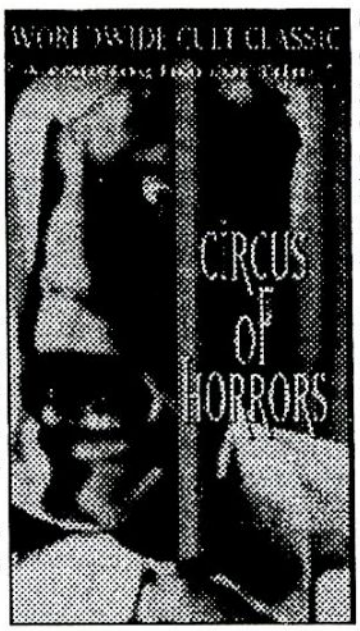
After that, Fred and Barney drink more and more beer, and soon get their jobs back. The moral? *Drink beer.* This rare program ends as the Busch CEO (who looks like Mr. Slate) reads off index cards in a gruffy Jersey accent and talks about leadership or something like that.

Circus of Horrors
(1959)
Republic Pictures Home Video
★★☆☆☆

A greedy plastic surgeon becomes the owner of a circus, filling the show with people whose once-disfigured faces he resculpted. When the try to cross him or leave the flock, he has them killed while in the ring.

A drunk guy is mauled by a bear, while a lion tamer gets hers via a pack of lions. A trapeze artists falls to her death when the rope mysteriously gives way, but the niftiest sequence involves an unlucky woman on a spinning wheel who has a dozen knives thrown at her.

Though this British sickie is padded with conversation, its circus scenes are the real draw.



A Return to Salem's Lot
(1987)
Warner Home Video
★★★☆☆

When he does his cheesy horror thing, Larry Cohen is smart enough to know not to take it seriously. His sequel to Tobe Hooper's overlong Stephen King TV adaptation from the late '70s is no exception.

Cohen stalwart Michael Moriarty stars as an anthropologist who moves to the dreary small town of Salem's Lot with his potty-mouthed son. Their welcome is less than cordial, and they soon discover why: Unlike everyone else, they're not vampires.

Despite initiation attempts from the townspeople, Moriarty and son stay strong. For the film's final third, Moriarty and vampire hunter Samuel Fuller (a genius stroke of casting) go on a mid-morning stake-through-the-heart rampage.

Cohen does this sort of thing better than anyone else, but when he slums, he tends to pad. This is one of those times. Still, the vampire effects are cool (especially when they melt into skeletons), and Cohen always manages to wring a few laughs out of the shocks.

Out of the Dark
(1988)
RCA/Columbia Home Video
★☆☆☆☆

Of all the direct-to-video slasher flicks of the '80s (and there were many), this has got to be the strangest, not to mention one of the very worst.

Girls who work at a phone sex operation end up getting killed one by one by Bobo the clown. Yes, you read right. Some guy in an eerie clown mask who likes to call himself Bobo runs around killing the dames, all while clapping his hands and doing mime routines.

These scenes elicit many laughs, but it's all played so seriously, even when the cast includes such washouts as Karen Black, Bud Cort, Divine, Paul Bartel, Lainie Kazan and Tab Hunter.

The Gate
(1987)
Vestron Video
★★★☆☆

A surprise hit upon its theatrical release, this PG-13 horror film boasts some nifty effects, but is most notable for the film debut of that stubble-chinned asshole Stephen Dorff. Of course, back in '87, he wasn't the grunge-set Lothario he considers himself to be today, but rather a chubby kid with a bowl haircut who liked to shoot model rockets.

While his parents are away for the weekend, he and a pal accidentally unleash a horde of demons from the hole in his backyard. For the next few hours, they are terrorized by almond-eye creatures, both big and small, running about the house.

It's not at all scary, just kind of there. The effects are too impressive for a vehicle like this, especially the scene where the monster falls to the floor and breaks into several tiny monsters.

Congo
(1995)
Paramount Home Video
★★★★☆

Unlike every other critic in the U.S., I didn't hate this. Of course, I got exactly what I expected: a cheesy jungle adventure with every peril in the book, whether that be killer apes and hungry hippos or mere snakes and member-sucking leeches.

Dylan Walsh and Laura Linney are about as bland of heroes as you can get. Director Frank Marshall's biggest mistake was not to feature a talking gorilla, but to kill off cult favorite Bruce Campbell in the first 10 minutes. Besides the chiseled good looks, Campbell has that knowing snarl to his method to carry something like this off without pretending it's something that it's not...namely, *Jurassic Park.*

All videos featured in this section were reviewed by Rod Lott. Chris Henry took a break this time, the lazy bum.

Richard "Rich" Pringle's World'uh Video

Hey now, cool yer jets! Richard "Rich" Pringle here tannin' hides an' takin' names. Listen up, y'all – cuz I got some infermation that'll get ya a-hoppin'! Now, everyone knows I'm a high roller and that.

An', bein' so classy and all, I see me a lot of picture shows and stuff so I's can have somethin' ta talk about with all the ladies. (Hey, just 'tween you 'n' me, anything ta get me some! Heh-heh!)

Now, when seein' some shows, I follow some basic rules that'n I got set up in my head. Movies gotsta have either cars in 'em, guns, animals as the main acters, or, best yet, titties! *Hee-haw!*

A good tip ta know, an' I been a-usin' it since I's knee-high to a coon and my Uncle Hugh taught it to me, is, look in the back of the *TV Guide* in the movie listin's, and if'n a movie got no stars by it or just half a star or one star, watch that sucker, my friend! It'll be a stiffy-fest, and that's the "Rich" garrontee!

There's only one thing, though. Sometimes, my system goes haywire an' I get tricked inta seein' somethin' that ain't worth a damn. Fer instance, I's lookin' through the listin's an' I came across what looked like a doozy. It was called *Mother, Jugs & Speed*. Now, I's a-thinkin', "If'n it got the word 'jugs' in the title, *watch it, Rich, dammit!*"

So's I watched it. An' it had that damn silly Bill Cosby fella in it, actin' all goofy like a circus ape, an' it didn't have a single jug in the sucker! So, if'n ya jus' be careful, mind yer Ps 'n' Qs, folla my rules an' don't go see no *Forrest Gumps* or no movies with stars in 'em or nothin', you'll be A-OK!

Here's my all-time top 10 picture shows, in order from the good to the goodest:

10. *Virgin High* – Now this is a good'un. The story is, there's this Kathlick boardin' school, an' everyone in it's gots these whoremoan problems, like they all goin' bonkers fer sex, so everyone gets ta bumpin'! See it now!

9. *Test Tube Teens from the Year 2000* – This one's like a *Star Wars* movie, but with honkers and fartboxes in it! Ya see, there's these teenagers who're all sex-crazed as tomcats. These teens find this time machine. They get in it, go back inta time zones an' stuff, an' *whoosh!* Wham, bam, booty jam!

8. *Attack of the 60-Foot Centerfold* – I likes this'un cuz there's this purty lady, an' she gets a hold a some magic stuff and gets zapped all big as a set a bull's balls an' starts ta steppin' on things. But the best part is, that when you got a 60-foot woman, you got yerself like 20, 30 square feet a' nothin' but boob! Yee-haw, buddy Boodrow!

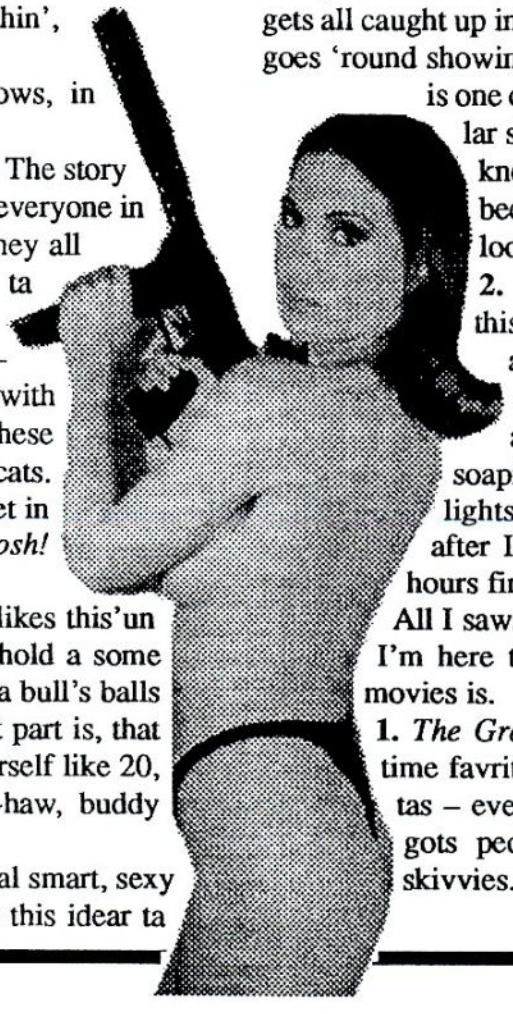
7. *Bikini Drive-In* – Okay, there's this real smart, sexy young thing. She somehow comes up with this idear ta get people ta come see movies at her drive-in show. Her an' her friends all put on their skimpiest swimmin' trunks an' start floppin' these here funbags around like they was nobody's business. I know I'd be the first one there, if there really was such a place. An' I'd bring me a lawn chair, a camera, a keg, a tube a' Duralube an' my bedroll so I could sleep there. Of course, I'd have me them bikini girls in there wit' me, cuz I am Richard "Rich" Pringle, king of squeezin'!

6. *Softly from Paris VII* – This is one'a them classy movies from France. This'un's 'bout three stories, all jam-packed wit' hotties goin' AWOL fer lovin'! It's all wit' them fouren women, too, from Africa and stuff. Some of 'em even gots more pit hair than me! You gotta see it ta believe it, an' I seens it five times so far.

5. *Possessed by the Night* – This'un's 'bout this evil statchoo, an' it casts some voodoo on this man and his wife (who's got a pair bigger'n a pregnant dog). She's walkin' 'round all magicked up, an' she wants ta hump all the time. My only question is: Where in tarnation can I score me an evil statchoo?

4. *The Pamela Principle 2: Seduce Me* – There's this model, ya see, an' she's got a rack like a big-block Chevy. She gets her purty little hooks inta this married photographer, who starts takin' nekkid pictures of her in her panties. It's good!

3. *Indecent Behavior II* – Now, this'un's got the same girl in it from the movie 'bout the statchoo. She's a really good actress, an' I think she deserves some awards for this pertickular picture. She's a doctor or somethin' in this'un, an' she gets all caught up in a plot an' stuff. But most importantly, she goes 'round showin' her boobies ta everyone. I think this gal is one of favrit actresses, an' I bet yer bottom dollar she'd marry me if'n I'd let her. But, we all know that wouldn't be no fair ta all the other beef out there. Heeeeeaw! Richard's on the loose!!!



2. *The Bikini Car Wash Company* – I got this'un on tape. It's this car wash, an' there's all these girlies runnin' 'round soapin' up cars and trucks and each other, only they ain't always usin' their hands to do the soapin'! Every dang one of 'em got big headlights, too, if'n ya know what I mean. Now, after I seen this the third time, I tried for two hours findin' me a car wash like this 'round town. All I saws, though, was a buncha men soapin' cars. I'm here ta tell ya, real life just ain't a' sweet as movies is.

1. *The Great Bikini Off-Road Adventure* – My all-time favrit! It gots trucks, tires, Jeeps, guns and tatas – everythin' which makes goin' worthwhile. It gots people drivin' through the desert in their skivvies. I give it two bones up! Whoooohaa!

—Richard "Rich" Pringle

FLICKS

RUMBLE IN THE BRONX

When one thinks about it, it is amazing that even with government spies scouring the globe, the rest of the world managed to keep a secret from America for so long. Now, thanks to New Line Cinema, that clandestine information has been exposed: Jackie Chan is *the* silver screen's premier action hero.

With his true stateside debut, *Rumble in the Bronx*, the high-flying Chan gives you a list to prove his claim to the throne: 1) He is film's most gifted physical comedian. 2) He is film's most gifted athletic presence. 3) He is also funny as hell.

Chan doesn't have the hulking figure of Schwarzenegger or the rippling biceps of Stallone. He gets by on being likable, exuding nothing more than a quiet grace. Even when he breaks into fight, you get the idea he doesn't like it. He does it only because he has to.

But thank God he does. Though *Rumble* has the standard case of the sillies that hamper most Hong Kong actioners, Chan shapes the low-rent effort into quite an impressive amalgamation of thrills, spills and flying feet. As I sat in an opening-night packed theater astounded not only by Chan's amazing skills – but also by the sheer fact that I was finally seeing him work his magic *on a screen in Oklahoma City* – I couldn't remember having so much fun.

I was not the only one. Even my wife, a total stranger to this genre, said when the lights went up, "Now what's that guy's name again?"

"Jackie Chan," I said.

"He's *cool*."

New Line took a tremendous and very brave risk to see that Americans would begin to share that opinion, one held in every household on the other side of the oceans. Luckily, it has paid off, both in terms of critical accolades and (more importantly to the suits) ticket-window dollars, thus paving the way for many more of Chan's brilliant, cartoon-come-to-life exploits.

Bronx. Cheer.

Chan-tastic Career

1976	*New Fist of Fury*
	Shaolin Wooden Men
	The Killer Meteors
	To Kill with Intrigue
1977	*Snake and Crane Arts of Shaolin*
	Magnificent Bodyguards
	Snake in Eagle's Shadow
1978	*Half a Loaf Kung-Fu*
	Spiritual Kung-Fu
	Dragon Fist
	The Fearless Hyena
	Drunken Monkey in the Tiger's Eye
1980	*The Young Master*
	Battle Creek Brawl
1981	*The Cannonball Run*
1982	*Dragon Lord*
1983	*Winners & Sinners*
	Project A
1984	*The Cannonball Run II*
	Wheels on Meals
1985	*The Protector*
	Twinkle, Twinkle Lucky Stars
	First Mission
1986	*Police Story*
	The Armour of God
1987	*Project A II*
	Rouge
1988	*Dragons Forever*
	Police Story II
1989	*Miracles*
1991	*The Armour of God II: Operation Condor*
	Island on Fire
	Actress
1992	*Twin Dragons*
	Police Story 3: Super Cop
1993	*City Hunter*
1994	*Drunken Master II*
1996	*Rumble in the Bronx*
	First Strike
	Thunderbolt

S(C(R(E(A)M)E)R)S

A friend put it best following the 10 p.m. screening of *Screamers*: "*Snorers* is more like it."

Although I *really* wanted to like it (how many of these B-movies actually stop at AMC before videosville?), I had to agree. *Screamers* (Triumph Films) is so poorly executed that I don't see how it ever earned a theatrical release.

Unheralded good guy Peter Weller heads up a space crew being menaced by "screamers," little electronic doohickeys that burst out of the sand and cut people's extremities clean off. They get their name from the god-awful, ear-piercing shriek they emit, which sounds even worse in Dolby.

That alone is not a bad idea. Trouble is, director Christian Duguay (the hack behind *Scanners 2: The New Order*) and screenwriter Dan O'Bannon (*Alien*, perhaps a fluke success) then expand this idea to include screamers designed as humans. That's when the narrative loses all hopes of attaining any sort of plausibility. From that point on, you know exactly who is going to die and when, and count the seemingly endless minutes 'til the end credits.

With about three endings, *Screamers* further insults viewers with the tired "you think they're dead, but *wait!*" final image. It's not often that little science-fiction films get a wide release; this shows why. Grainy, cheap and just plain ugly, *Screamers* is enough to make you cry.

When I, of all people, am made to feel uneasy by something I see onscreen, then somebody's doing something right. Last time it happened, the Bruce Willis segment of *Pulp Fiction* had me sweating. Leave it to Quentin Tarantino to aim for a repeat.

While *From Dusk Till Dawn* (Dimension Films) didn't cause my deodorant to fail me, it did make me squirm. Whether it was Cheech Marin's discourse on the scent of a woman, Salma Hayek's insertion of her toes into Quentin's mouth or simply the barrage of flying heads and limbs, I wasn't exactly...well, let's just say *relaxed*.

And this is not a bad thing. All too often, movies have us fall into a state of passive indifference, so anytime an emotion is aroused in you that almost never occurs otherwise, you're watching something unlike any other. Although *Dawn* is a patchwork of Mexican junk, vampire legend and grindhouse gore, it still

comes off with an original shine, thanks to Tarantino's gift for gab and Robert Rodriguez' ever-surprising directing flair.

After *Desperado*, his *Four Rooms* segment and now *Dawn*, I'm thoroughly convinced that Rodriguez is a director of much higher skill than Tarantino. (Quentin remains the better scribe, however.) To match these two up in a motion picture is nothing short of a cult event.

Though Tarantino turns in his best acting to date, he's still not very good. George Clooney's fine, but no different than the half-kind, half-cocky doctor he plays every week on *ER*. The real star here is Harvey Keitel, playing a role he fills not often: a sane, decent man. As for Salma Hayek, hey, she's Salma Hayek – a *very* good thing, indeed.

The B-movie quotient is heightened with the support of special-effects maven Tom Savini and former pigskin star Fred "The Hammer" Williamson. While it may at times rest on its cult laurels, *Dawn* does not disappoint. Frequently funny and never dull, it is an unapologetic showcase for its budding director's enormous and inventive talents.

Union-bustin' director Rodriguez directs the grisly carnage *From Dusk Till Dawn*.

Recent Forays Into MOVIE HELL

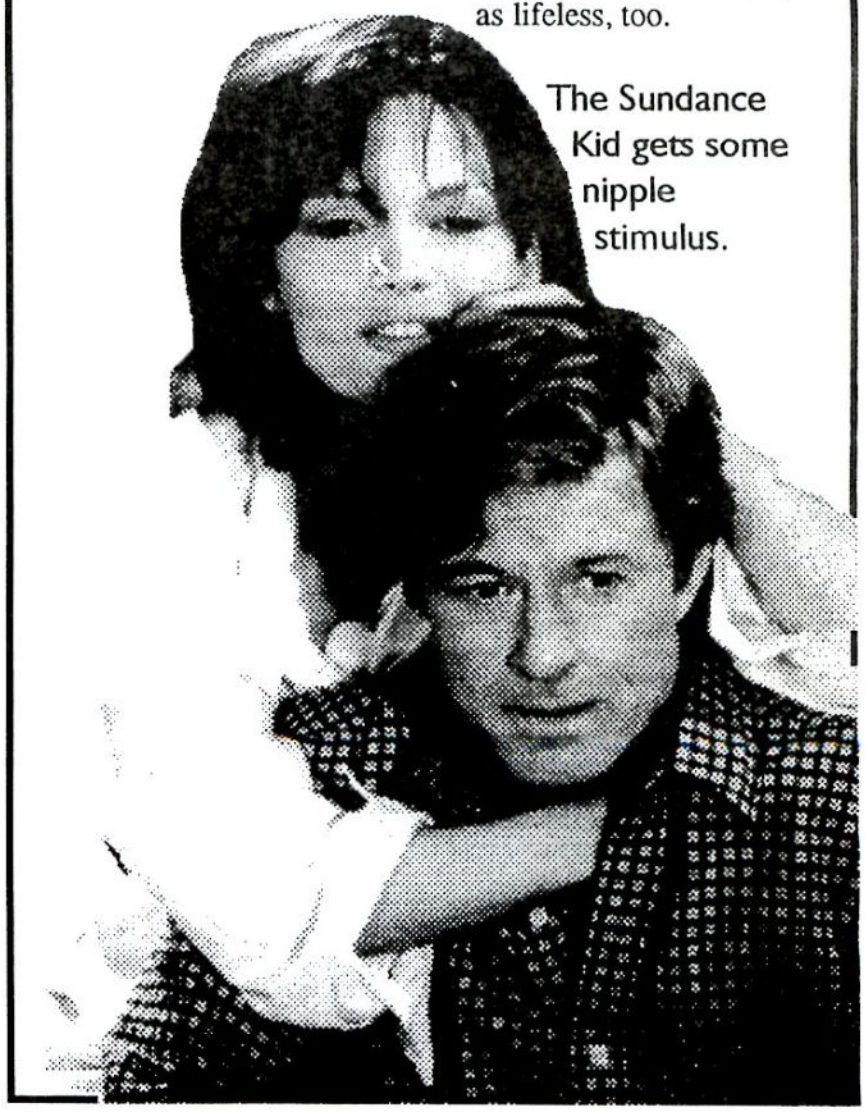
MR. WRONG

A sad, horrible, feeble attempt at comedy, Ellen DeGeneres' first star vehicle steered me toward raging torrents of tears. Away from the stand-up circuit, Ellen's not funny, just exasperating. With one lone laugh (and a cruel one at that), Nick Castle directs the alleged comedy with all the coherence and pacing of a Pinter play.

UP CLOSE & PERSONAL

Hey, it's the Jessica Savitch story, only that she doesn't die or have a drug problem or have a husband that kills herself or have a dog as a trusted companion. Now she has brown hair and spends a day in a prison, too, neither of which Jess ever did. Oh, and now that she's played by Michelle Pfeiffer, she's also drop-dead gorgeous, which Jess never was. And Robert Redford doesn't beat the shit out of her, either.

But other than that, it's, well...y'know, Savitch. And just as lifeless, too.



The Sundance Kid gets some nipple stimulus.

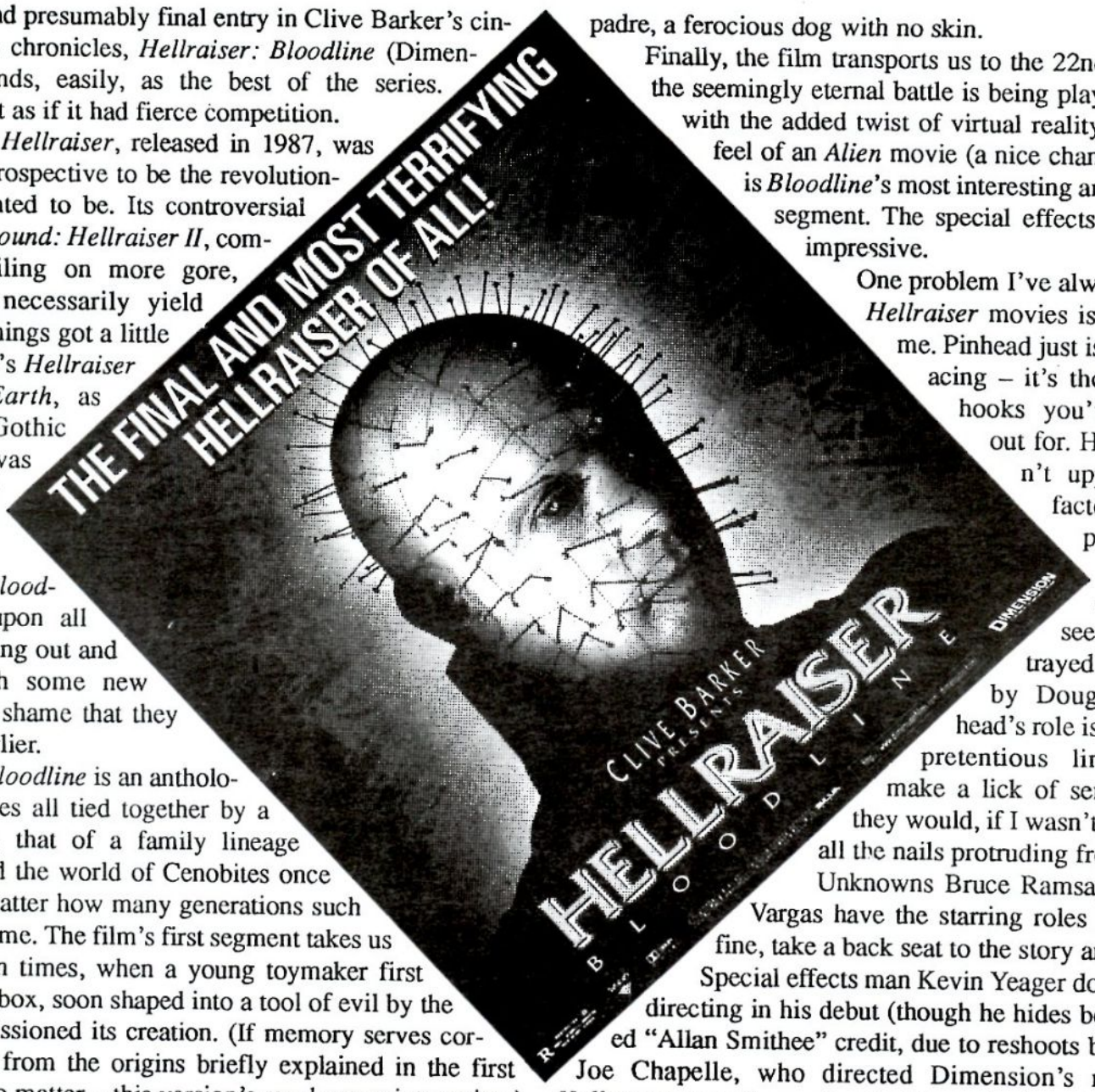
The fourth and presumably final entry in Clive Barker's cinematic Cenobite chronicles, *Hellraiser: Bloodline* (Dimension Films) stands, easily, as the best of the series. However, it's not as if it had fierce competition.

The original *Hellraiser*, released in 1987, was too slow and introspective to be the revolutionary piece it wanted to be. Its controversial follow-up, *Hellbound: Hellraiser II*, compromised by piling on more gore, which doesn't necessarily yield more interest. Things got a little better with 1992's *Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth*, as much of the Gothic atmosphere was dumped in favor of a contemporary setting.

And now, *Bloodline* improves upon all three, by branching out and coming up with some new ideas. It's just a shame that they didn't do this earlier.

Essentially, *Bloodline* is an anthology of three stories all tied together by a recurrent theme, that of a family lineage determined to rid the world of Cenobites once and for all, no matter how many generations such a task may consume. The film's first segment takes us back to Victorian times, when a young toymaker first made the puzzle box, soon shaped into a tool of evil by the man who commissioned its creation. (If memory serves correct, this differs from the origins briefly explained in the first *Hellraiser*, but no matter – this version's much more interesting.)

A New York architect – a modern-day descendant of the toymaker – finds himself protecting his family from Pinhead as he attempts to unlock the puzzle box's mystery in the film's lengthiest segment. Here, we are introduced to Pinhead's latest compadre, a ferocious dog with no skin.



Finally, the film transports us to the 22nd century, where the seemingly eternal battle is being played out in space, with the added twist of virtual reality. Borrowing the feel of an *Alien* movie (a nice change of pace), this is *Bloodline*'s most interesting and well-executed segment. The special effects are particularly impressive.

One problem I've always had with the *Hellraiser* movies is that they bored me. Pinhead just isn't all that menacing – it's those damn flying hooks you've gotta watch out for. Here, he still hasn't upped his sinister factor, but the focal point shines less on him and more on an unseen force. As portrayed in all four films by Doug Bradley, Pinhead's role is merely to spout pretentious lines that don't make a lick of sense – or maybe they would, if I wasn't so distracted by all the nails protruding from his noggin.

Unknowns Bruce Ramsay and Valentina Vargas have the starring roles here, and while fine, take a back seat to the story and all its effects. Special effects man Kevin Yeager does a good job of directing in his debut (though he hides behind the dreaded "Allan Smithee" credit, due to reshoots being helmed by Joe Chapelle, who directed Dimension's recent no-good *Halloween* sequel), proving that his style rises above the gore (of which exists plenty).

Hellraiser: Bloodline sure surpassed my expectations, and though it could stand alone well on its own, puts closure on a series that needed a sequel this good years ago.

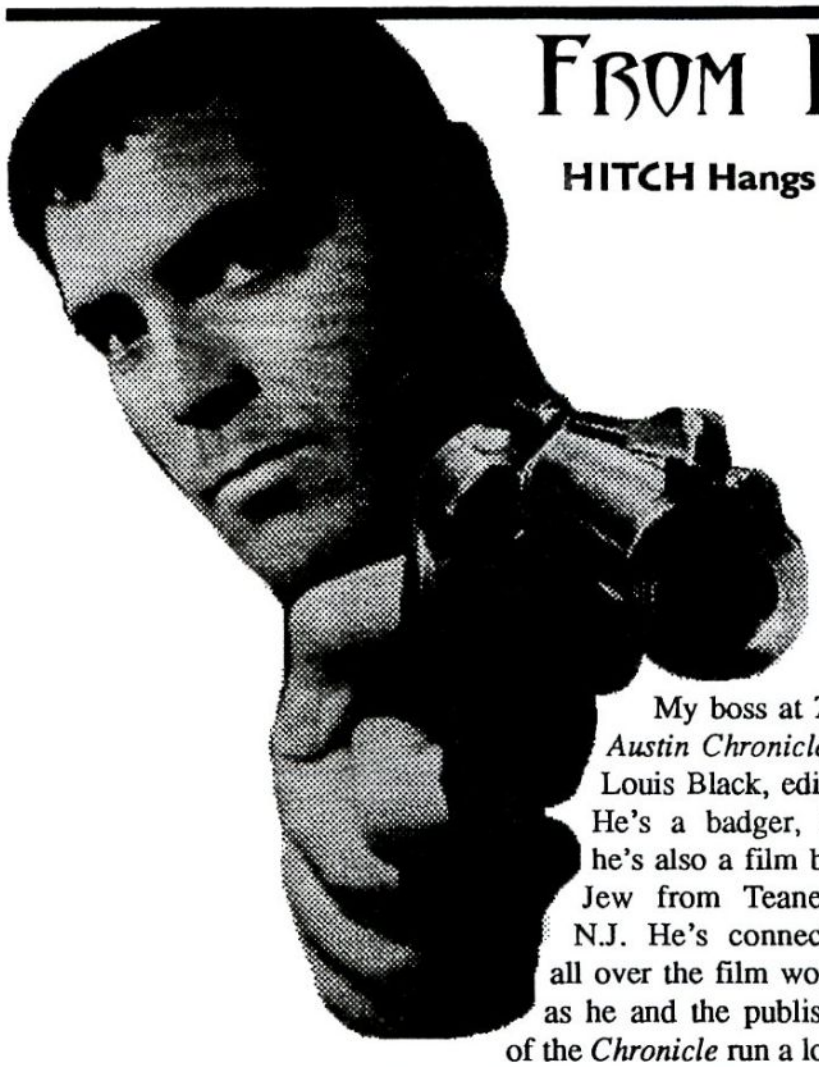
Straightening *Out the Sequels*

	Hellbound: Hellraiser II	*Homeward Bound II*
Are bodies disemboweled?	**Yes**	**No**
Are satanic forces at work?	**Yes**	**No**
Do people get hooks stuck in their bodies?	**Yes**	**No**
Do cute puppies get lost in a big city?	**No**	**Yes**

From Hollywood to Austin

HITCH Hangs Out at the World Premiere of *From Dusk Till Dawn*

By Taylor Holland



My boss at *The Austin Chronicle* is Louis Black, editor. He's a badger, but he's also a film buff Jew from Teaneck, N.J. He's connected all over the film world, as he and the publisher of the *Chronicle* run a local independent film and music festival every year called "South by Southwest."

Mr. Black, or "Lou," gets calls and letters at work all the time from people like (childhood buddy) Leonard Maltin, Russ Meyer and James Cameron. The temptation to cut in on the extension (#125) and tell Leon why I think *Babe* would be good for supper or ask Russ to elaborate on the breast-as-dinner concept is always a sweet, juicy temptation.

After a while, you realize it's no big deal to hear from these kinds of people because Lou is *seriously* connected. To him, Richard Linklater and Robert Rodriguez are probably just the local-boys-who-made-good, willing their time away with that nut Quentin Tarantino.

Somehow over the course of the making of *From Dusk Till Dawn*, Lou, Richard (founder of the Austin Film Society), Robert and Quentin decided they were going to have the world premiere in Austin as a benefit for the AFS at the Paramount Theatre.

As such, the Paramount is an ornate, old, two-story opera house downtown, and is a fantastic place to see a film. The fateful night of the screening, the place was packed with well-wishers and drunks, as the open bar was definitely *not* closed. Louis came on stage before hand to explain to the jitter-filled audience what a pain in the ass it had been to get the whole thing together. He introduced Linklater, who said nothing of interest except "Quentin Tarantino."

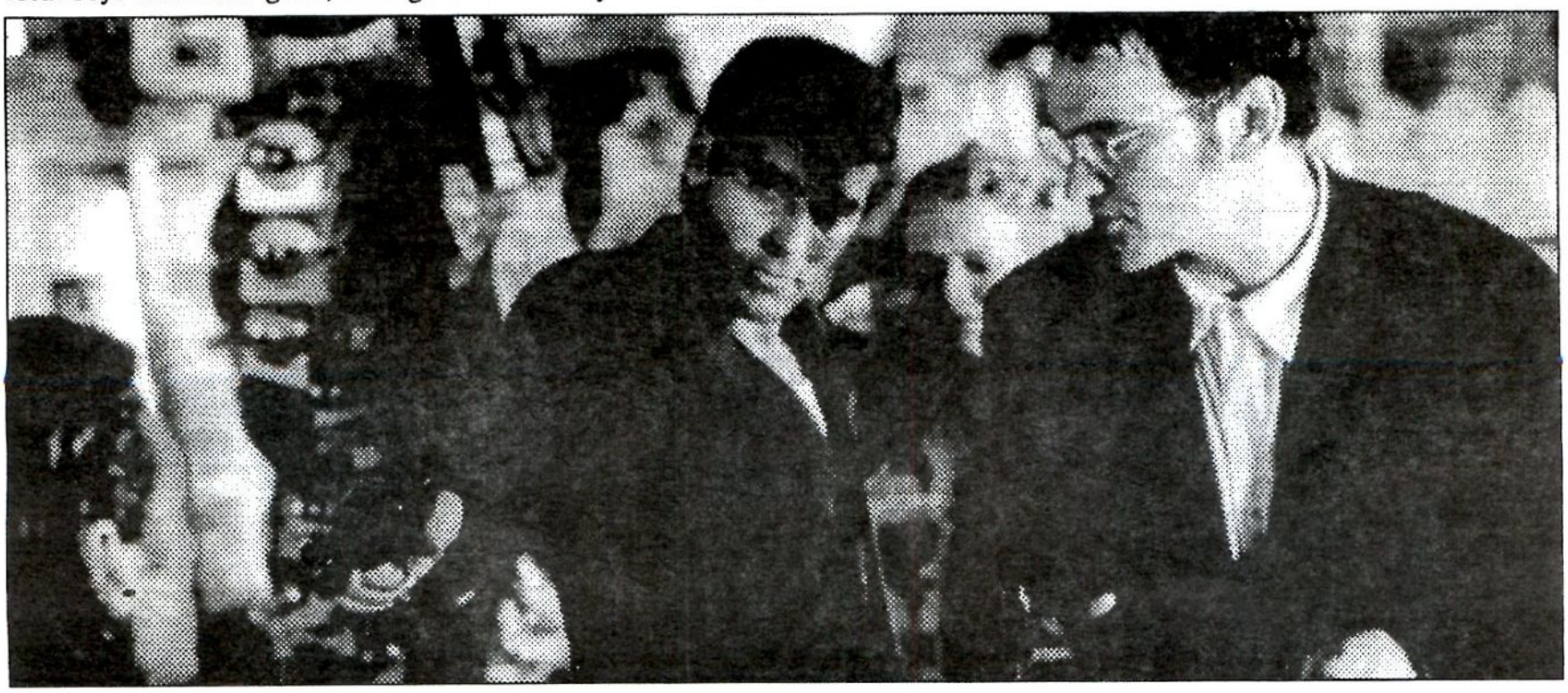
The crowd, of course, went crazy as the now-mustachioed film nerd from hell took the stage. Frantically waving his arms around and talking really loudly, he explained that the best way to see *FDTD* would be at a drive-in off I-5 somewhere in Arizona. I guess the cherubs on the ceiling of the theater didn't quite set the mood.

Finally, the lights fell, people screamed and yelled at the screen for two hours, applauding every character's entrance into the film. Each of the two million violent activities got a roaring laugh, complete with applause, and about one-quarter of the thousand-or-so people in attendance gave it a standing ovation at the end.

(It's a *horror movie*, people! Come on!)

Everybody at the screening was invited to an after party at the Hang 'Em High Saloon, where all in attendance could talk to (*read:* bug the shit out of) Tarantino. I, in the spirit of dignity which kept me from screaming at the screen or giving a horror movie a standing ovation, went home and heard that Tarantino was arrested later that night for pissing in an alley.

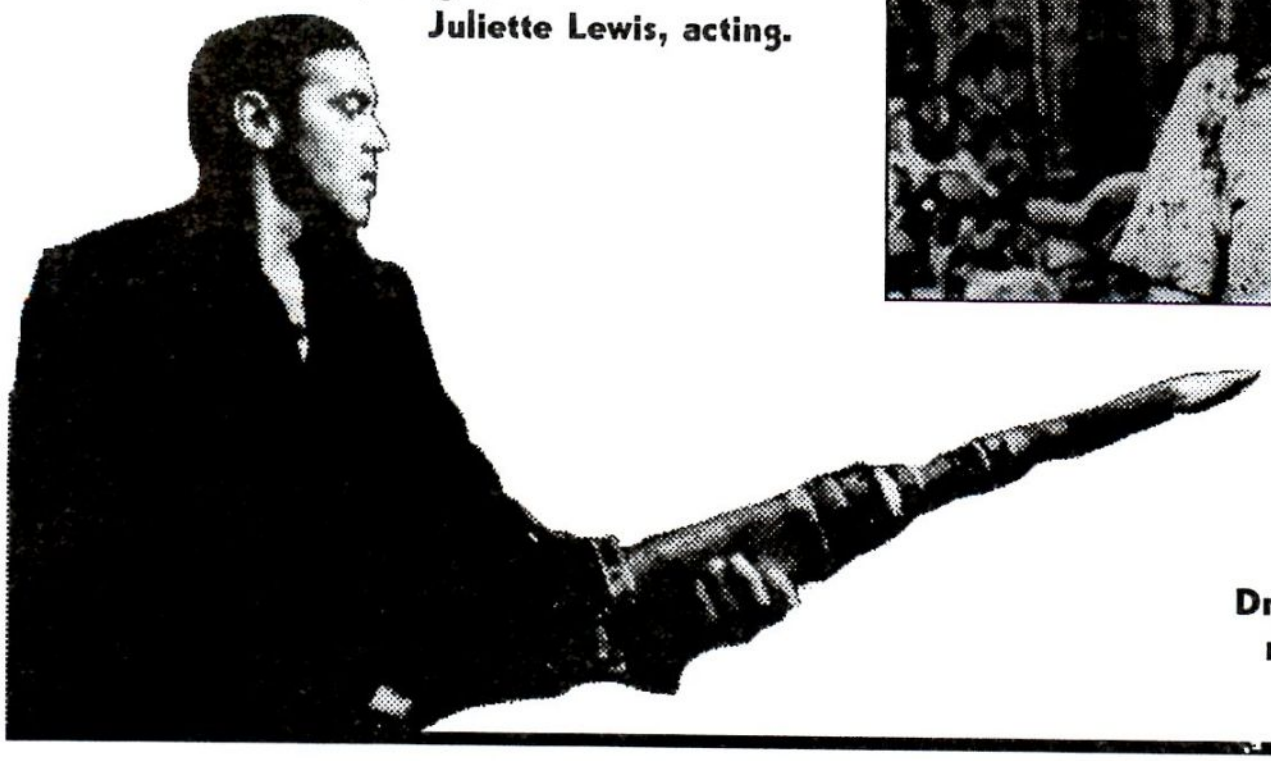
Viva la cinema!



(opposite page)
George Clooney and Quentin Tarantino show their brotherly love.

(above)
Harvey Keitel and Clooney prepare for the inevitable critical onslaught.

(at right)
Juliette Lewis, acting.

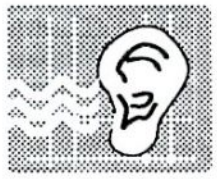


(at left)
Dr. Ross wields his new, mighty surgical tool.

Now Ear THIS

The History of Space-Age Pop **(RCA)** Call it whatever you want – cocktail music, bachelor pad music, what have you – RCA has dubbed it "space-age pop," as good as definition as any for a genre that defies definition. So I'm not even going to try. It's cool, though, in a kitschy, time-warp sort of way, and RCA knows that, having unleashed three compilations of these choice instrumentals.

The first volume, *Melodies and Mischief*, highlights the more playful entries of the genre, while the third, *The Stereo Action Dimension*, has the weirdest. Percussion fans will die for the second volume, *Mallets in Wonderland*. Any of the discs serve as apt introductions to this forgotten world of elevator tunes.



Cocktail Mix **(Rhino)** Much like RCA's line, but with better liner notes. Again, there are three discs: the first, *The Bachelor's Guide to the Galaxy*, is the most enjoyable. The other two, *Martini Madness* and *Swingin' Singles*, are compilations of kitsch vocalists of the era, from saucy Ann-Margret to gruff he-man Robert Mitchum.

Ultra-Lounge **(Capitol)** Capitol's got RCA *and* Rhino beat on this space-age pop thing. Whereas RCA and Rhino each have three volumes out in their series, Capitol's got a whopping *six*. And the selection of music is better, too.

On *Space Capades*, the third volume (complete with 18 tunes), the Bobby Hammack Combo goes absolutely bonkers on the xylophone on "Power House" while Joe "Fingers" Carr and 80 Drums Around the World take on "Istanbul (Not Constantinople)." Les Baxter & His Orchestra do wonders with "Sabre Dance" as Terry Synder makes Irving Berlin's rotting corpse spin with his rendition of "Puttin' on the Ritz." You'll marvel at the closing track, "Lonesome Road," on which Dean Elliott & His Big Band somehow fashion a number out of kazoos, tongue clicks, car horns, door knocks and other bizarre noises. Zounds, what sounds!

Slap this puppy on and you can almost see the American nuclear family oohing and aahing over their new Hotpoint as Dad mixes some toddies while tikis burn in the backyard. The art direction on the CD booklet is first-rate, too, including a page of "cocktail hints" and a handy chart for liquor glassware and measures (remember, a jigger is 1.5 ounces, folks).

Make yourself a Tom Collins (the recipe's included) and blast off, baby.

The other five titles include *Bachelor Pad Royale*, *Rhapsodesia* and *Mambo Fever*.

Shaken Not Stirred **(Rykodisc)** Also getting into the act is Rykodisc, with one lone disc...but it's a fine one. Jazzy James Bond & His Sextet contribute non-filtered renditions of Monte Norman's classic 007 theme and the brassy "Goldfinger." The In Group (featuring a young Glen Campbell) take on "If I Had a Hammer."

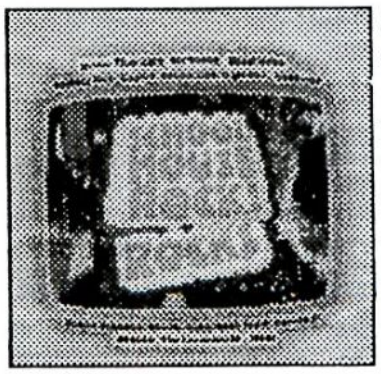
Others featured are Jack "Bongo" Burger and Arthur Lyman Group.

Pulp Surfin' **(Donna/Del-Fi)** If you were required to have just one CD of surf music in your collection, this is, hands down, the one you'd want. It's 18 of the most fun sun-drenched, guitar-wave, wake-in-your-face songs around, featuring stalwarts like Brian Wilson and curiosities like Frank Zappa.

A few of the songs – The Lively Ones' "Pipeline," Link Wray's "Rumble" and the Bobby Fuller Four's live "Misirlou" – seem more alive than ever, thanks to their exposure in Quentin Taran-tino films (hence, the compilation's satiric title).

Quite simply, this disc has it all: the genius (Wilson and Andy Paley's moving instrumental "In My Moondreams"), the jokey ("Jacques Costeau") and no-holds-barred rock and roll (Fuller's aforementioned "Misirlou," a six-minute triumph of sonic ear candy. Surf's up, any time of the year.

Schoolhouse Rock! Rocks **(Atlantic)** Though it's not *Saturday Morning* (see **HITCH** 11), this tribute album to *Schoolhouse Rock!*, ABC's enduring series of animated musical educational shorts, is a *lot* of fun. Like *Saturday*, *Schoolhouse* calls on a gaggle of alternative artists to cover the catchy lessons.



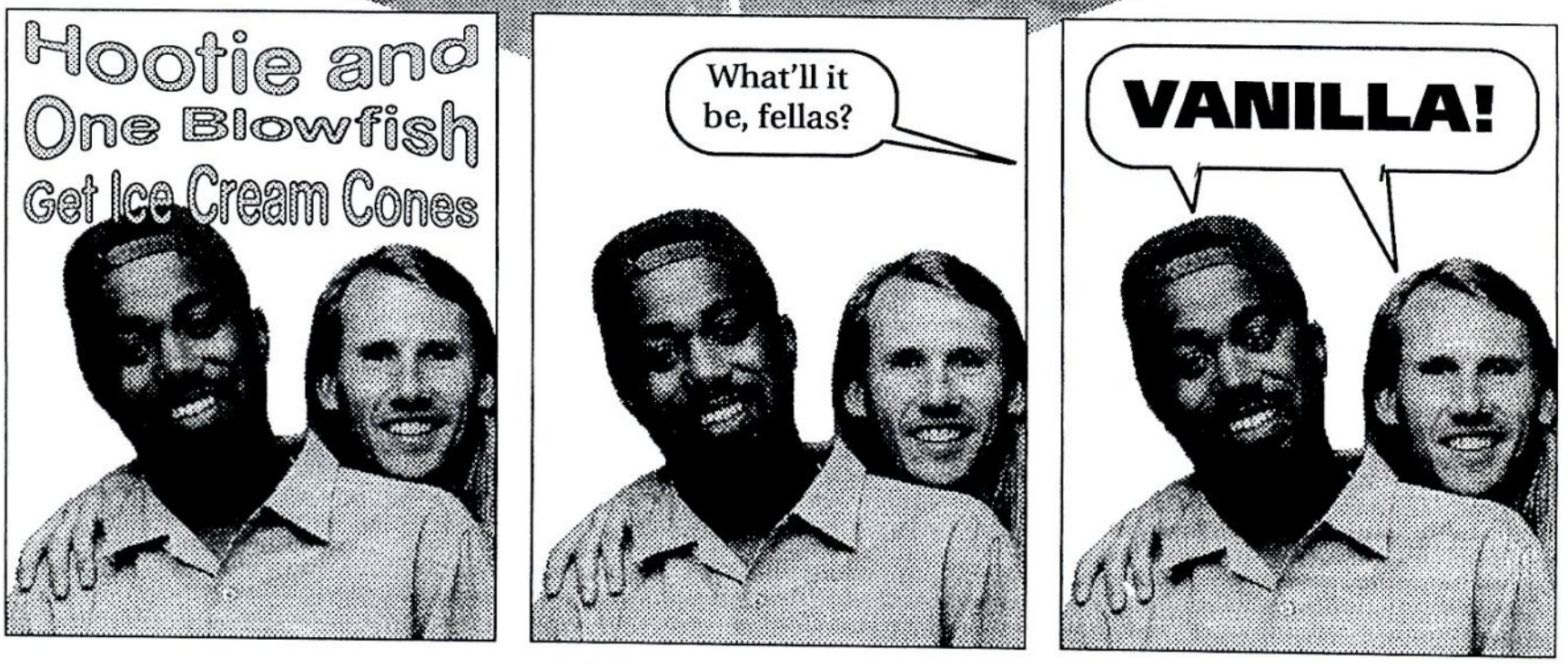
Folk Implosion gets to do perhaps the most famous episode, "I'm Just a Bill." Almost as well-known is "Unpack Your Adjectives," here done much justice by the mentally unbalanced Austin artist Daniel Johnston, whose unapologetic lisp lends itself perfectly to this song, especially on the line *"It was a hairy bear / It was a scary bear."*

Other high points are contributed by Better than Ezra ("Conjuction Junction"), Ween, Pavement and Man...or Astro-Man?

Volume 2, where are you?

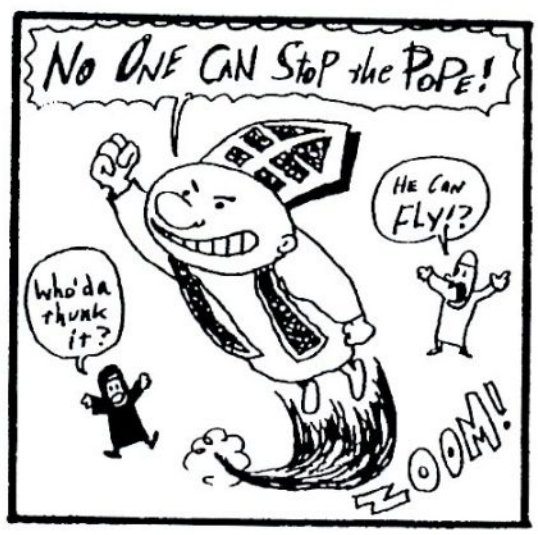
H

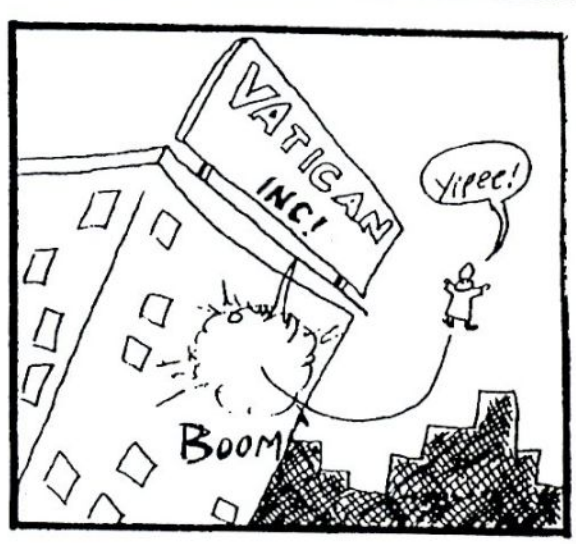
HITCH COMICS

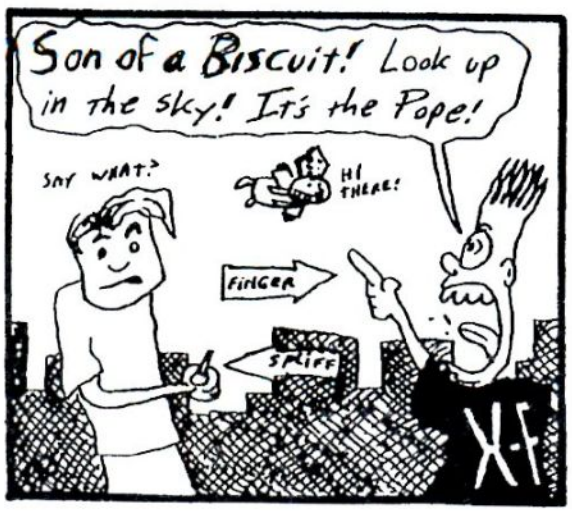


Merrell "Root" Hamer & Root Studio present the secret adventures of....

The POPE

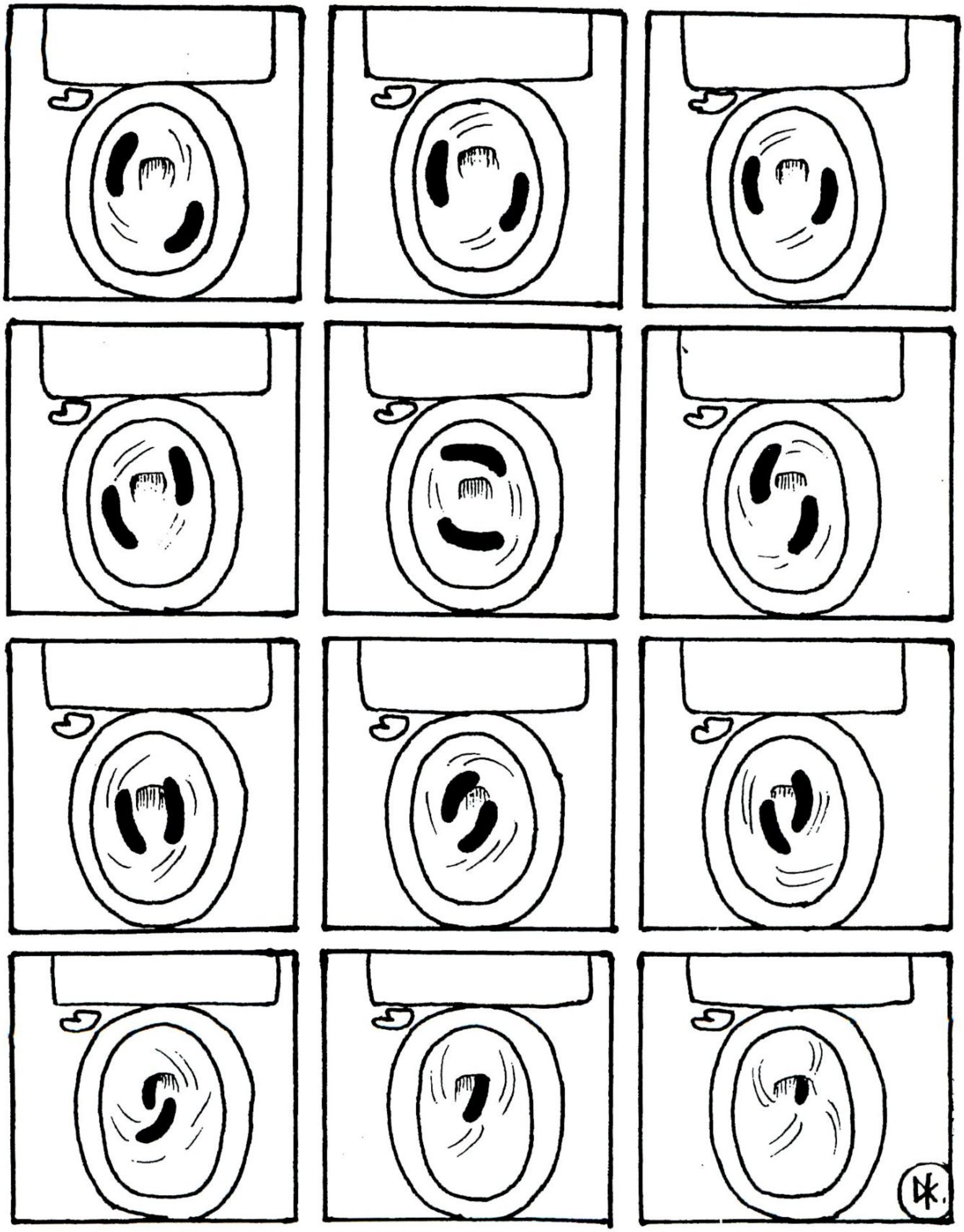






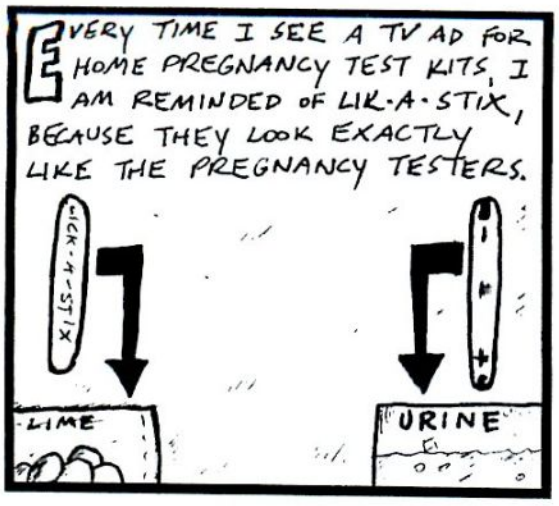
Listen up People! I've changed my mind! It's OK to masturbate, use condoms, and get abortions!
And you kids, try to cut back on the doobie consumption. Try to develop a nice, healthy NICOTINE ADDICTION!
HOORAY!
YAHOO!
YAY
HOORAY!

THE POOP LOG BALLET



Ode to Lik·m·aid

By Rod Lott
Art by Brad Lott


EVERY TIME I SEE A TV AD FOR HOME PREGNANCY TEST KITS, I AM REMINDED OF LIK-A-STIX, BECAUSE THEY LOOK EXACTLY LIKE THE PREGNANCY TESTERS.
LIK-A-STIX
LIME
URINE

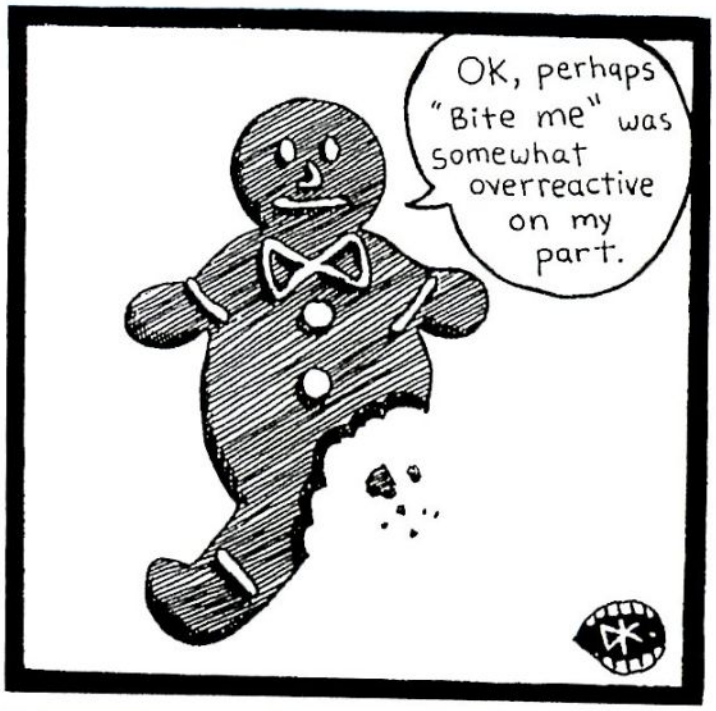
MiSteR SLOTH-Eyes in MINT BUTT

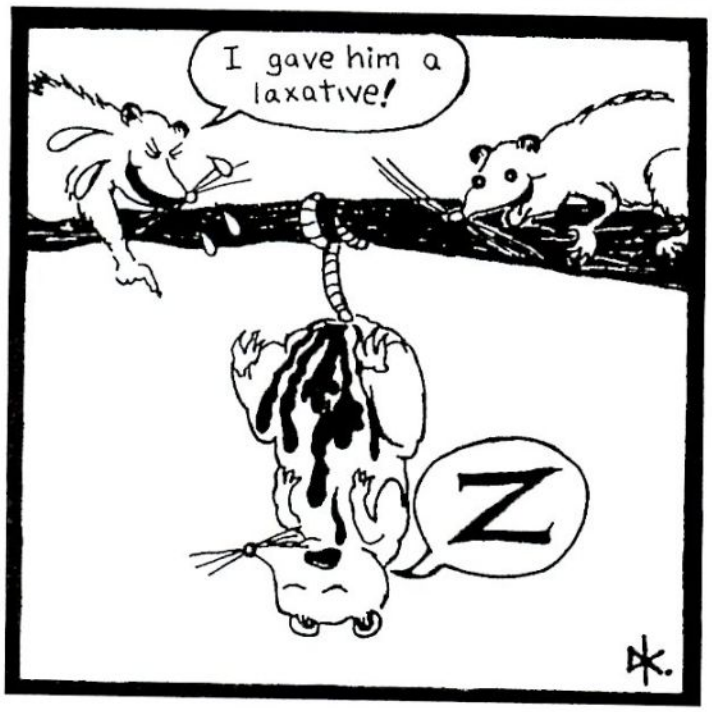
Co-Starring the Japanese Frat-Boys!

A proud (?) presentation of Merrell "Root" Hamer and Root Studio Inc. 1995

LED BALLOONS

By Dave Kocher





been sick? I mean REALLY sick?
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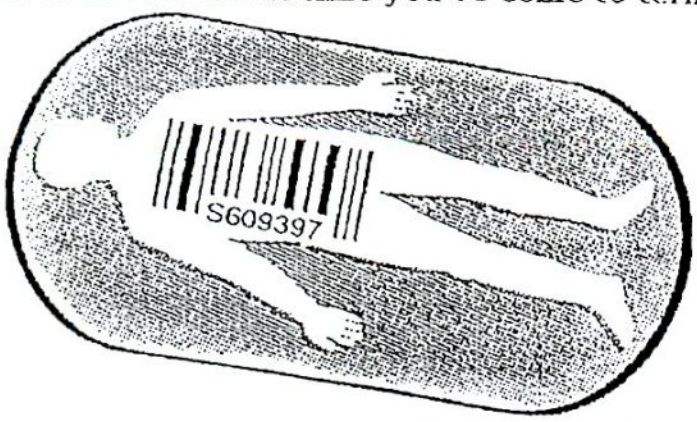

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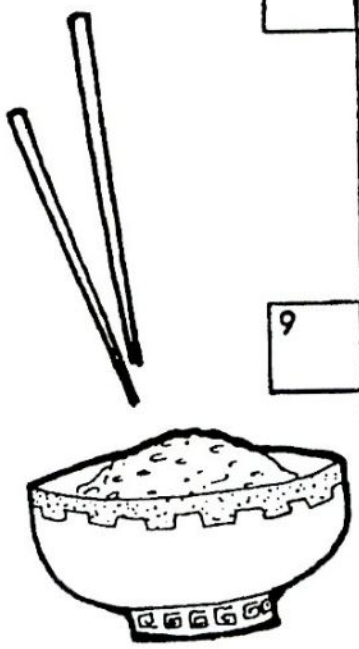
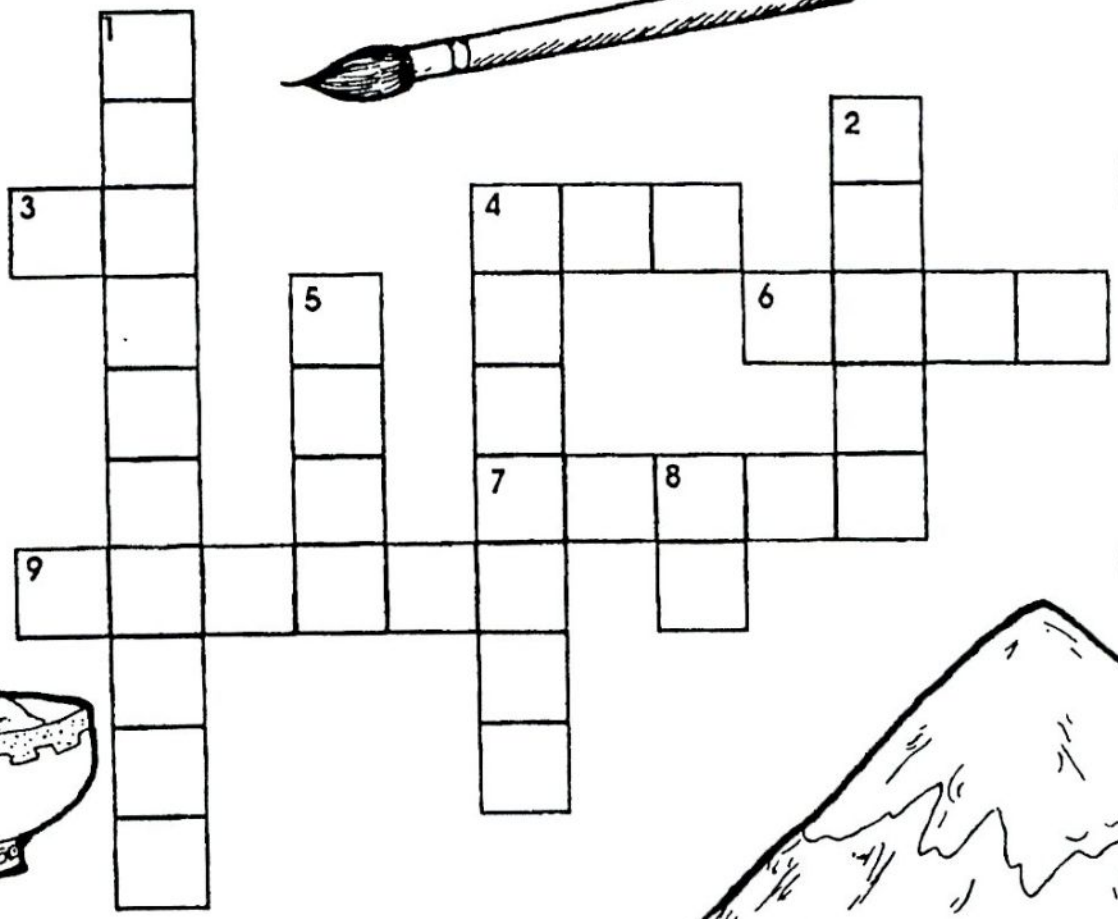
Learning About Japan Crossword Puzzle





Across

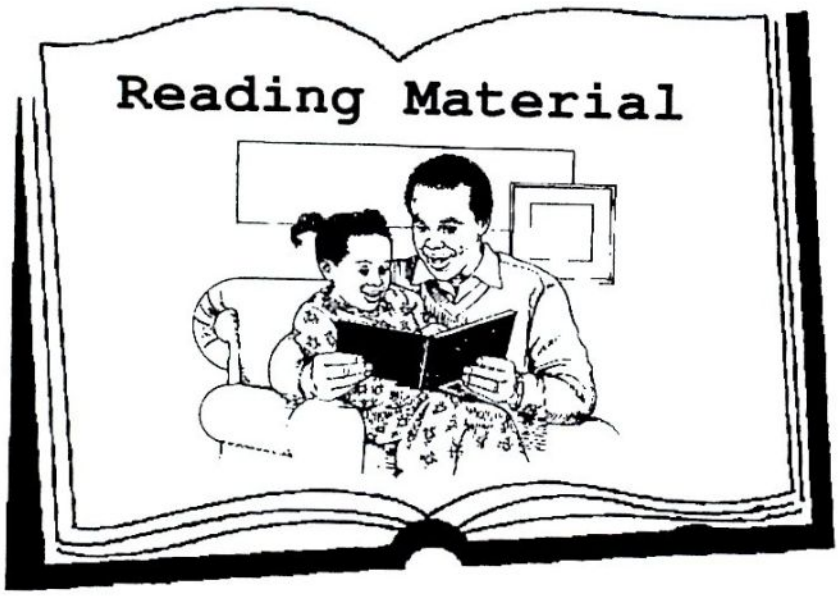
3. The Japanese word for five.
4. Japanese children begin taking more responsibilities at age _____.
6. The highest mountain in Japan.
7. The main island of Japan.
9. Traditional Japanese clothing.

Down

1. Used for eating instead of a fork.
2. Japanese calligraphy is done with a _____and ink.
4. A western Pacific storm.
5. Japanese wrestling.
8. Traditional Japansese theater.

Word Bank

Fuji	Typhoon	Go	Brush	No
Chopsticks	Kimono	Sumo	Honsh	Ten



ZINES I GOT

One of the best film zines I've ever seen is Mike Accomando's ***Dreadful Pleasures***, filled with coverage of the sleaziest of the B's and lavishly illustrated with all the great ad mats that took up a few picas in your local paper many moons ago. In #10, Mike laments the end of the grindhouses, examines splatter films of the earlier '80s (including Barbi Benton in *Hospital Massacre*) and catalogs the career of hack director Hikmet Avedis (he of the infamous Connie Stevens vehicle *Scorchy*). The many great reviews highlight *The Amazing Transplant*, *Night of the Juggler*, *Mr. No Legs* and *The Northville Cemetery Massacre*. Complete with a quiz, news briefs and selected filmographies, this is one to read cover to cover, and then read again. Send $3 to 650 Prospect Ave., Fairview, NJ 07022. ✍ Covering nothing but teen movies is Rich Osmond's wonderfully written ***Teenage Rampage***. Issue #2 takes aim at the classics of the "science nerd sex madness" genre, including the granddaddy of them all, *Zapped!* Cult director Jack Hill is interviewed at length, and there are reviews of booby flicks from long ago (*H.O.T.S.*) and not-so-long-ago (*Test Tube Teens from the Year 2000*). While I have little tolerance for such films, Rich makes them fun as hell to read about them. He also makes up for the typewritten copy by slapping his zine full of ad art. It's $2 from P.O. Box 6052, St. Louis, MO 63139-0052. ✍ A major improvement over his first issue (which was by no means bad) is the second issue of Louis Fowler's ***Damaged***. In this thick follow-up, Louis and company tackle gangster speak (complete with worksheets so you at home can translate), Blue Oyster Cult, Green Day and TV's Corky (via a mask you can cut out and wear for Halloween). The many movie reviews single out the works of Jackie Chan, so you know it's all worth your while. It's $2 or five stamps from 2728 N.W. 47th, Oklahoma City, OK 73112. ✍ Cartoonist Dave Kocher recently had a near-life-ending car accident – a very serious issue that he manages to find humor in, in ***Be Careful! Watch Out!***, a comic book adaptation of the event. He was hit by a drunk driver, and he's included a photograph of the wreckage, an accompanying newspaper article about the mishap and a letter he got from one of those ambulance-chasing lawyers. This is what self-produced comics should be all about. I have no idea how much he wants for this; send him a buck and compliment him on his cartoons you see in this issue and maybe he'll take pity on you. He's at 4506 Darcie Dr., Erie, PA 18106. ✍ The sophomore issue of ***TV Grind*** has an interview with Conan O'Brien sidekick Andy Richter and examines the infomercial world of Ron Popiel and sitcom cinema. Shorter bits feature a meeting with Adam West, Corky mania, Reddy Kilowatt's TV tips, *Zoom!*, that mass-murderin' dog O.J. Simpson, *Schoolhouse Rock* and *The Six Million Dollar Man*. Sure, this isn't as thick as *TV Guide* and sells a helluva lot less copies, but you're going to learn something and laugh intentionally. It's a steal at $2.95 from P.O. Box 14043, Chicago, IL 60614-0043.

BOOKS

Not much room left here, so take our word for it and go buy the following books, okay? ✍ ***The Mystery Science Theater 3000 Amazing Colossal Episode Guide*** (Bantam, $16.95), ***VideoHound's Complete Guide to Cult Flicks and Trash Pics*** (Visible Ink, $16.95) and ***The Worst Movies of All Time*** (Citadel, $16.95). A triple treat of tomes for lovers of bad movies everywhere.

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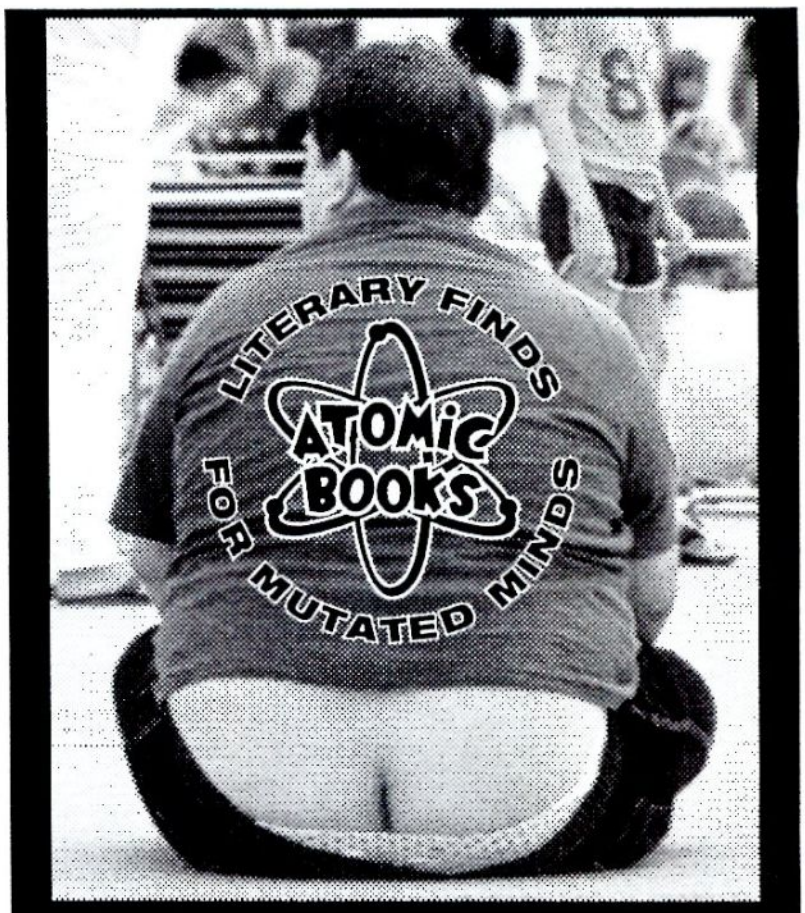
PULL OVER! I'm giving you a citation... for good reading!!!

This is the Spiñal Tap Zine!

A year in the making, this unique, 76-page A to Zed guide contains some 550 entries (each printed with none more black ink) about one of England's loudest heavy metal bands. Among the listings is a look at Tap's use of backward masking, an accounting of the names the band used before settling on Tap, liner notes for all their big hits, details about the lost Tap song, "Rock and Roll Nightmare," and little known facts about all the band and principal hangers-on such as Artie Fufkin, Ian Faith, Bobbi Flekman and Jeanine Pettibone, including "where are they now?" reports. Culled from more than 50 published interviews, the 4.5-hour bootleg version of "This is Spinal Tap," a rare 1985 band biography, "Inside Spinal Tap," and dozens of other hard-to-find sources, this is the definitive guide to Tap's rise to mediocrity. Includes an impossible trivia quiz, lengthy band timeline and complete list of Tap albums and players (including dead drummers) since their first gig in December 1966. Nothing artificial here; just raw Tap. From the editor of Chip's Closet Cleaner. Three bucks (foreign orders add $1).

Chip Rowe, P.O. Box 11967, Chicago, IL 60611



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